JOHN FLETCHER HURST

A BIOGRAPHY

ALBERT OSBORN

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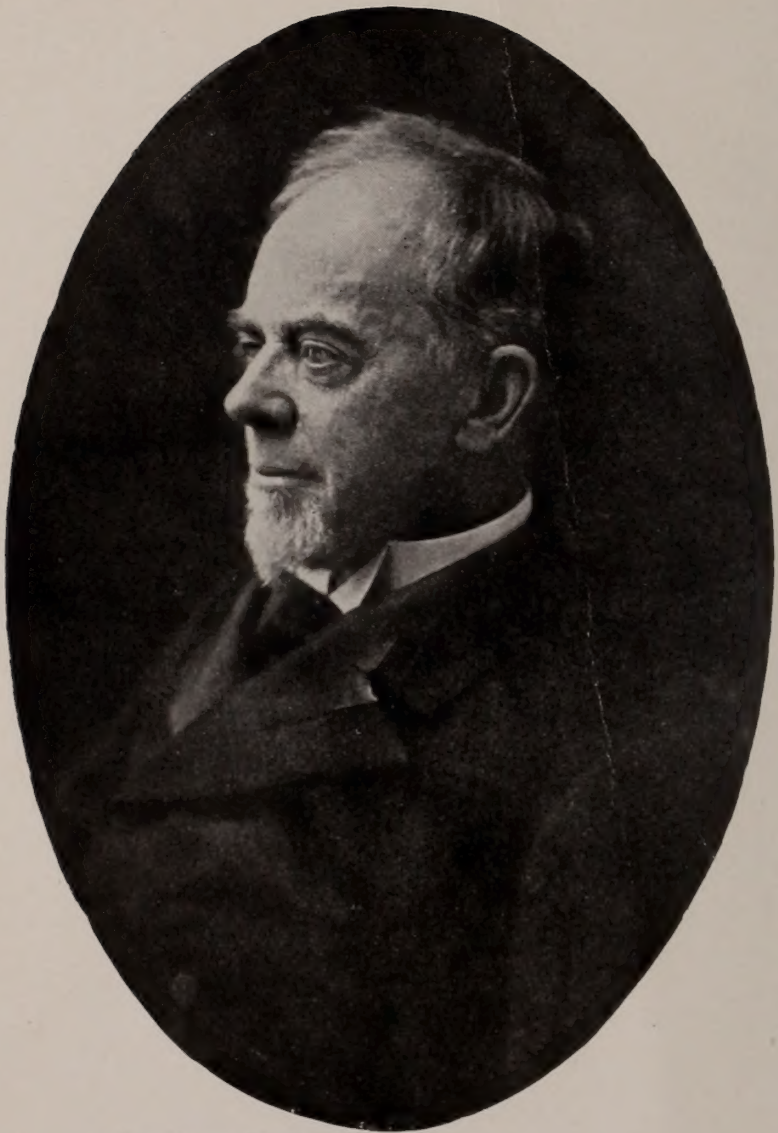

From photograph by G. C. Cox, 1896.

JOHN FLETCHER HURST.

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John Fletcher Hurst

A Biography

By
ALBERT OSBORN

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf
That first he wrought and afterward he taught.
—*Chaucer.*

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
1905

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To My Mother

AMANDA ALLEN OSBORN

Daughter of SAMUEL SEABURY and HARRIET FLOWER ALLEN

Born February 17, 1815

at Oak Hill, Greene County

New York

A woman of sound sense, of genuine piety, of broad intelligence and quick sympathy; whose widowhood of fifty years was passed in devoted affection for her eight children, their children, and their children's children, in serene trust in God, and in works of usefulness for a wide circle of friends; and whose peaceful evening came on August 27, 1903, at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, where her precious dust awaits the resurrection of the just.

A WORD WITH THE READER

ONE bright morning, not far from New Year's Day, 1901, while Bishop Hurst and the writer were engaged on the usual batch of mail and miscellaneous chit-chat on the work of the day, a restful pause in a long stretch of dictation gave opportunity for a short stroll from his high desk around the sunlit study on the third floor of 1207 Connecticut Avenue. Picking up one of a lot of letters, put aside as those which could wait, he read it rapidly through. As he came to a passage similar to many others received, and referring to the story of his life as some time to be written, he turned half way around and, with a quizzical look out of the corners of his lustrous eyes and with a smile that softened the severity of the task imposed and relieved the somber suggestion of the possible close of his active career, but which sealed the commission for this biography, said, "I expect I must look to you for that."

Reluctance to think the time near when it would be proper to engage in a service so unwelcome gradually gave place to the conviction that the preparatory gathering and sifting of materials should be begun. This was already in progress when in September, 1901, his sickness in London gave unmistakable evidence of the approaching end. When to the personal request of the Bishop was added, in the spring of 1902, that of his children of full age, the work was carried on with more vigor and in such time as could be found in the intervals of other necessary labors.

After the decease of the Bishop the collection and classifica-

tion of material went on more rapidly. The first or rough draft of the work, which contained the facts which the author considered worthy a place in a permanent record, was completed August 22, 1904; the second, a reduction of the first, on September 17; and the third, a revision while passing through the press, on August 4, 1905.

Many courtesies from Miss Helen Hurst, Mr. John La Monte Hurst, Dr. Carl Bailey Hurst, and Lieutenant Paul Hurst have facilitated the work, especially by the loan of several hundred letters written by their father and mother. The kind and helpful responses to requests for particular incidents, personalia, and estimates from scores of persons whose names in some instances, because of duplicated material, do not appear in the book, are here most gratefully acknowledged. Without these helps the task would have been deprived of much of its sweetest pleasure.

"Bishop Hurst's works will live; but besides these," says Dr. Charles S. Harrower, of New York, "we need fitting words and events set in their order and bearing, to make a life practical as well as admirable. One can scarcely recall such industry and carefulness, such affection and perseverance, such loyalty and deserved honors, without wishing very much to see it all set where honest and high-minded young men can see it and make a note of its lights and its clean ambitions."

"Brother, draw a true picture, a Rembrandtesque portrait of Bishop Hurst," was the exhortation of Dr. G. E. Hiller, of Louisville, "so that all the lines of shade and light that belong to him will be there." A message from Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson, "Make it autobiographic," reinforced and confirmed, midway in the labor, a purpose formed at the outset. The one canon whose observance has been sought throughout has been: Facts in proper setting tell their own story.

The personal acquaintance between the subject and the author began in the summer of 1874, when the genial president of Drew showed the buildings and grounds to a young man who had visited Madison in order to help himself to decide where he should take his theological course, and dropped a few words of counsel into his ear and of encouragement into his heart. Through a three years' course we were brought not only into the contact of the classroom, but into special relations through some assistance, first in correspondence, and later in sundry minor literary tasks. These latter were continued after graduation, during fourteen years of pastorates in western New York, and the former were renewed when in 1885 Providence brought the Bishop to Buffalo. With the increase of labors incident to the launching of the American University came the call of the chancellor to the writer, in 1891, to render such aid as would leave him a free hand to work for the new and vast enterprise. From October, 1891, up to the moment of his last breath these relations grew in frequency of contact, in freedom of intercourse, in mutual understanding, in largeness of confidence, in intensity of affection. Fidelity to his expressed wish, admiration for his great gifts and high character, and love for his noble and affectionate spirit, have wrestled with and overcome a sense of inadequacy to set in proper array and worthy proportions the many aspects of a personality so varied in its activities, so rich in its influence, so inwrought with the interests of the church, the country, and the race of the present age, and so full of promise of good to unborn millions.

Washington, D. C., August 17, 1905.

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BIRTHPLACE OF BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

The place is near Salem, Dorchester County, Maryland. The house was built about 1801.

JOHN FLETCHER HURST

A BIOGRAPHY

I

The Line

Parentage and Ancestry.—Samuel Hurst.—Elizabeth Hurst.—Elijah Hurst.—Ann Catherine Colston

JOHN FLETCHER HURST, the second child and only son of Elijah and Ann Catherine (Colston) Hurst, was born August 17, 1834, in the two-story house still standing near Salem, Dorchester County, Maryland, and died May 4, 1903, at "Cedarcroft," the villa of Mr. Aldis B. Browne, in Bethesda, Montgomery County, of the same state.

His paternal grandfather was Samuel Hurst, who was born in County Surrey, England, in 1764, and came to Maryland when he was about sixteen years old. His name appears as one of the fourteen "militia men" drafted from Dorchester County, listed in a letter of Henry Hooper, of date June 28, 1781, to the governor, "to serve in the Continental Army until the 10th day of December next." He served in the second (Captain James Gray's) company, Third Maryland Regiment, as a private, from June to December, 1781; also in the Maryland Line, First Regiment, as a member of the sixth company until his honorable discharge at Fredericktown, November 29, 1783. This military service was rendered when he was in his seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth years. He

was on the fighting line in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina, in several unimportant engagements, took part in the siege and battle of Yorktown, and witnessed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. In 1787 there was awarded to him as a soldier a piece of land, No. 1,053 of 4,165 lots of fifty acres each, on reserved ground lying west of Fort Cumberland, then in Washington (now Garrett) County, Maryland, about one and a half miles from Deer Park. This property, lying near the summit of the Alleghanies, he seems never to have valued highly enough either to occupy, sell, or pay the taxes thereon, and the title thereto, as it appears, subsequently passed to other hands.

A local tradition of trustworthy character is to the effect that, when Samuel Hurst came home on one of his furloughs as a Revolutionary soldier, his wardrobe was very much depleted. His friends and neighbors clubbed together and bought him a new suit of clothes, hat, shoes, and other adjuncts of outward respectability. So riddled by the fortunes of war was his old coat, and so begrimed with dust were his shirt and trousers, that, seeing the delegation approach with the gifts, he sought refuge in the water, and, having slowly receded until only his head appeared above the surface of Cavithey Willis's Creek, he shouted his gratitude and requested that the donation be placed on the banks to await a more favorable opportunity for minute inspection. He died at the age of fifty-eight, October 26, 1822. He was a Methodist several years before his death. The dust of this honored soldier sleeps in the old cemetery at Cambridge. He owned a farm near Salem, and about thirteen years before his death he bought a tract of land on the west side of the stream named above, known later as Hurst's Creek, about four miles east of Cambridge, the county seat. This farm was called "Weir Neck," and by inheritance became the property of his eldest son,

Stephen Hurst, the father of John Edward Hurst, the wealthy and public-spirited merchant of Baltimore, whose death, early in 1904, occurred but a few weeks prior to the fire which originated in his wholesale store on Hopkins Place and grew into the greatest conflagration recorded in the annals of the Monumental City.

Samuel Hurst was married first in 1786 to Lavinia Littleton, and the second time to Elizabeth Yardley in 1803. Of the first marriage were born Elizabeth, 1787, who married Thomas Wingate and died 1845; Stephen, born 1793, who died 1846; Christiana, born 1795, married Lewis Finney, died 1880; and Elijah, 1797, who died 1849. The fruit of the second union was five children, Samuel, Jr., 1804 (died 1840); John, 1807 (died 1880); James, 1810 (died 1823); Henrietta Maria, 1813 (married William H. Swiggett, died 1847); and Emily, 1816 (died in childhood).

Elijah Hurst, the second son of Samuel and Lavinia Hurst, soon after the death of his father came into possession of the Salem farm in 1824, and lived there until 1838. He was married first to Ann Catherine Colston in 1831. Of this union were born three children, Sarah Lavinia, March 23, 1833 (died March 18, 1886); John Fletcher, August 17, 1834; and Ann E., August 3, 1838 (died August 18, 1839). His second marriage was with Emily L. Travers, 1845, whose three children died in infancy. Elijah Hurst was an energetic and thrifty young farmer, of good habits, who identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church about 1828. Like his neighbors and probably by inheritance, he was a slaveholder, though the number of his slaves was never large. An interesting incident of his early Christian life is given by the Rev. Dr. John S. Porter in his semicentennial sermon before the Newark Conference in 1880, at its session in Paterson, New Jersey:

In 1830 I was sent to Dorchester Circuit, with Asa Smith as preacher in charge, who was as a father to me, and we had a prosperous year. Dorchester Circuit was adjoining that I had just left, and some of the people here had heard me preach before I came among them, and had given me encouragement. Among those was a young man of genial spirit and social habits, who visited at one of our best homes, where the man of the house was a steward and class leader, but was accustomed to take as a beverage something stronger than cold water, and also gave it to his friends. This was known to my young friend, who was interested in the temperance movement, and, fearing for his neighbor and wishing to reform him, left a tract on the subject at his house. This tract was discovered one day, soon after I had left the premises, and it was thought the young preacher had left it. It was accordingly laid aside till he should return. When I came on my next round the good man produced the tract on temperance, and requested me to read it in the presence of the family during the evening hour. This was done, and the Lord made that little tract a special blessing. The dangerous practice was discontinued, and after I left the circuit that beloved brother wrote me one of the most grateful letters I ever received, expressing his obligations to me for having cured him of that evil practice. The last time I saw that excellent man was in 1840, in the city of Baltimore, when he fell on my neck and wept, repeating his sense of obligation. I knew not at first who had left the tract there, knowing only that I had not, and when informed of it by my young friend who had made the deposit it was not thought best to correct the existing impression. That young friend was Elijah Hurst, father of our esteemed Dr. Hurst.

On the Salem Chapel Class book for 1831, "James Thompson, Leader," appear the names of Elijah and Ann Catherine Hurst, numbered 21 and 22 respectively, while numbers 30 and 31 just below give us the names of the later distinguished citizen and governor, Thomas H. Hicks, and Ann Hicks, his wife.

In 1838 Elijah purchased a farm of about two hundred and fifty acres on the east side of Hurst's Creek, almost directly opposite to the old homestead, "Weir Neck." To this farm was given the name "Piney Neck"—a few years later changed

to the euphonious "Bonnie Brook"—the boyhood home of John Fletcher. Thither he brought his family from Salem and thereafter worshiped in Cambridge. He served as local magistrate for several years.

Elijah Hurst was a liberal giver and of a humorous turn. His sense of humor was exhibited at the time Zion Methodist Episcopal Church at Cambridge was built. When the time came for furnishing the church Elijah was present at the meeting. After subscribing twenty-five dollars each for his children, Sallie and John, he hesitated about his own contribution. At this moment the preacher's eye caught sight of Farmer Thompson, who shouted so everyone could hear, "I'll give ten dollars more than Lije Hurst." "Make my subscription then two hundred dollars," exclaimed Elijah. Farmer Thompson was thunderstruck and handed over his two hundred and ten dollars with very reluctant grace.

Not long before his death Elijah Hurst purchased "Weir Neck" and left this farm to John Fletcher. He died August 4, 1849, after a long and severe illness. He said on nearing his final hour, "Tell my friends I see my way clear to glory."

Ann Catherine Colston, the mother of John Fletcher Hurst and the only child of Samuel and Rebecca (Catrup) Colston, of Talbot County, was born December 3, 1808. Samuel Colston was the son of Henry and Anne (Hopkins) Colston; Henry Colston was the son of James (2) and Alice (Orem) Colston; and James Colston (2) was the eldest son of James (1) and Elizabeth (Bayley) Colston, and lived at Ferry Neck, opposite Oxford, Talbot County; James Colston (1) lived in Saint Michael's Parish and purchased "Clay's Hope," two hundred acres on the north side of Choptank River, November 15, 1664, and died in 1729. Henry Colston, second of that name, was born May 26, 1748, and died in 1824. He was the maternal great-grandfather of Bishop Hurst, and, like

Samuel Hurst, served in the Maryland Line of the Continental Army during the Revolution. He was in February, 1776, first sergeant in the Heart of Oak company enlisted from Talbot County, and was recommended at that time by the county convention to the council for promotion to ensign, vice Perry Benson, already promoted.

Ann Catherine Colston was twenty-three years of age when she was married to Elijah Hurst and came to the Salem farm to live. She had been an exemplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church since she was eighteen, having been received into the church by Rev. Levi Scott, later Bishop, during his first year as preacher on Talbot Circuit in 1826-27. The Salem home and later that at "Piney Neck," during the ten years of her married life, were always open for the entertainment of the itinerant preachers in their journeys, and particularly during the camp meetings at Ennalls Springs. She was a woman of refined intelligence and fervent piety. Her name in the community was a synonym for charity and good will. Of the early close of her life, in her thirty-fourth year, a beautiful account was written by John Hurst, half-brother of her husband. He says:

> She labored under several attacks of asthma, which caused her a great deal of uneasiness and suffering. . . . She asked her physician, on his first visit, what was his opinion of her case, and said, "Do not fear to alarm me, I am not afraid to die." Her husband approached her bed, and asked her if she saw her way clear for heaven. "Yes," she replied, "and I shall soon be gone." "Is this death?" she exclaimed. "I feel as one just awakened from a dream, and
>
> 'Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies,
> Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.'"
>
> Some time after, being supported by her pillows, she called her husband and her two children to her bedside, and, taking each by the hand, she said, "I shall meet you in heaven. With me all is

well." After speaking of her class leader and some of her absent friends, to whom she wished to be remembered, her countenance assumed a heavenly paleness, and she closed her eyes in death.

The day of her death, May 3, 1841, was ever a sacred one in the calendar of John Fletcher, then in his seventh year. The memory of his sainted mother, especially of her final good-bye, was ever a vivid one that impressed his heart and life. Its annual recurrence was always remembered and very frequently marked by some special note, even down to his later years.

Dr. Edward M. Hardcastle, of Easton, Maryland, wrote to Bishop Hurst in 1899:

I have a very vivid recollection of your mother. As a boy I spent much of my time at my Uncle Morris O. Colston's. She made a pet of me as a little fellow, and I loved her very much. She had such a gentle and lovely disposition. When at your house several years ago your daughter let me in, and I was struck with her striking resemblance to your mother.

II

The Place

The Eastern Shore and "Old Dorset."—Cambridge

The peninsula lying between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic is a very remarkable, if not an absolutely unique, formation in its configuration and physical aspects. Its northeastern quarter furnishes the habitat of the state of Delaware; its southern part, like a narrowing nose, stretches out into Accomac and Northampton Counties of Virginia, ending sharply at Cape Charles; and the northwestern and central portions form the famous region known as the Eastern Shore of Maryland, comprising nine rich counties. These begin with Cecil on the north; Kent comes next; then Queen Anne, each reaching from the Chesapeake to Delaware; then Talbot, with Caroline stretching eastwardly to the west line of Delaware; then Dorchester, occupying what might be called the subpeninsula between the Choptank and Nanticoke Rivers, and Wicomico on its east boundary, the most nearly inland of the nine; and lastly Somerset, bounded on the east by Worcester, which is washed on its eastern edge by the restless Atlantic. The northern part is diversified by some elevations above the low levels which mark the central and southern counties.

The Eastern Shore lies, like an arm thrust up by the ocean, between the Atlantic and the Chesapeake Bay; around it break the surge and thunder of the sea; and ocean's breezes sweep perpetually over it. It is a sandbar, but is something more; it is a garden and an orchard. Nature seemed unkind when she strewed this sand upon clay without stones; but she repented, clothed it all in verdure, made it yield almost every fruit, vegetable, and berry in profusion and of finest quality, filled even the swamps with cypress, cedar, and

pine, stored the streams with fishes, filled the waters along the coasts with shellfish, crustaceans, and valuable finny creatures, sent flocks of birds into the fields and woods, and flights of wild fowl upon all the waters.

The proportion of arable land is very high; the soil is richly fertile and makes quick response to the hand of toil. The Chesapeake with its endless estuaries deeply indents the coast, while the adjacent waters are studded with islands of every shape. Very many of the farms have a water front making the use of canoes and small boats as common as that of the cart for transportation of products to market.

Its climate is salubrious, free from the extreme cold of the northern latitudes and also of the inland regions of the same latitude, while it is also shielded in great measure from the parching heat of the summer by the breezes from ocean and bay, rendering the days quite tolerable, the nights cool, and the periods of high temperature very short. Maize grows here to perfection, and barley, oats, and rye are staple grains. Some wheat is found in the higher portions, but fruits and vegetables of every kind abound and are of prime quality. In the northern counties apples, apricots, cherries, peaches, pears, plums, and quinces are plentiful. Cantaloupes, watermelons, currants, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, whortleberries, and cranberries find congenial home.

The waters of the Chesapeake and its numberless inlets furnish a great variety of fish, such as the Spanish mackerel, bay trout, shad, bluefish, white perch, herring, rockfish, pike, pickerel, flounders, and others less prized, while the crabbing industry and sport go on almost unceasingly, these shell-bound creatures multiplying with astonishing rapidity and seeming to throw themselves into the hands of all who offer them animal bait of any kind.

The oyster, too, here has its established haunts and finds its

rarest qualities, as well as its greatest size. Thousands of men gain their livelihood afloat for seven months out of the twelve in oyster catching, not less than ten million bushels of the luscious bivalves being taken from their beds by scooping dredges and smaller tongs every year. Marvelous tales are told of the diminutive rarities named the "Cherrystones" and the magnitude of the prices brought in foreign markets. Along the shore and in the marshy regions turtles and the famous and now rare terrapin reward the hunter for table delicacies with an occasional diamond-back or other gustatory prizes. Wild fowl, including duck even to canvasbacks and redheads, woodcock, partridge, wild pigeons, and snipe are among the feathered inhabitants. Squirrels and rabbits are the chief specimens of four-footed game.

Dorchester County received its name in honor of a personal friend of the Calverts, Earl Dorset. The Abaco Indians continued to live peaceably in this region, large portions of which were purchased from them about 1669, by the authority of the colonial government under Lord Baltimore. Gradually the land was thus acquired from the natives without serious disturbance of public peace and safety, and a few Indians survived among the population even down to 1870. Dorchester's soil is in the north a sandy loam, while its other portions are mostly of clay. White and gray clay underlies all of its six hundred and ten square miles. Its central position on the Eastern Shore gives it a share in nearly or quite all the industries and products of the region.

Cambridge, the county seat, is a charming town, of which Bayard Taylor's discriminating pen wrote, "It would be difficult to find a more delightful little place than Cambridge." Founded in 1684, it gradually drew into its population from the diverse streams of immigration a large number of people of refinement and intelligence, whose homes and lives reflected

much of the culture and conscience of the Old World. These elements in active operation created an atmosphere at once stimulating to the mind, promotive of calm dignity of manner, and productive of positive religious convictions. The fruits are seen in the growth and prosperity of both schools and churches, keeping pace with the expansion of the village into the town and of the town into the city. Not until 1868 was Cambridge connected with the railroad system of the country, the road to Seaford being built in that year.

Of the Eastern Shore Bishop Hurst has himself written in his Introduction to Todd's Methodism of the Peninsula:

> Slavery planted itself here with a strong hand. Fred Douglass came from the Lloyd farm, whose broad acres were plowed by five hundred slaves. One of my earliest recollections, when living in Cambridge, was the Georgia-man, or slave trader, who sat in a splint-bottomed chair in the veranda of Bradshaw's hotel, and sunned himself, and waited for propositions from slave owners. We boys feared him as a hobgoblin. I saw him every morning, in the opening of the year, for it was at this time that he made his annual northward journey for business purposes. But the war of 1861-65 put an end to all that. . . . The Methodist Episcopal Church has nowhere had a more difficult task to perform than here, and nowhere has it won more signal triumphs. Bishop Asbury was regarded as a Tory during the Revolutionary War, and was sheltered from danger by Judge White, of Delaware, who entertained him in his own house until the danger was over. The Methodists were considered a dangerous class of innovators, judged from any point of view. The old bricks can still be seen in Cambridge of which had been constructed the jail in which Freeborn Garrettson was once imprisoned for some irregular ministerial exercises.

III

The Boy

Schools, Sports, and Work

The marriage of Elijah Hurst and Ann Catherine Colston in March, 1831, had been blest two years later in the birth of their eldest child, Sarah Lavinia, who on October 31, 1854, became the wife of Dr. John F. Kurtz, and died in 1886, having survived her husband two years, and leaving six of her eleven children to mourn the loss of a most faithful and devoted mother. During the fourth summer of their wedded life, on the seventeenth of August, 1834, was born their only son, to whom their devout, if not prophetic, admiration of the talents and spirituality of the saintly man of Madeley led them to give the name of John Fletcher. It is currently reported to this day among those who were living near at the time that immediately after his birth he was carried by the nurse to the garret of the old farmhouse, and, when asked why she did it, she said, "I want him to become a high-minded man."

The quiet days of his infancy and early boyhood to the age of four years were spent under the protecting roof and shady maples of the Salem home. The tender and loving ministrations of his mother, stronger in faith and mental powers than in body—for she suffered repeatedly from asthma—and the upright and vigorous example of his father, both parents leading a positive Christian life, combined to give to his childhood a beautiful setting and development. The simple and hearty ways and open hospitality of that rural Maryland home were to be reflected in the simplicity, courage, and open-mindedness of the son who then brought joy and later great honor to both

From photograph taken 1904, supplied by William H. Barton.

"PINEY NECK," OR "BONNIE BROOK," BOYHOOD HOME OF JOHN FLETCHER HURST.

father and mother and elder sister. The removal to "Piney Neck" in 1838, and the establishment of the family there on the east side of Hurst's Creek nearly opposite the old family homestead of "Weir Neck," were followed by the birth of a second daughter, August 3, 1838, who bore the name of her mother, but whose baby life went out a year afterward—bringing the first household grief to the father and mother, to the sister, little Sallie, six and a half years, and to John Fletcher, now five.

For three brief years, broken by this sorrow and the approaches of disease, his mother presided with grace and gentleness over the new home, and then passed to her eternal rest and crown. She left to her only boy the rich legacy of a mother's prayers. He carried with him to the end of life much of her disposition, temperament, manner, and resemblance in features. It is no wonder his pen formed a beautiful tribute to her when in mature life he wrote: "If there is anything immortal in this world it is a mother's prayer. Her face, by a spiritual photography, is graven in the soul."

John Fletcher, who had learned at home to read and write, began to go to the common school in the little schoolhouse about a mile from his father's house, but adjoining a part of the "Piney Neck" farm. His first teacher in the frame schoolhouse was William Mace; others who followed were Richard Keene, Zechariah Linthicum, James Radcliff, and Dr. George Harmon—the last-named boarding with John's father. Soon after his mother's decease his father secured a Christian woman, named Mary Higgins, to care for his house and children. She gave her time and labor to these interests faithfully and intelligently for about four years. In 1845 Elijah Hurst was married to Miss Emily L. Travers, of Taylor's Island, a woman of Christian character, who took deep and kind interest in both Sallie and John, now in their thirteenth and twelfth

years. Of her and the lad Judge L. T. Travers, of Taylor's Island, a relative, wrote in 1894:

> She was one of the most pious young ladies I ever knew, and was my Sunday school teacher. . . . When I first knew Bishop Hurst he was a very modest boy, about ten years old, attired in a plain brown linen suit, following closely by the side of his father at the church on Taylor's Island at the time when his father was paying attention to Miss Travers. I was but a youth then, myself, and it did not enter my thought that he was to be a great man in the church and a bishop. Perhaps I did not think as I might of what may be the manhood and history of a plain boy in rural life on a farm.

Dr. Francis P. Phelps, of Cambridge, whose father owned the adjoining farm, used to go crabbing, duck-shooting, and fishing with him. On one occasion, when after ducks, John nearly met with a fatal accident. Both had "blinds" on Hurst's Creek. The ducks being slow in their appearance, John climbed a tree to read a favorite history. He became so absorbed that he did not see the ducks coming until he was startled by a loud report. Frank, not seeing John, had fired at the ducks straight into the tree. John tumbled down and Frank thought he had killed him. "Well," said John after his fright was over, "I finished the book;" "and I the ducks," concluded Frank. Some shoals near his father's farm, once famous as an Indian retreat, was a favorite place for John to pore over books on early American history. He frequently said that he was either going to teach or preach, and sometimes he would preach and pray in boy fashion at improvised meetings in an old storage building at "Weir Neck," where all the children of the neighborhood gathered for indoor games. Mr. James E. Sammons, of Washington, D. C., who was a schoolmate, says that when the corner stone of Zion Methodist Episcopal Church in Cambridge was laid, in 1844, John deposited a coin and his name in the stone and told his mates that some day he would preach in that church.

On a certain crabbing excursion of six boys, including John and his two cousins, "Sammy" and White Hurst, about noon they were painfully conscious of the demand of the "inner boy" and decided "to work" old Farmer Billups for their dinner. This was their scheme: John with voice almost a whisper began, "These boys want some dinner." Sammy next took up the refrain a little louder, "These boys want some dinner." Then came White's turn, still in a crescendo, "These boys want some dinner." After six repetitions of this formula, each time with increasing emphasis, John's turn came again. He commenced very seriously, but broke out in a hearty laugh before he had finished; for every boy was watching Farmer Billups, who then woke up to the humor of the situation and treated the boys to a hearty dinner.

The strong trend to study, reading, and to general excellence in the whole round of childhood duties was steadily manifest during his next six years' attendance at the district school. His active sports and other mingling with boys of his own age are set forth with much zest and particularity in a description written by himself, and probably never before in print:

Our Sports and What Boys Did on the Eastern Shore

In no respect was the life on the Eastern Shore more primitive or apart from the usual than in the sports which formed so large a share of the time and joy of "Eas'n Sho" boys. We must have followed in the wake of the sports of the Western Shore boys; for as the weeks rolled around there were kites and tops and marbles and mumblepeg on our side of the bay as well as on the western. But there was no large place like Baltimore to give us toys. Our largest town in old Dorset was Cambridge, and in the forties few were the shops where playthings of any kind could be found. Then, as to a farmer's boy, he could not buy even those whose bright colors most fascinated. But playthings he had, and without the buying! He made them himself. He was prince of the jackknife. Take bows and arrows. Far back in the forties the typical "Eas'n Sho" boy could go through a forest of miles of varied timber and tell every

kind of wood or plant he saw. He knew just the age of hickory that furnished him the best bow, and what wood was best for his arrows. White oak would do for his bow, but not so well as a bit of hickory without a knot. The arrow needed something to fortify it for reaching a far-away mark. One of two things had to be done: point it with tin—though brass was better—or so cut the wood at the end that lead could be poured around it, thus making a firm and effective head. The most of us had arrows of various devices and soon learned which we could trust most fully.

I doubt whether in Cambridge as far back as the forties there had ever been seen a kite which had come from the factory. We made all our own kites, and knew all the art. Newspapers were tougher then than now, and could well resist the wind. The wooden frame had to be thin and delicate, yet strong. We knew the best shape and size of the solid structure, and whenever it was ready, with a good tail and with the tow string which we knew how to twist from the flax, we soon had it soaring among its fellows far above forest and field.

Even tops were sometimes made by the boys themselves. I remember well a boy who made his own top and twisted his own string, but he long lacked the courage to spin it in the ring where the more sumptuous tops from the shop were humming with energy. The fashion was to plug another top. The top which could plug and split another while spinning came to high honor and was often subject to barter or sale. One day the timid boy, with the top which his own deft fingers had made, gained courage enough to spin his top in the big ring and by a good stroke plugged one of the stylish tops from the shop. Immediately the fortunate boy was approached by another who traded with him his top from the factory for the more homely one which the jackknife had made.

At the schoolhouse on the roadside, in Dorchester County, which I first attended, there was no more thought of a ball from a store than of the Trojan horse. India rubber was just coming into use, and the first shoes of that material down on the Eastern Shore were without any crude stuff. A worn-out rubber was cut into one or more long strings and, by stretching well in the winding, these were wound into a ball. To bring it into full size woolen yarn was wound upon the india rubber.

I made my own lead pencils by melting shot and running the metal into a little groove in the ground of the length I wanted the pencil. My first top I made of a piece of solid pine, while the plug or spindle I made by a laborious use of a file on a wrought iron nail.

All my kites I made with my own hand. I made all my bird traps, and knew how to so set them as to entrap the unwary. But I must here confess I never caught a thoroughly good mocking bird in one of them—but, if any mocking bird at all, only the poor French variety. These traps we would suspend in a tree and disguise them skillfully. There was another class of birds which spent their time on the ground. The cage to catch them was made of slats, like a trap, all covered with leaves to appear to be a part of the ground. Lucky the partridge not beguiled with one of the brown traps which the "Eas'n Sho" boy knew so well how to devise. For squirrels we despised the modern way of shooting. Indeed, happy the boy who had an old-time flint gun, for all over the Eastern Shore they still existed. But happier still was he who had a double-barreled gun. I had one of the latter which was the admired of all the boys who on Saturdays roamed over the fields of "Piney Neck." This I used long before I was able to hold it off at arm's length. But no matter for that, Black Tom was my unfailing company. When aiming at catbirds, or snipe, or, I am sorry to say, even robins, I would rest the gun on Tom's shoulder and fire both barrels at once. But Tom had his turn and fired with equal danger and haphazard disposition. The wonder is that somebody's ears were not deafened for life or his head blown off. The game, such as it was, was common to us both, and Tom knew just what kind of a withe to make to bear it home.

Fishing nets the farmers' boys were always skillful in knitting, and we all knew that the heart of cedar or a bit of hickory furnished the best material for making the needle—not a straight one but a kind of flat rod which required a deft use of the knife. The inventive faculty of the typical boy was so far developed that he could plait his own straw hat, knit his own woolen gloves, ride a horse without a saddle and with only a halter for a bridle, cover his own ball, made of yarn, with leather as neatly sewn as any now to be found in the window of a toy store.

At the end of the above penciled lines are some notes intended for future elaboration, and each reader is invited to make free use of his own imagination in developing such as "Pike's Arithmetic," "Jones's Arithmetic," "Very hard books," as bearing on the mathematical evolution of the lad; "Plutarch's Lives," as a vestibule to the biographic, historical, and

classic studies of later decades; "otter, muskrats, rabbits, squirrels, ducks," as the game on which the future hunter for ancient treasures practiced with trap and gun; "ink, suspenders, shoes from skins—made by boys." as the foregleams of the *writer,* the *supporter* of men and institutions, and the teacher of those whose feet should be clothed with the *sandals* of the gospel. In a final notation lurks the possibility of a school-day comedy, with certain elements approaching the tragic, for we read mischief in every dash of the trio of words, "Lizards—stove—recess," and can almost hear the cry of the punished—whether guilty or innocent—in which our John Fletcher figures as probably only a sympathetic on-looker.

IV

The Youth

At Cambridge Academy

It was a long step in the progress of the boy when, about the beginning of his eleventh year, he entered the Cambridge Academy, a private institution which had won a good public standing for secondary education and the preparation of young men for college. Three of his teachers here during the five or six years of his attendance were Gardner Bailey, James W. Conner, and William Campbell. His studies at first were the common English branches, through the usual gradations of grammar, with composition, and of mathematics from arithmetic to algebra and geometry, with Latin and Greek during the last two or three years.

His daily trips from "Piney Neck" to Cambridge in the morning, and return in the afternoon, during the terms of school, were made sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback. These equestrian journeys were made, when he could have his choice, astride "Major," a favorite sorrel pony. At first this ride was a bareback performance, no saddle to fit the pony being at hand. At length John's longing for a saddle led him to appeal to his father for one. His father took kindly to the request, but required as a shrewd and happy condition that John should commit to memory a certain hymn, then and now in frequent use. The lad was eager to acquire a saddle "for a song," but met his father's good bargain with a counter proposition that the saddle be given him immediately and the hymn learned afterward. To this his father gave consent, saying, "I will trust you to keep your word." The saddle was bought,

the promise was kept, and the hymn thoroughly imbedded in the tenacious memory of the young student. The selection made by his father was John Cennick's "Children of the heavenly King," and peculiarly appropriate for the schoolboy mounted for his four-mile ride was the second line, "As ye journey, sweetly sing." Through storm and sunshine the itinerant youth lived the spirit of that hymn down to life's latest hour as one who from his heart of hearts believed and knew that

> "Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
> Bids us undismayed go on."

Many a day, however, did John make the daily round on foot, trudging cheerfully with his books and luncheon the entire distance, except when good fortune overtook him in the chance to ride a part of the way. While a boy, and until he was sixteen, he suffered at times from severe attacks of asthma or phthisic, as it was then called. The struggle for breath sometimes seized him so violently while on the road between home and academy that he was obliged to throw himself upon the ground for a time until he could regain sufficient breath and strength to go on; but he always went on.

He was while in boyhood possessed of an even temper, not easy to take offense, and ready to make up in case of minor differences of feeling whenever they occurred. He had one physical encounter with a boy named Vaughn, who played the part of a bully so often and so meanly that a spirited collision one day surprised the bully into a sudden meekness and a quiet that was never again broken so far as John was concerned. His tormentor sought new victims from that day.

His complexion was fair and ruddy; his hair very light; his form well rounded and of good proportions, a trifle under average size. His posture was upright, save a slight inclination of his head forward and a droop of shoulders, due to his

asthma and its distressing shortness of breath. This forward bend of his neck, suggestive of Alexander von Humboldt's poise of head, clung to him all through his life, confirmed or perhaps a trifle increased by his studious habits and heavy literary labors, but was by no means altogether the "scholar's stoop," for his usual posture in study and writing in mature life was standing at a high desk hour after hour and day after day, as he plodded through a hundred tasks.

When John was in his early teens the question arose in his father's mind, and in his own as well, whether he should become and remain a farmer, or go on with his work at school and enter some path that should properly follow an advanced education. Being the only son, he was naturally expected to follow his father as proprietor of the farm. The conflict between the natural bent of the boy toward learning and the paternal desire to keep him near came to a crisis one bright summer day when John was about fourteen. His father sent him to water the horses, several in the herd; and the water was at some distance from the barn. John had a book in his hand. He rode one horse and the others followed. At the watering place he found it convenient to slip from the horse's back to the trough, as many a boy does, when the height of the trough makes the descent easy. The boy found an easy place to sit, opened his book for a draught from its depths, became absorbed, forgot all about the horses, and, when they had disappeared from view, slowly returned to the house, too keenly conscious of the situation for his own comfort, and wondering what his disappointed father would say to him. His father spoke the word which opened the way for the son's whole career: "John, there is no use of you staying around here. You will never make a farmer. Pack your trunk and go to school." The delighted youth obeyed his father, and began boarding at Cambridge in the family of Captain Shadrach

Mitchell. This arrangement gave him more time for the severer studies which marked the last two years at the Academy, and were in the direct line of preparation for college.

At this time he came under the instruction of William Campbell, who had come into the institution at the beginning of 1848. This cultured Irishman was a splendid instructor, and subjected the young student, "in common with his schoolmates," as a written report sent to his father for January, 1848, declares, "to a searching examination." This report goes on to say also:

> Having himself been convinced of his deficiency in most branches, he deserves my warmest commendation for having resolutely commenced the work of improvement. Much could not be done in one month, but he has manifested the desire to profit by instruction, and has been laying the sure foundation for solid improvement. His capabilities are such as, if aided by persevering attention, will secure the most satisfactory results. In his Latin studies there has been already much improvement. In other exercises he has maintained a fair position, with the exception of geometry, in which I cannot say that he has given me satisfaction. His conduct has been uniformly excellent.

This record of four weeks under the stimulus of a new and master teacher is an index of the growing love of the young student for language and letters, a fair enjoyment in other departments of knowledge, with an indifferent and perhaps waning interest in the science of surfaces, angles, and magnitudes.

His good offices as a peacemaker found opportunity one day when Frank Phelps and some other boys of the school toiled successfully at the task of leading, pulling, and lifting a goodly sized calf into one of the rooms of the second story of the old Academy. John did not actually join in the sport, but stood outside. When he saw the master coming he was convulsed with laughter at the interesting juncture. From John the

teacher learned what was going on, but the rising tide of wrathful feeling in the breast of the stern disciplinarian was stemmed by the infectious merriment of the witness, and was itself turned into a laughing fit which soon spread among all the teachers and gave the offenders immediate and full forgiveness for their mischievous pranks.

The death of his father, Elijah Hurst, in August, 1849, left John, now fully orphaned, to the guardianship of his uncle, John Hurst, who responded nobly to the important trust thus committed to him by his elder half-brother. John Hurst was at that time a successful merchant in Baltimore in partnership with General John S. Berry. His interest in his nephew never lagged, but was active and helpful at many points in his career, and frequently showed itself in friendly advice and opinion concerning the young man's methods and plans, usually in approval, but sometimes suggesting important changes.

As early as 1849, his thoughts of going to college assumed shape definite enough for him to write this letter from Cambridge to the president of Dickinson, on the fifth of December:

Dear Sir: Having seen a catalogue of Dickinson College, I have concluded to go, provided I can get a room in the College or elsewhere. Master Bowdle wrote that there were only two or three rooms vacant, and I thought that it would be well for me to write to you to reserve me one if they are not occupied before you receive this letter. It is doubtful whether I shall be there or not before Christmas, which caused me to write, thinking that fresh students may come and that you would reserve me a room from the time that you receive this, as there is no doubt at present about my coming. If there cannot be a room left for me I would like to get a place in some private family, and you would confer a favor upon me if you would bespeak me one. I would be gratified to receive an answer to this, that I may know what course to pursue.

Yours with respect, John F. Hurst.

The Master Bowdle whose letter is mentioned above was a Maryland boy acquaintance already at Carlisle, whose corre-

spondence had evidently stimulated young Hurst to this rather sudden, and as it proved premature, application for a room; for he remained at Cambridge until the following summer in earnest and successful prosecution of his studies. During the year 1849 he began, as a side exercise to his literary reading, the copying, into a book, of passages which struck his fancy as possessing special value. The entries in this book were completed in 1850 at Carlisle. The wide range of his reading and the high taste of his sixteenth year appear in extracts from Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Ovid, Quintilian, Sallust, and Seneca, in Latin; while the English quotations embrace Milton, Pollok (Course of Time, many), Thomson's Seasons, Irving's Tales of a Traveler and Bracebridge Hall, Hume, Robespierre, Kirke White, Milman, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Daniel, Young, Pope, Sam Johnson, Howard, Addison, Cowley, Baillie, Dryden, Franklin, Moore, Samuel Butler, Byron, Rogers, and Gray.

He received and accepted an invitation to deliver the public address in Cambridge on the Fourth of July, 1850, and acquitted himself with honor before a large audience. His connection with Cambridge Academy ceased about the same time with the departure of his esteemed teacher in July, 1850, when Mr. Campbell said in a letter of appreciation and suggestion to Mr. John Hurst, the guardian of his promising pupil:

> John has been my pupil since my appointment to the Academy, January, 1848, and during all that time he has invariably given me satisfaction and cause for pride. His conduct has been uniformly excellent, his industry ceaseless, and his improvement rapid and at the same time sound. His abilities I consider to be of a high order, and, coupled with his untiring perseverance, good judgment, and good principles, they afford the fairest promise of a manhood of usefulness and honorable distinction. I am satisfied that in any business or profession his excellent sense and his principles would secure him a highly respectable position; but it seems to me that his talents and habits fit him especially for the study of the law. . . .

However far I may be separated from him in his future life, I cannot cease to feel a lively interest in his welfare, nor can I deny myself the hope that his abilities, rightly directed, will, under Providence, render him a pride to his friends, a distinguished, a useful, and a good man.

V

Conversion

The child of many prayers, and the youth who doubtless kept up the childhood habit of secret prayer when mother and father had been taken from him and home had thereby been robbed of much of its meaning except as a hallowed memory, it was an altogether reasonable expectation on the part of his friends that he should in keeping with the example and precept of his parents, a "pious pair," enter into an open espousal of the cause and profession of the faith of Jesus Christ, as his personal Saviour and the world's Redeemer. This expectation became a reality during his sixteenth year. How earnestly and happily he took this step let his love-feast testimony at the Northwest Indiana Conference in Brazil in 1889, recorded in the Western Christian Advocate, tell:

I have been trying to serve God now ever since the year 1850. I had no parents—they had gone home to heaven—and I was among strangers. My mother died before I was seven years old, so that I don't remember her face fully—just a mere outline. I think I shall know it; I think I shall recognize it when the fight is over, and when the happy meetings come, never to separate. My father was a Christian man, and he died when I was fourteen. I was going home from a little debating society, pretty late at night, and, on the other side of the street, as I was going toward my boarding place, I heard them singing in the Methodist church. With me was a young school companion, who afterward entered the ministry. We went over and went into the meeting, and crowded pretty well up to the front. The minister saw us, and came down and spoke to me, and asked me if I

didn't want to go to heaven. We both went to the altar, time after time, meeting after meeting. I was seeking light all the time, trying to do something, trying to perform some obligation, trying to understand him, and when I came to see that I could not understand anything, could not do anything, he gave me light. One night, going home from church, I remember that a change came over me; a light broke out before me; there was a little river in the distance, and it seemed to shine like silver; I didn't know what it all was; I thought it was some sudden glow of good feeling. I went to my room full of joy, and then the Lord revealed to me, "You have a new heart!" The Lord had given it to me; there was no consciousness of sin. I felt, like Pilgrim, that the burden had fallen from my shoulders. I could now see it, because I had gotten to the foot of the cross, and I have been trying to serve the Lord ever since. I have been thankful to him that the change was so sudden, so striking; that I have been able to look back upon it as the hour when God, for Christ's sake, spoke peace to my soul.

A mention of the preacher who helped him into the kingdom, and of his fellow student and seeker after God, is made in a beautiful and grateful tribute which he wrote in 1894, to the memory of the Rev. James A. Brindle, and which was published in the Peninsula Methodist:

In the year of 1849-50, Rev. Henry Colclazer and Rev. James A. Brindle were preachers on Cambridge Circuit, Snow Hill District, Philadelphia Conference. During the winter there was a very extensive revival in the town of Cambridge. . . . My friend was Douglas Dashiell, who afterward became an honored minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His field of labor was in Texas. Brother Brindle was as truly a man of God as anyone whom I have ever known. His life was one of rare consecration. Everything he touched was with a master hand. His calm and patient manner, his gentleness and sympathy, and his devout life made a profound impression upon me. He was very far from ostentatious, courteous in language, but of desperate and quiet energy.

John Fletcher Hurst bought his first Discipline from his pastor James A. Brindle, and his first class leader was James Bryan, of Cambridge.

VI

The Young Man

The Collegian.—At Dickinson.—The Union Philosophical Society

The composition of a Sophomore friend read during his Cambridge life first awakened John F. Hurst's desire to go to college. In his address at the funeral of Bishop Jesse T. Peck, in 1883, Bishop Hurst made a profound impression by his tribute to this friend of his youth, and thus refers to the influence of that educator in turning him toward Dickinson:

> My mind goes back from this hour many years, over the chasm of a generation, thirty-three years. Away down in the south of Maryland, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, when attending a camp meeting I was told that the president of Dickinson College was to preach on a certain day. Such a sermon was seldom heard in that peninsula. Some one had said "college" to me a few times before this, and I had thought of seeking a college education, but this seemed well-nigh impossible. I remember that a kind minister brought me to the preacher of the afternoon. I told him something about going to college. Said he, "Don't trouble yourself. Go home and wait until the opening of the term and then you take the stage across by York and come there and I will meet you and we will live happily together." And for two years I was a student there under him. When Dr. Collins succeeded him I remained two years; but no tender heart ever beat more keenly in sympathy with the student than his. The friend of schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific! So I think of him as a man who took a boy by the hand, and ever since the memories of the man have been precious.

The kind preacher who introduced the shrinking youth to the college president was none other than the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Pattison, father of the ex-governor of Pennsylvania, the late Hon. Robert E. Pattison.

Among the thirty-six names enrolled as Freshmen at Dickin-

son College in September, 1850, was that of John Fletcher Hurst. The catalogue for 1849-50 indicates the standard of the young student's preparation:

> Candidates for Freshman class must be well acquainted with Arithmetic; Davies's First Lessons in Algebra; Geography; Outlines of Ancient and Modern History; the English, Latin, and Greek Grammars (McClintock and Crooks's First Books in Latin and Greek); Cæsar's Commentaries (two books); Virgil's Æneid (five books); Xenophon's Anabasis (two books); Roman Antiquities and Mythology; Greek Reader and the Historical Books of the New Testament.

He was assigned to 48 West College with William J. Bowdle, of Church Creek, Maryland, as roommate. The change of scene from the blending of water and land about the inlets and necks of the Eastern Shore to the region of the Blue Ridge was a signal one for the youth of sixteen, and seems to have greatly benefited his health in a nearly total relief from the asthma. Upon his entrance into the new and strange scenes of college life he received and ever afterward treasured this letter from his pastor at Cambridge, sent with his certificate of church membership, and dated September 17:

> DEAR BROTHER JOHN: I trust you are pleased with your new location and situation. You cannot expect to find everything as you may wish or desire. You may well suffer some privations in order to secure that one thing so much desired, a good education, and so necessary to make you useful in either church or state. Doubtless you will be exposed to temptations notwithstanding the religious example you have set before you in the officers in the Institute; therefore it will be absolutely important for you to both watch and pray that you enter not into temptation. Remember the Eye of God is upon you and his Ear is open to your prayer; his Arm is able to support you, and nothing shall harm you whilst you are a follower of that which is good. Remember your classmates pray for you and Jesus prays for you, and the Holy Spirit makes intercession for you with groanings which cannot be uttered. Choose those for your companions who, like yourself, are striving to save their souls. If

you cannot find such, you had better hold yourself aloof from them all; only treat them with kindness and show to all around you have been with Jesus. But I trust you will find some who will take you by the hand and assist you upon your heavenly journey. I am sure we shall miss you very much in our class room, for you deserve much credit for your strict attendance. I hope you will not slacken the reins of duty, though you may be a stranger in a strange place. And again, my dear young brother, let nothing draw or drive you from your secret devotions. However much we may think of learning, we should not give up our closet devotion to obtain it. Converse with your Father in heaven. Pour out your heart to him, and, although your father and mother have gone to glory before you, the Lord will take you up. And another duty I wish to enforce is that of reading, yea, searching the Scriptures regularly, frequently, prayerfully, and I have not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind the Lord will make a useful man of you, both in the church and in the world. Join the church as soon as convenient, and be faithful to attend all her ordinances. May God bless you more and more and save you with the power of an endless life. So prays your brother in Christ, JAMES A. BRINDLE.

I wish you to write me soon. Open your heart to one who feels the deepest interest in your spiritual and eternal welfare.

J. A. B.

Two large societies, with literary and social features, embraced nearly the whole body of students, and were rivals in securing members and in the public debates and exhibitions which marked every school year. In October young Hurst was voted in as a member of the Union Philosophical Society, and threw his energy into its interests as distinguished from those of the "Belles-Lettres." The records of the Society show that he was a faithful member of the organization and prominent in its work. In his first year he was elected assistant librarian, later became librarian, and still later was elected censor. In the two succeeding years he filled the office of secretary and treasurer. Especially does his name stand prominent on the records as an essay writer and debater. He was evidently a great reader, for the librarian's books from 1850 to 1853 show many books

charged to his name. He took part in a very animated debate in which the whole society participated, on the question, "Resolved, That the interests of the United States would be conserved by the abolition of slavery." He was on the affirmative, and his side won, though there were many Southerners in the society, Dickinson drawing many from the South.

Among the literary addresses which he made in chapel was one on "The Influence of Music," delivered May 6, 1854. "The Beauties of National Art" was given at the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Union Philosophical, July 11, 1854, two days before his graduation. From the former, on which is indorsed "plenty of ladies present," we select a few sentences on a theme which, so well treated in his college days and so assiduously cultivated in his first pastorate, seems to have lost its attraction for him in his maturer life:

From the time when the morning stars first sang together, it has been powerful enough to unite the tastes of man to ennobling objects, no less than to calm the convulsions of him who writhes beneath the throes of malignant passions. Even though it adds new pleasures to the achievements of the past, and fresh hopes for the future, it does not lose sight of its mission when the hand of adversity casts a blight upon the spirits. The harp which had often cheered the heart of the Hebrew King did not hang mute upon his palace walls when his rebellious son had fallen a victim to his unfeeling nature. . . . Like the fabled tent of the Arabians, music can so expand and contract its folds as to adapt itself to any climate or to any order of society. The experience of ages has proved that Mars is no less a skillful musician than Apollo. If some "Auld Lang Syne" can place us amid the cherished scenes of youth, and retrace the most pleasing memories of early days, martial music leads every heart a willing captive to its charms. When France needed an incentive to resist the corrupt rule of her Bourbon king, the Marseillaise converted an army of royalists into the warmest supporters of republicanism. . . . But music was never made to subserve the unholy purposes of misanthropy or melancholy. On the contrary, if all the romantic attachments in ancient or in modern times were traced from their origin to their consummation, there

would be found as many instances of love at first sound as of "love at first sight."

His oration on "The Beauties of National Art," after a glowing appreciation of Oriental and European art of ancient and classic times, closes in a strain of prophecy for his own loved land:

When national art shall enjoy a more extended rule, its beauties will brighten up the dark caverns and gild the rugged mountain peaks of the Western continent. Our own Washington will become another Rome without its vices; our own rotunda will become another Forum whose paintings and statues shall witness no political convulsions, but shall bind the heart of every citizen to the interests of his country. Our blue Potomac will become the Tiber of America, with no pagan associations, whose banks shall be studded with monuments erected to the memory of her honored sons. It will then be left for future years to found a tower which shall not cause a new confusion of tongues, but which shall witness the union of the jarring interests of the world, and, while reflecting the glories of the rising and the setting sun upon a race of freemen, the nations of the earth shall crown its capital with the laurel wreaths of victory and honor.

VII

A Sophomore's Diary

The phases of his social, intellectual, moral, and religious life while in college are clearly reflected in sundry passages from his diary, which bears the heading

DICKINSON COLLEGE

Carlisle, Pa.

1852 No. 20 East College

Sunday, April 11.—Having formerly kept a "Diary," I concluded that it was too much of a "bore," and for that reason gave it up. It has become fashionable, however, to keep a diary, and, prejudging

that it will be useful as well as entertaining, in after life, to read some of my Journal, I have finally concluded to resume the task. My desire is to keep an exact account of my *religious experience,* and to state my daily progress and retrogression in religious and mental culture.

Surely a student's life is one of change, sometimes agreeable and sometimes otherwise, yet altogether I think there is a vast deal of enjoyment, perhaps more than will counterbalance all of the unpleasantness. To-day is rainy, and of all the days calculated to generate the "blues" I do think that "rainy Sundays" surpass. Yet we console ourselves with the thought that Providence knows better than we do, and it is all for the best. I heard Mr. Peck, of the Senior Class, preach; his text was concerning the "grain of mustard seed," meaning the obscurity of the church and her gradual increase down to the present time. I expected a better one than I did hear, yet he is young and has time (if he live) for improvement. I did not enjoy myself very much in the afternoon and evening. It was because I was engaged too much in secular conversation. I heard the Rev. Dr. Wickes (our pastor) preach at night; the sermon was a continuation of a former one. I went to sleep, as usual, at night. I have often tried to rid myself of such an unenviable custom. I was afterward told that the sermon was an excellent one. Immediately before the Doctor commenced, the choir sang the "Easter Anthem." It brought back to my mind the many times my father has sung it to me. Indeed, I felt like shedding tears over my departed parent. May the time never come when my thoughts will not go back to earlier years, when a kind father and an indulgent mother were almost the sole objects of my affections.

12.—Rose at five and commenced my daily studies. Didn't study much at night, because I was invited downtown to take some ice cream with some of my fellow students; didn't enjoy myself much because there was too much joviality. The most of the students were members of the church. Two backsliders went to a hotel and partook of the *unnecessary.* This was very unpleasant to the rest of the party.

13.—Rose at four o'clock and felt quite unwell from our night's indulgence. However, it soon wore off. I was called upon to recite in Mathematics (trigonometry), Greek, and Taylor's History. Nearly all the class failed. The lesson was very long and difficult to commit to memory. I knew the part that I was called upon to recite, but, so many failing before me, I felt rather delicate in regard to it, and consequently refused to recite.

14.—I did not study much to-day. I fear that I am less studious than I ought to be. Last year I used to be mentally employed rather too much and had not sufficient time to take exercise. This year I fear that circumstances are *vice versa.*

15.—Our class recited our first recitation in Cicero. I like his style very much, and have no doubt that it will be a pleasant study. I was called up in it. Made out pretty well. I was also called up in Dr. Peck's room in Paley's Evidences. I made out pretty well in that also. Went to Dr. Peck's prayer meeting. It was one in his own house, and the object of it was *entire sanctification.* I have been seeking that blessing for some time. My mind turned directly toward that object on account of reading a little book called Notes by the Way, or the Way of Holiness. I have made a solemn asseveration that I will go on in the pursuit of my object, and will never give up the hope of entire sanctification, and efforts to attain it. May God help me!

16.—Chum (Milbourne) and myself have commenced a habit which I think will be very improving, that of having prayers before we commence the duties of the day, and immediately after we have finished them. I was called up to the Chair to recite on Taylor's History. I made out tolerably well. The account of the fall of Babylon, a description of Nineveh and Babylon, was very interesting.

17.—Rose some time before prayers, reviewed my morning recitation, and took a walk up the railroad with a friend, Fountain of Maryland. One of the *new* students, Chew, was *facultized* to-night by some of the *Student Faculty.* Quite a muss was raised; no damage done, however.

18.—Rose a little before the second bell. Went to class meeting (Professor Tiffany's). I afterward went to a class meeting downtown. It partook more of Methodism in my opinion than those at college; besides, it bore a strong resemblance to those that I had formerly attended, and which had little of formality about them. Professor Tiffany delivered a fine sermon; the text was, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." In the evening I went to the First Presbyterian Church—Rev. Mr. Wing; a very pleasant discourse upon the truth that Christ's coming has more than compensated for all the evil which Adam brought on the human race. It is quarterly meeting at our church, but I preferred Mr. Wing rather than Mr. ———, the presiding elder. Having read my complement of chapters, I retired.

19.—Rose early. The college again out of wood; this makes several times that we have been out; such times and such a college as this

that cannot furnish fuel to keep us warm! Our class got off from recitation on account of it. A *Green Horn* is again being put through. It is said that he gave his questioners some sarcastic retorts. I started over to it, but recollected that I had just refused going to *Love Feast.*

21.—Read a little in Hume.

22.—Rose a little before prayers. Felt the effects of eating just before going to bed. Resolved to do less of it. Read some in Hume's England. Went to Dr. Peck's prayer meeting. We had a delightful time. Several of us were praying to Almighty God to sanctify us, soul, body, and spirit. I find my greatest difficulty in not bringing my faith to bear upon the present moment. I have this night set out to seek God earnestly, and never tire until I am fully sanctified. May God assist me in my endeavors. I know that it is at present the greatest object of my life to be the Lord's unreservedly. If there be yet a "bosom sin" remaining, may God root it out. I am determined to be sanctified, and I do believe God will speedily do it.

23.—Rose at four o'clock and took a walk out in the country, mainly for the purpose of practicing my speech for Saturday. Had an idea of writing a "description of the Cumberland Valley" and sending it to one of the papers of my native county. Doubtful.

24.—Finished the fifth volume of Hume's England.

25.—Read an article in Philadelphia Christian Advocate on the proposed building of another Methodist Episcopal church in Carlisle. Thought there were a great many objectionable things in it, and that, if I could fulfill my intentions, I would reply to it, favoring the "proposal."

26.—Wrote two pages of cap paper, to have published in reply to a fellow classmate's article in opposition to the erection of a new church.

27.—Wrote more of my communication.

28.—Spherical trigonometry very hard. Called up in it. Didn't make out very well.

30.—Attended Friday evening prayer meeting. Large attendance. Violent thunderstorm. Very fearful in them, more so than I ought to be. I suppose it originates from a consciousness of not having done my duty.

VIII

Close of His Sophomore Year

May 3, 1852.—This day eleven years ago my mother died. Surely no one knows the good a mother does until he has experienced his loss. May I ever live mindful of her good advice.

5.—Changed my boarding house—found it (Miss Miller's) more agreeable than at the college table. Wrote a piece for publication, on Cumberland Valley. Took a great deal of exercise in playing ball.

6.—Attended Dr. Peck's prayer meeting. Very good one indeed. Experienced great satisfaction, but did not receive the blessing which I so much long after.

8.—Our class society had a meeting at night. Question was, "Does nature do more than art in forming the orator?" Had the negative of the question. My side obtained the decision.

9.—Read some in Pilgrim's Progress.

10.—Did not rise in time to take my walk. Was not called up in any recitation. Played ball to make up for the loss of my walk. Walking, however, seems to benefit me more than any other exercise.

14.—Saw, in the paper, the article I had written in reply to a piece written by my classmate, Luckenbach. He decided it to be a lame effort. Of course he would not like it. Great deal of curiosity as to the author of it. Received a letter from my step-mother. She kindly invited me to spend my vacation with her at Federalsburg.

16.—Read Headley's Sacred Scenes and Characters through. Very flowery. Apparently very sacrilegious. Thought his comparison of Paul and Napoleon was by no means right—to compare sacred and profane characters.

19.—Revised an old composition on Oberlin for publication in the Sunday School Advocate.

20.—I made a determination to rise early and walk an hour before prayers; also to regulate my diet.

21.—Attended Friday evening prayer meeting and while there (by no means a fit place) thought of my present condition, *pecuniarily*. I knew that I was running in debt to my uncle to a certain extent, and devised two plans by which I might better my situation. First, I thought of going to Baltimore and entering some store in order that my income might run up and my health be resuscitated. Secondly, of going on my farm and remaining with the tenant for a

year, where I would be able to study, and also to *oversee* how things go on, as well as to take sufficient exercise for my health.

22.—Wrote to my uncle on the topic mentioned above.

23.—Invited by two friends to spend the evening in reading and examining portions of the Bible. Consented and received great enjoyment. Felt great encouragement to go on in the pursuit of the blessing of *entire sanctification*. I almost had the witness, but could not command enough of present faith. May the Lord assist me in my endeavors.

25.—Read Hon. Daniel Webster's speech in Faneuil Hall. Pleased with it. Took a solitary walk after supper. Our class excused Professor Johnson from his recitation.

26.—Heard of the newly elected bishops (Scott, Simpson, Baker, and Ames) of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

28.—Commenced reading Junius; also read some in Hume's England.

29.—Finished Hume's England. I wonder that he wrote as little against religion as he did. He is, however, evidently prejudiced.

30.—Commenced an article for publication, on "Moral Education."

31.—Read some in Junius. Commenced Macaulay.

June 1.—Received the paper containing my piece on "Cumberland Valley." Great many mistakes made in it.

2.—I do not make as good recitations in Cicero as in Horace; the latter is far easier than the former; it is in consequence of my not taking sufficient pains in getting the recitations out. Received a letter from my uncle advising me to take a respite of a year from college, just the object of my desire.

5.—Commenced Russell's History of France. Commenced composition on the "Pleasures of Education."

10.—Sold my furniture, an act contrary to the statutes. Found some matter in Hallam's Middle Ages. Very useful for my "Index Rerum." Attended Dr. Peck's prayer meeting. Felt almost satisfied of my *perfect* state; but my faith fled almost instantly. O that I could be perfect in soul, body, and spirit. I shall, with God's assistance, strive on.

11.—A classmate, Emory, accidentally struck me in the eye while playing ball. It hurts very much and keeps me from studying much.

16.—Called up in Coleridge's Introduction to Greek Classic Poets. Lost a library book, Junius.

18.—Our class agreed to prepare for recitation 14 pages. Professor Johnson gave us 26. It was in History and quite hard to remember. He heard what we prepared, omitted what we did not prepare, and

then gave us a new recitation. He managed quite well indeed. Found my piece on "Moral Education" in the Philadelphia Christian Advocate.

24.—Attended for the last time Dr. Peck's prayer meeting.

28.—Recited, or rather attended recitation, for the last time for a good while—perhaps forever. Felt peculiar emotions. Went to the creek in company with some friends. Fell into a discussion on "Predestination" with my friend Hepburn. Neither changed the other's opinion.

29.—Heard of the death of Henry Clay. No human tongue can utter half the praise that's due him, nor can the wisest philosopher tell the good that he has wrought for his country. May he rest in peace! Surely his name will be ever remembered by every patriot, and more particularly by every American.

July 1.—Arose before four and commenced to study history—quite a bore. The long-dreaded examinations commenced also. Made a nine in Paley. The Doctor complimented us highly. Made an eight in Greek, nine in Manual, nine in Trigonometry, six in Conics. Succeeded tolerably on the whole.

2.—Studied history in the morning. Made a nine in Latin, also in long-dreaded history. One thing off hand, another in view. Commencement. Played football all afternoon.

3.—Took a walk out to Papertown, about six miles from town; ascended the mountain and took dinner there; was accompanied by two friends.

4.—Very good Commencement; was wearied out with literary orations, however.

5.—Weather warm in Baltimore. Walked almost all day.

11.—Heard Rev. Mr. Coombe preach, a graduate of Dickinson. He didn't please the aristocratic Charles Streeters much.

IX

The Collegian in Print.—A Moral Victory

During his Sophomore year he occupied room 20 in East College with S. T. Milbourne, a Freshman, from Worcester County, Maryland. The class numbered twenty-seven this year.

While a Sophomore he made his first contribution to the press. It was a brief article, written January 16, 1852, published in the Sunday School Advocate, and breathes the practical, helpful spirit of the long series of which it proved to be the leader. As a promise and an example of the directness and simplicity of this kind of composition the entire article is here given:

COMFORT THE DISTRESSED

Many of my young friends have often met with the above admonition, but perhaps some of them have never complied with its requirements. The modes which may be employed in the fulfilment of it are as numerous as are the dispositions of men. I once knew a Sunday school scholar who accompanied a gentleman to the humble and weather-beaten hut of an old blind man. Besides his blindness the old colored man was afflicted with rheumatism. The two visitors found him at the door, leaning on his staff. He addressed them, and told them he was trying to serve the Lord, and anticipated a home among the happy hereafter. During their visit they read several chapters in his hearing and had prayers together. In this manner they passed the evening, and the two visitors returned home, sensible that the smile of God's countenance was resting upon them. I think the afflicted man has since died; if so, I have no doubt that his soul now rests in Abraham's bosom. Sunday school scholars might do much toward comforting the distressed, and thus be a benefit to others as well as to themselves.

In the following April, over the name "Chamfort," he penned an earnest and argumentative plea for "The Proposed New Methodist Episcopal Church in Carlisle" for the Philadelphia Christian Advocate, in reply to an article by a classmate, W. H. Luckenbach, opposing a resolution of the Philadelphia Conference, which expressed sympathy and recommended help for the building and endowing of a second church in Carlisle. The professors and students who favored the new movement had been charged with aristocracy, and this is the way he comes to their defense:

This College is proverbial for its freedom from any kind of aristocracy. Though there may be isolated instances of it, yet they are

by no means "generated" here, but have come from abroad. Even then they receive no encouragement, but soon find it far preferable to flee to more congenial places, where they may exhale their pestilential air.

On June 8 we find him, under the *nom-de-plume* of "XN," giving to the same paper a didactic article entitled "Moral Education," the burden of which is an argument for the contemporaneous culture or training of both the heart and mind of children, and for the early action of the religious impulse in its bearing on a symmetrical growth. About the same time, and again as "Chamfort," he furnished the Cambridge Democrat an appreciative article on "The Pleasures of Education." His summary of the life of an educated person thus groups the career:

In youth he strove for an education, in middle age he practiced it and imparted it more or less to others, and in old age he reaped the fruits of it. First he went in search of treasure, next he obtained it and bestowed it on the world, and lastly he enjoys the good resulting from it.

During his Junior year, 1852-53, there appeared several articles in the Easton (Md.) Whig, from his hand, under the name of "Philip Philistone." One of these was a description of a foot-journey with two other students, D. H. Walton, of Woodstock, Virginia, and Robert H. Conway, of Harrison, Maryland, taken at the close of the summer term in 1852, to the mountain near Carlisle. It is called "A Leaf from a Student's Journal." It contains several fine interweavings of history with natural scenery, and the personal thread runs pleasantly through the whole sketch. His description of their noontide luncheon on the summit is in these words:

There was little of the artificial attending our repast; the roof beneath which we were seated was none less than the broad canopy of heaven, our table was the ground, its cover the leaves, and our hands filled the office of knives and forks.

Of the Cumberland Valley that here burst on their vision he says:

> If Thomas Jefferson thought a look at Harper's Ferry was worth a voyage across the Atlantic, we think such a sight as this would repay one for walking up many peaks of the Blue Ridge.

Another was entitled "Friendship at College," setting forth the danger of too sudden intimacy with imagined friends, and the value of a true friendship based on worth and similarity of aim and tastes. Next follow three historical and descriptive articles under the general title of "Ancient Magnificence: Its Rise, Grandeur, and Decay," the first devoted to Alexandria, the second to Memphis, and the third to Thebes in Egypt. In a brief introductory paragraph he says:

> It is our purpose to treat the religion, society, and politics of them (the great cities); to show wherein their civil politics were sound or defective; to trace back the improvement or deterioration which they underwent to the prime cause; to apply their institutions to those of our own country, and to prove with all possible clearness the hand of God displayed in history.

John's moral susceptibility was seriously put to the test when at the age of eighteen, while on a vacation from college, he received an invitation to attend a party at the home of one of the first citizens of Dorchester County. It was a rare distinction to be invited to the family which had furnished a senator and a governor. John's imagination lighted up as he pictured the beauty, fashion, and wealth he would see there. Such a privilege had never before been his, but the day of the event saw him hesitating, and as night came on there was a struggle. "Well, John, I envy you your good time to-night," said his cousin. "Shake hands, Sammy," was John's reply, "I've been praying about this matter. I'm not going to the party. I cannot go to a place where they dance and drink wine."

"WEIR NECK," ON FARM OF 256 ACRES.

Built in 1807; owned by John Fletcher Hurst from 1849 to 1863.

X

An Interim at Home

The greater part of his Junior year he spent at "Weir Neck," studying the books of the curriculum and keeping abreast of his class, whose roll now included twenty-four.

"Weir Neck," September 10, 1852.—Have been to five camp meetings. Met with a number of students from old Dickinson; was delighted, of course, with meeting old and true friends. Enjoyed my sister's company very much. Visited my stepmother, who had been married (to Mr. Goslin) since my departure from the Eastern Shore. Was treated kindly and consequently enjoyed myself very much. Am sorry to say that my religious experience is not so favorable as I would like it to be. Did not take advantage of the means of grace afforded at camp meeting as I should have done. At one time my soul was made to rejoice with joy unspeakable. Am settled down on the old homestead, boarding with the tenant. Commenced Logic (Whately). Find it hard though not unpleasant study.

21.—Studied some of Agricola and Germania of Tacitus. He is quite concise. Studied some Analytical Geometry, Moral Science also. Am pleased with living in the country; eat so much, however, that I will soon become corpulent. In regard to religion, I have enjoyed myself very much. Have not yet joined a class, as I have not yet received my certificate. Have hunted some and been partially successful. Made considerable progress in Hebrew. Am now on the inflection of pronouns. Yesterday I finished my "Leaf from a Student's Journal." Fixed up a bookcase for myself in the recess of the room. Am now prepared for studying. Wrote the "Introductory" to my intended articles on the "Rise, Grandeur, and Decay of Ancient Magnificence," but am not satisfied with it. Shall perhaps write another.

October 1.—Have paid a visit to my stepmother at Federalsburg. Studied Mental Philosophy, Moral Science, and Tacitus. Borrowed the Alcestis of Euripides in Greek and have read the Hypothesis. Quite difficult at first. Have written another introduction to my "Rise, Grandeur, and Decay of Ancient Magnificence." Am better pleased with it. Commenced the series with Alexandria. . . . Commenced wearing standing collars. Saw my friend Conway at Federalsburg. Went gunning with him. He and myself were requested to act as bearers of a young man who had died of consumption. We

fulfilled the onerous task. I formed an idea of going to the West, after graduating, and entering some literary institution, if practicable. Perhaps I'll enter the ministry. May the Lord direct me in the proper way. I intend praying particularly for direction in regard to my future course. I have enjoyed myself in a religious point of view very much. Have perhaps made use of too much levity. May the Lord guide me between levity on the one hand and moroseness on the other!

21.—Went to Federalsburg, and there had a severe attack of bilious fever. Symptoms of the dropsy appeared which quite alarmed me. I prayed that I might be fully resigned to the will of the Lord.

November 5.—Daniel Webster is dead. The nation mourns her pride. Franklin Pierce (the ignotus) is elected President. Finished Paley's Evidences and am nearly equal with my class as regards studies. Commenced No. 2 of my "Student's Journal." It is on college life. The "Mechanics" of Natural Philosophy is very hard. I have a fine chance for study. Take considerable exercise. Am enjoying the smiles of God's countenance in a marked degree. May my life be shaped according to his will! I am aware that I am not sufficiently grateful to him for all his favors, but will try to be more so. May he bless me is my humble prayer.

12.—Have been at home of late and have studied amazingly hard sometimes, while at others I have been too lax. Hunted considerably. Studied Natural Philosophy very hard, also Analytical Geometry. Never liked mathematics much before I studied the "Mechanics." Have read some in Macaulay's England; am delighted with his style. Commenced Stevens's Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and Holy Land. His style is very interesting. My religious feelings have been buoyant; am possessed of a pleasing hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. My health has been good.

December 24.—My friend Conway has gone West. He, however, spent a few days with me before he left and we had a fine opportunity to recall past experiences and also to relate future hopes. We prayed together, and earnestly asked kind Providence to guide us in the right path through future life. I felt quite lonely when he left me at the wharf. I have since received a six-page letter from him since he arrived at Madison, Indiana. It was like balm to my soul. The blues dealt a heavy blow to me recently. I never had the horrors much worse. In a word, I was *homesick*. But how can I, an orphan, who have no home, be homesick? The following will explain it:

"'Tis home where'er the heart is."

Have nearly kept pace with my class. Think something of proposing to Uncle John to consent to my going to Dickinson again in April. "Man is a social being" and I am lonely. Have had a swelling of the ankles. The doctor considered it a dropsical affection. Have nearly recovered from it by taking medicine.

February 17, 1853.—I expect, if no unforeseen circumstances happen, to go to Dickinson in March. I wrote to my uncle to give his consent to my returning to Dickinson College in April.

XI

A Junior at Carlisle

Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penna., May 3, 1853.—Neglect seems to be the leading trait of my character, and procrastination the thief of much of my time. After so long a silence, I can scarcely muster the face or heart to make an entry in my dear old Journal. But my thoughts assume a graver nature when I reflect that on this day twelve years ago I lost my mother. What a thought! I was made motherless twelve years ago, and am yet spared to behold the beauties of God's creation and enjoy my probationary life here if proper means are employed. A mother, what a treasure! True is the phrase, "No one knows the need of a mother until he is deprived of her." Although her smiles and tears have never been for me to see, yet a hope of seeing her in a better world constitutes a great enjoyment. May her guardian spirit watch over me and keep me from harm! Twelve years to come I may be numbered with the dead. If such be the case, may I be numbered among those who die in the Lord! May a mother unseen administer kind advice to her orphan girl and boy!

Have published two articles in the Easton Whig on "Ancient Magnificence." They were written on the cities Alexandria and Memphis. Have sent on another article under the head of Thebes. I design to continue them through Carthage, Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes in Bœotia, Sparta, Athens, and Rome. Can't tell whether or not I shall ever get through with them, for it is rather *borous*. Have succeeded very well in my studies. Laziness, however, has worked very hard on me as well as a good appetite.

I have spent the most of three weeks (during smallpox scare) in a

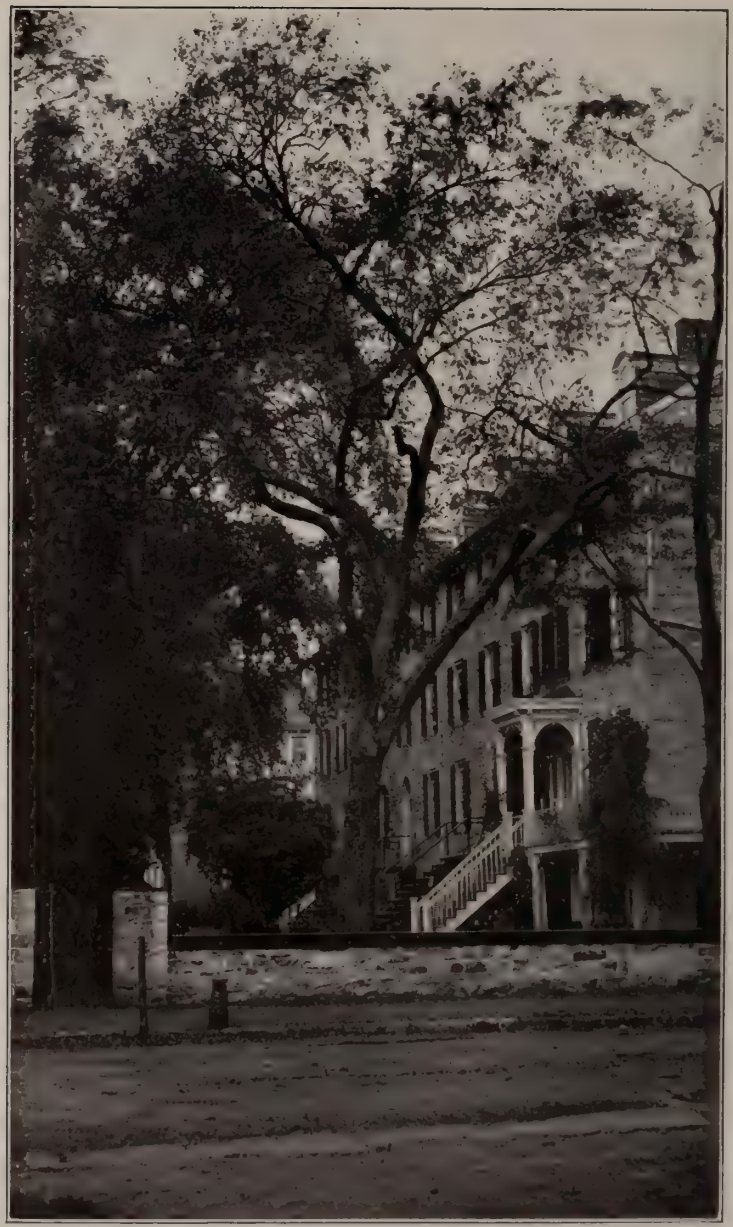
not very useful manner. Among other reading, I have read The Scarlet Letter and Blithedale Romance by Hawthorne.[1] Think they are rather dry and misanthropic. They left my mind in rather a gloomy state. Don't expect to read any more of Hawthorne's novels until I am out of better reading, which will take a long time. I have also read the first volume of Gibbon's History and a portion of the second. Don't know what to think of his two celebrated chapters derogatory to the Christian religion. It is strange to say that men of genius, and particularly historians, often condescend to insert some of their own petty notions which form adjuncts to their private animosities. Just so Gibbon appears to have acted. I have read Ivanhoe, by Walter Scott. The only thing I regretted, when I finished it, was that there was not more of it. It ended abruptly. Shaw's English Literature fell in amongst other reading, and thus I have spent my three weeks. Maybe they have been well enough employed.

June 4.—Looked at Tom Paine's Age of Reason, and I think him not only not a very good Bible reasoner, but also occasionally profane.

13.—Have been elected speaker of the U. P. S. to address the Senior Unions at their departure. Finished second volume of Gibbon's Rome, and commenced in "Crusades" the Talisman of Scott. Read it because Shaw praises it so highly for containing so much knowledge in reference to chivalry.

July 25.—Commencement like Christmas has come and gone. There have been lots—yea, *fields*—of speechifying. What contributed most to my enjoyment was the presence of some of my Baltimore relatives and friends. My sister Sallie was along. Surely I was glad to see her, but she did not stay long enough to allow me a fair look at her. The time came for her to leave and, O, my heart could scarcely contain itself when the cars took her off perforce. But so it is, and if I am ever to be a man, and be indued with manly feelings, it is when I become a Senior. . . . My standing was very good, the second section. There were four sections besides the honor man. Don't you congratulate me, old Journal? for you are proof positive that I have had a vacation of nine months and have studied these textbooks scarcely any. Indeed, I am feeling perfectly satisfied though I did not care much about standing alongside of B——. Well, well, I reckon I can study the harder next year. Finished Goldsmith this morning. Irving is a master hand and master mind, let him undertake and complete whatever he will. What a character was Gold-

[1] Late in his life he owned for several years the original manuscript of the Blithedale Romance.



EAST COLLEGE, DICKINSON.

The middle window of the three shown in the third story is room No. 40, occupied by John Fletcher Hurst during his senior year.

smith! and what a genius withal! Pity for him that he was attended with what many suppose is the invariable characteristic of genius—recklessness. He proved an illustration of the rule:

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed."

XII

A Senior's Journal

September 3, 1853.—August past, and you, O Journal, neglected! Indeed, I should have paid some little tribute to the memory of my dear father who died on the fourth of that month and of a little sister who also died on the eighteenth. Though nothing has been *said,* yet much has been *felt.* O may I strive to obey my father's precepts! Surely no one needs wholesome advice more and receives less of it. The seventeenth of August forms a very important epoch in my history. It was the anniversary of my birthday. I know not whether a long or short life is before me, but the chances (if chances there be) and my own imprudence indicate the latter. I intend upon the coming year of my life to live nearer to my heavenly Master, and more alive to my own eternal interests and to my true interests in this world than ever before. May Heaven help me!

I have written a letter to my uncle *requesting some money.* How could I forget that thought? But the severest stroke yet is, I have not received it, and need not inform you, kind Journal, that the reception is looked forward to with anxious expectation. Have finished the fifth volume of Gibbon's History. O how enchanting a writer Gibbon is, and how seductive! From this seduction men or united Christianity have most to fear. Have also read Lord's Modern History. It is a fine thing—though, to use a borrowed expression, I hate General Histories. But all history is so interesting to me that any is better than none. I cannot say that I have made much progress in the cause of religion. Indeed, I need something of a stirring up. Absence from prayer meetings is a great detriment to Christian progress.

My chum (Paul Lightner, a Junior, from Highland County, Virginia) has come on and we are fixed up in number 40, East College, for my last year in college. I have given away too much to my own appetite of late. Ice cream is on the carpet almost every night, and

the way I have dived into the peaches, apples, grapes, and cigars. O shade of Bacchus, appear. Did I say cigars? Yes, it is true. I had laid aside smoking for nearly a month, having come to the just conclusion that it was an unnecessary evil and consequently could be dispensed with with right good grace. But yesterday I gave way to the desire and smoked three cigars and two to-day. I have come to the conclusion to quit smoking entirely.

Have commenced my first senior speech. The subject, I think, will be "The Tendencies of Enthusiasm." It will be considered mainly in an historical point of view. I have a wide field if I don't spoil the thing by too far-fetched allusions.

October 29.—My chapel speech, after a great deal of severe boring and toiling over it and in it, was not unfavorably received, although I was badly frightened. My next subject will be, if nothing to the contrary happens, on "Spain." Of course, this is an historical subject, but such a theme always suits me best. I have written, but not corrected it. What bores these chapel speeches are! . . . Though I had been subject to doubts and mental depressions for a long time, yet I must thank my Father that these doubts have been removed and those depressions converted into real enjoyment. Have been perplexed lately as to what I shall engage in hereafter, but have come to no definite conclusion in that respect. I must rely solely upon kind Providence to direct me in the true course most suited to my abilities and circumstances. Have had excellent health of late.

December 5.—Have been exceedingly perplexed of late as to what I shall hereafter devote myself to, but have resigned into the hands of an All-wise Director and Protector, and have prayed that the fulfillment of his will may be my greatest desire. I have made another chapel speech. My subject was "Spain." It was quite a long one, and my friends have been perfectly satisfied by my effort. I took less trouble with it than with my other one, but, although I was sick, I spoke it more at ease and with greater satisfaction to myself.

On December 2 and 3, 1797 and 1808, my father and mother were born, and they have passed away, but are not forgotten. May their advice be ever ready to lead me in the right way though their voices have been long silent. My religious experience has been generally even, and I have not lately had any especial outpouring of God's Spirit upon me. I am not zealous enough for the cause of my Redeemer, but will be more attentive to my eternal interests in the future. . . . My expenses have surpassed those of any other year at college. I have bought so many new clothes. The girls do exercise a silent though visible influence in this respect.

29.—Examinations are over, the last except the "final" that I shall ever have to pass in old *Mother Dickinson*. The success I met with far outwent my brightest anticipations. Have commenced reading Rollin's History, and am much pleased with it. Read The Deerslayer, one of Cooper's novels. It gives a very good idea of Indian life and warfare, but could have been compressed in half the space, according to my notion.

March 13, 1854.—I have received an especial honor from Society, which I may be at liberty to pen next Commencement. I feel incompetent to the task, but may Heaven assist me with pure motives and earnest efforts. . . . I do not have enough of heart-religion nor exercise enough of God's saving faith. O my God, assist me to live up to my purposes and to my desires, and my life will be a Christian's life, and my death a Christian's death. My last chapel speech was upon William, Prince of Orange, and my friends have judged it to be my happiest effort. I have read but little of late. Prescott's Conquest of Peru, I think, is about the extent. . . . Have come to no definite conclusion as to what my future course in life will be. May Heaven lay before me some path in which duty would urge me to travel!

April 17.—As we had a short vacation in the latter part of March, Uncle John wrote me to come down and spend a week with him and his family. This I did. I spent the greater portion of my time in the city, though I really do not like Baltimore. Uncle John was quite clever, and did not censure my extravagance any, although I really deserved it. *Students* are *profligate animals*. My week in Baltimore passed off quite pleasantly, considering it altogether. O for the day when I shall have a home! I really sympathize with sister Sallie. She does not like Baltimore, and her Baltimore friends all wish her there. She much prefers the Eastern Shore and enjoys herself more there. May the day soon come when we shall have a home together! . . . Have sketched off a chapel speech. Theme is "Music." Emory says it is as good as any I have spoken. I am reading Gaieties and Gravities, by Horace Smith. It is fine to read when one is in a bad humor. It makes him feel so good-natured. I would like to read it whenever I get in an ill humor. Have written Dr. Peck to procure me a situation in some academy after I graduate. I have tried to do my duty of late. Felt some promptings toward the ministry. Mr. Ridgaway (whom I attended upon in a spell of sickness in Baltimore) gave me some good advice. I am too light in my disposition. O God, assist me to do thy whole will; may I not swerve from my duty!

18.—My rising hour is 7 o'clock (shameful). Commenced the Lamplighter this morning; was very much pleased with the tone; the sentiment suits one of my temperament; with God's assistance, *I'll never get mad any more.* Horace Smith has been amusing me again to-day.

May 15.—Have concluded to teach school after I graduate. Peirce, of Washington, wrote to me to come and teach school, the "Metropolitan Collegiate Institute," at a salary of $250 a year and board. Wrote to him I would go for $300—thought that was better than a flat refusal. . . . Have had some serious thoughts with reference to the ministry, but not enough to act upon—think it would be better to teach a year or two to determine upon it. Spoke my chapel speech on "Music." My friends thought it was decidedly my best effort this year.

June 23.—Final examination is over and I am near graduating. What a thought! Can it be that I have been four years a student? Yes, and about to graduate. Well, truly, the biggest fools can graduate nowadays; though they are sheepish sometimes, I don't think the classic sheepskin is a suitable cover for their ignorance. I succeeded tolerably well in my final examination with the single exception of mathematics. I came near failing, but was well satisfied with my other examinations. Have received a letter from Uncle John. It was nearer a *lecture* than a *letter* upon the subject of my extravagance. But Seniors do require money, especially when they sport among the girls.

His theme on Commencement Day, July 13, 1854, was "Modern Hero Worship." Not quite twenty, he was a graduate and now faced the future with all its weighty issues.

XIII

Memory Cameos by Fellow Students

Dr. Robert W. Todd, of the Wilmington Conference, says:

"Johnnie" was of moderate stature and probably the youngest student in the college proper. Being both Eastern Shoremen and from adjoining counties, a warm and sympathetic friendship sprang

up between us, which ever continued. No new companionships or higher honors that became his seemed to dim his remembrance of our halcyon past as happy schoolboys, or to weaken the expression of his personal friendship.

Thomas C. Bailey, an attorney-at-law, of Washington, D. C., a classmate at Carlisle, writes:

In manner he was gentle and quiet, with a certain reserved dignity. As a student, he was industrious, and always came to the recitation rooms with his lessons well prepared. In disposition he was cheerful, but not hilarious, and while he appreciated fun I never knew him to be engaged in any proceedings that transgressed the rules of the college.

Dr. D. J. Holmes, of the Rock River Conference, who was a classmate during the Freshman year, says:

I remember him well. John was a dapper little chap, always dressy and dignified. Being the youngest in the class and the shortest, his dignity in spite of his youth and brevity did make him look taller and more mature. He was in college for work, not for fun, so that in all the periodical or unexpected volcanic upheavals I do not recall that John F. Hurst troubled himself or took part, or was present or absent. The same devotion to study and books and literature he had then he carried into the world and down to his grave. He was not a class genius, or poet, or orator, or wire-puller, but a steady plodder.

General James F. Rusling, of Trenton, New Jersey, a warm friend as well as loved classmate, gives this sketch:

I first knew Bishop Hurst at Dickinson College in October, 1852. He was then a flaxen-haired boy from Maryland, intending to be a lawyer, and indeed read Blackstone in his Senior year; but after graduating turned his attention to the ministry. He looked younger than he was. He was studious, but not a recluse—always cheerful and companionable. Our class at graduation comprised twenty men, and he stood well in the First Section (we had four). We all thought he could have been our First Honor man, but apparently he did not care for that distinction. In Mathematics he was good; in the Sciences excellent; but in the Languages especially strong, and always ready to help our "lame ducks" out, without resorting to "ponies."

In addition to our curriculum, he was always reading and became more widely read in history, biography, and general literature than any man of our class. I remember his favorite authors were Grote's Greece and Hume's England, and he never wearied of descanting on the excellencies of both. He was especially fond of composition, took Grote, Hume, and Macaulay as his models, and by all odds was the best writer of our class in those college days. As a speaker, however, he was indifferent, and dreaded the college platform. His voice was not good; of personal magnetism he had not a bit. He was industrious, patient, methodical, persevering, and I always thought he would "make a spoon or spoil a horn," as Lincoln used to say, though we never supposed he would become an "Episcopos" in those days.

His Christian character was clear and distinct, though never obtrusive; but we always knew where to find "Johnnie Hurst," and he was always on the right side. He got into no "college scrapes." He was a quiet scholar and steadfast Christian gentleman, and no man of '54 was more honored and respected. He especially held the esteem and confidence of the Faculty, and good things, if not great, were predicted of him by everybody. He was the soul of honor. He was the synonym of uprightness and integrity. Everybody envied him his quiet dignity and sinless life and character.

John Peach, M.D., of Mitchellville, Maryland, a classmate, says:

He was of a mild and gentle disposition—a warm friend; at the same time he was somewhat choice in his selection of associates. There was about him a spirit of perseverance, even in little things. He was an excellent companion, and, although he could freely descend to the level of college nonsense and hilarity, yet his tone of thought was elevating and improving to all who intimately knew him. He was not much given to the fair sex, but in the last year of our course he, with the rest of us, became very attentive to the ladies.

Professor Charles F. Himes, of Dickinson, a member of '55, furnishes the following appreciative account:

He never engaged in anything that he avoided acknowledgment of in his maturer years. I simply recall an incident in illustration. At a rather small and select meeting of alumni of the college, in Philadelphia, in the full freedom of conversation on college days, when each contributed his share to the common stock of incident, the

"Rolling of the cannon ball along West College Hall," as given in the old college song, which for many years was an unfailing diversion of the students, naturally came up. The bishop recalled the heating of the ball on one occasion and the way in which the professor, alert to capture it, had dropped it. Professor O. H. Tiffany, whose office, as professor of Mathematics, was beneath, was quick to take the application and pleasantly denied the fact, characterizing the story a piece of college fiction, and retorting that he always knew that Hurst took part in those performances. Bishop Hurst, sitting by me, quietly remarked that it was a fact, nevertheless, and that he did not happen to have anything to do with it at that time. The apparent discrepancy in statement is easily explained by the fact that the ball was so slightly heated that it had had ample time to cool to the innocuous stage before the professor laid hands on it and that the effect was imagined. At all events, the joke was in the suggestion to the professor, rather than in burned hands.

Football was in its fullest sense football, and a college game. It was a line-up along the broad path leading from Old West, of all students who wished to engage in the game, in two well-selected, evenly matched parties, and from the kick-off to the passage of the ball over either of the fences, constituting the goals, it was kicked, never carried, and in the scrimmages many shins were kicked. The line-up was different each game, so that while some were recognized as most expert players, there were no match games to be recorded or even remembered. It was all sport and genuine sport. I remember consequently little about John Fletcher Hurst as a football player. He may have kept on the outer rim of the conflict seizing his opportunity as it presented itself, or he may have ventured into the thick of the mêlée, but that you may picture him as participating in such sport I have no doubt. There were champion kickers. One, who kicked the ball over West College, died as the result of the effort.

XIV

The Teacher

At Greensboro, Maryland, and in the Catskills.—"The Mystic Nine."—A "White Horse" Incident

The experiences of the young graduate, standing on the threshold of his entrance upon life's calling and still hesitant as to what path he should pursue, are tersely told by himself in an entry at the close of his college Journal, made in Ashland, New York, June 5, 1855:

It cannot be that a year has passed since I last gave my thoughts and my experiences to a faithful old Journal! I have graduated; my exhibition speech was complimented highly. The day before Commencement I was compelled, according to engagement, to meet a man in Harrisburg with every prospect of being engaged to teach for him in Lewistown, Pennsylvania. He disappointed me. After Commencement I was at a great loss what to do; walked the streets of Baltimore ready at any moment to step upon the first boat or train of cars and leave for—anywhere. I wished, I fancied I wished, to study law; applied to one prominent member of Baltimore Bar; he couldn't take me, had one young man already. Had it not been for this I might have been a student at law now. I shrank from it, and am glad I did.

Mrs. Angelina Goldsborough, of Greensboro, Maryland, an own cousin of Bishop Hurst's mother, tells of the beginning of his career as a teacher:

In 1854, John F. Hurst, then at his home near Cambridge (Weir Neck), wrote me a letter, asking if I could secure for him a school, as he was anxious to put into practice something that he had learned, while deciding what profession or calling in life he might hereafter choose. My late husband, Dr. G. W. Goldsborough, became interested and at once placed his name before the trustees of the public school, and he was given the position of teacher. Mr. Hurst was in

Greensboro several months. While he did not board with us, he was as one of the family, coming in every day.

His Journal of same date as the passage above continues:

Was appointed teacher in Greensboro Academy, Maryland. Stayed there about two months—didn't like it, and through influence of Dr. Collins, President of Dickinson College, was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres at Ashland, at $300 and board. Came in November, 1854. Have been here since. Teaching pleasant in some respects. Fond of languages and would rather have that department. Had a most severe spell of sickness during the winter. It was a cold. I feel it yet, and Heaven only knows whether or not I shall always feel it until I get where there is no disease.

The Hedding Literary Institute, at Ashland, Greene County, New York, ran a brief though brilliant career of about six years, in its mountain home among the Catskills. Of his journey thither, of the incidents which marked the opening days of his work there, and especially of his first meeting with the young lady who won his heart, let his letter of November 16, 1854, to his sister speak:

I arrived in New York in time to take the Hudson River cars, and arrived at Oak Hill, which is opposite Catskill, about 1 o'clock. The next morning, which was Wednesday, I started for Ashland. It was about 5 o'clock A. M. when the coach started, and it reached here between 3 and 4 P. M. So you see, Miss Sallie—pardon me, for it is Mrs. Kurtz—we have had a very tedious time of it while crossing these Catskills. I arrived at the very best time and consider myself fortunate in getting the room which I have obtained. The teachers have their own rooms, but still there is a choice among them and I would prefer this one to all others. But I am going too fast. When I first arrived at the Seminary I introduced myself to one of the trustees and by that means soon found the principal and was introduced. Instead of meeting a grave and too stern a disciplinarian, I was met with a pleasant countenance, a hearty shake o' the hand, and a "very glad to see you." Since then I have received every attention that I could desire even if in a father's house. Mr. Pearson introduced me at once to the female teachers and his very pleasant lady. One of the teachers was quite young and charmingly beautiful, and, if I had not already lost my heart, I

should surely have done so on this occasion. She has a melancholy caste of countenance and is of a fine form. I had been wishing that she and I would have rooms on the same floor, so that I might take private lessons in painting or whatever she teaches, until the afternoon, when she commenced having her room prepared for her on the very corner opposite mine. I am just fixed in that respect. You will think all this foolishness and I shall too when I marry up out of this troublesome world. Now let me tell you something of the scholars. The gentlemen, as they are to be styled, are generally large and full-grown, and no one, unacquainted with either party, would be able to distinguish the corporals from the privates. Generally speaking, they are older in appearance than the students in Dickinson College. I have not taught as yet, but everyone is so kind that I cannot but be pleased. We have some very pretty girls, and I don't doubt for a moment that a plenty of them are of your size and age. I think we have already between two and three hundred students, male and female. The Institute was opened this afternoon by Rev. T. W. Pearson, father of the principal. His address was fine. The very large chapel was filled to overflowing with an intelligent and interesting audience.

The rooms for the teachers are furnished by the Institute. I have two, one a dormitory, the other my study. I could not be better situated. But, Sallie, I am all the while thinking of those I left in Baltimore. I am sure I was never half so reluctant to leave my nearest and dearest friends. If the fountain of my tears had not long ago dried up I would sit right down and cry for you all.

Besides his daily duties of teaching logic, rhetoric, English composition, and whatever else was included under the name of Belles-Lettres, which by some stern necessity was stretched to cover the class in chemistry, he gave occasional lectures in the chapel—a part on Sunday afternoons and some on other occasions. "God Will Provide" was the subject of the first one he gave, December 3, 1854. Later topics were "Kingdom in Heaven Not Like Kingdom on Earth," "Never Complain," "Reading," "Talking," and "Idolatry," with each of which he connected a Scripture passage. He gave also two very interesting talks on "Greek Mythology," one on "Mahomet," and one on "Great Men vs. True Wisdom." In his second lecture

on Greek mythology he introduces a bit of local meteorology, as the sweet revenge of a Marylander on the biting breezes of Ashland:

> Æolus lived in the modern Island of Stromboli in the Mediterranean Sea. Since those days Æolus has removed his residence and emigrated to the Catskill Mountains. Not being able to find a cave in that part of the country large enough for a palace, he concluded to let the winds run loose, and the consequence is that the natives are incessantly troubled with a storm.

John Burroughs, the poet and naturalist, then a student at Ashland, says:

> I have a remembrance of him as a young, slender, large-eyed, scholarly-looking man who taught me logic and grammar.

There were about two hundred students in the school during the winter of 1855-56. Board with furnished room, washing, and fuel, cost $1.75 per week, and tuition in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, including common and higher English, was $6 per term of eleven weeks. To gentlemen seeking admission the suggestion was made in print that for greater quiet they bring slippers. The main school building, 200x36 feet on the ground, was five stories high above the basement, with a chapel in the rear. The two vacations of the year were in April and October, of four weeks each. Its name was changed in 1857 to Ashland Collegiate Institute. While the school was in session a fire broke out in the attic, about dinner time, January 15, 1861. The main building was destroyed. The building used for a laundry and bakehouse was not burned, and is still standing and used as a dwelling, while the gymnasium and carriage house now serve for a barn. The origin of the fire was a mystery. The location was on an elevation on the north side of the village. Rev. Henry J. Fox was the last principal of the school.

Mr. Franklin A. Wilcox, of New York, who was a student at Ashland, furnishes the following items of interest:

John F. Hurst, although youngest of the faculty, was, in point of ability and thorough preparation for his duties, foremost. There was a charm in his personality which drew everyone to him. He reminded me somewhat of Sir Walter Scott in his physical appearance. He was most thorough, and I remember well his rigid corrections of my Latin exercises. I believe he took an especial interest in me, and coached me not a little in his private room, where I was glad to go on the least excuse. He was modest, almost diffident. I recall very well the apparent difficulty he had in leading the devotional exercises in the chapel, as was the custom, by rotation. His prayer consisted of little more than the Lord's Prayer, and this with a little "stage fright." This very characteristic, possibly, was the source of his great strength as his abilities matured.

I was also in his class in logic. I recall very well the text-book, Whately's. It was dry as dust; the teacher succeeded, however, in interesting his class, although we recited about daylight and before breakfast was served at the Institute.

He encouraged the students in the literary societies, and took a great interest in this all-important work. A second literary society was formed, projected and planned largely by Mr. Hurst, with a very select membership, which he named "The Mystic Nine." The President, Professor Hurst, was the *Pater Novem,* and the Secretary was the *Geheimschreiber.* The membership was limited to nine. The Mystic Nine was a success from the commencement. We met and debated, wrote, declaimed, and read or acted plays from Shakespeare whenever there was opportunity, in the chapel or elsewhere in surrounding localities. Richard III was one of these plays. One of the teachers, "Professor" Gilbert (teachers were all called Professors), recited "Clarence's Dream." The effort "brought down the house"; and the Mystics were much elated. The old society was greatly in the shade. Professor Hurst was the prompter and "the man behind the scenes," and most of the credit for the success was due to him.

At the Exhibition given by the Mystic Nine, March 20, 1856, he delivered an address on "Why Americans Love Shakespeare," later published as a pamphlet at Catskill, and a product of his muse, called "Farewell to Ashland," was sung

at the close of a very popular programme. Its three stanzas and chorus contained these lines:

Ye snow-clad Catskill Mountains,
We bow our heads to you;
Ye sparkling, gurgling fountains,
We've drunk our last from you;
Ye old familiar faces,
Endeared by many a smile,
We'll go to other places,
But think of you the while.
Departure has its sadness,
The future seems but blank,
Yet we will pluck with gladness
The flowers on Avon's bank.

Mrs. Sara C. Allaben, of Aiken, South Carolina, gives some inside views of the institution:

His manners were those of a gentleman, quiet, dignified, with no airs or assumption whatever. He never fretted or fumed during class-time. In fact, his serene, dignified manner seemed to hold the most mischievous youth in check. Upon request he would allow his pupils to examine his class book. Perhaps he thought if they were not doing well it would make them more ambitious.

One incident shows his especial kindness and good sense. I had a corner room on the fourth floor, larger than the ordinary rooms. When the evening nine o'clock bell rang, "our clan" of ten or a dozen girls would assemble there for fun and frolic. One evening a Miss Ostrander, by some miraculous method, transformed herself into an object called a "Turkey Buzzard." She hopped about in the most ridiculous manner, and we laughed till we were weary. "Well," I said, "the turkey buzzard makes us laugh, but I could get up something, if I chose, that would frighten you even if you saw it made, and knew who was wearing it." The young ladies teased me for a week after. At last I consented to prepare it if they would not expect me to carry it about. It was that horrible-looking monster called a "White Horse," to be held over a person's head by two sticks, grinning and bowing at the onlookers in the most diabolical manner. A young lady in my French class, who had more than any other insisted on my making it, volunteered to wear it. She was so successful in frightening the young ladies at whose rooms she

knocked for admittance that she finally resolved to call on Miss Palmer and Miss La Monte, two teachers who roomed on the third floor. I tried to dissuade her, but go she would. Professor Hurst, who was calling on the ladies, opened the door. He grasped the specter, unmasking K.'s face. She screamed and he released her instantly. He could not help recognizing her, and she lay abed for a week feigning sickness to avert suspicion. Nothing came of it, however, and I doubt if it was discussed in the Faculty meeting.

The merriment of a winter's frolic appealed to him, and he wrote in memory of one a poem of eight jingling stanzas which he called "The Sleighing Party." In these rhymes he skillfully connects the overtaking of a company of young folks by a heavy snowstorm while on an evening sleigh ride, their slow progress, bewilderment, loss of the road, the sudden clearing of the sky, the discovery of the road and their safe return, with the legend told by Irving in the Sketch Book:

The Catskill Mountains were said to be ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up new moons in the sky and cut up the old ones into stars.

XV

The Lover

Catherine E. La Monte.—A Look Toward Germany.—Studying German at Carlisle

The acquaintance of young "Professor" Hurst with Miss Catherine E. La Monte, the teacher of painting and other branches of "Fine Arts," as we have seen, began most pleasingly. It grew steadily into mutual admiration and esteem and ripened into hearty friendship and genuine love. He became her accepted lover in the spring of 1855. In his Journal he records this event of heart history:

June 5, 1855.—Now, my good old Journal, I will introduce to you a name with which you may in time become quite familiar—Miss La Monte. Good Journal, take care of her, she will be doubly dear to you when you and she get better acquainted. She is my betrothed. I love her; she is beautiful, and has a heart. That is enough for you, for vulgar eyes might get a glimpse of these lines upon your forehead.

Soon after the engagement Miss La Monte began teaching in a school at Liberty, Sullivan County, New York. From the letters to his betrothed some selections will give essential links in the chain of his rapidly developing life:

May 3.—Just fourteen years ago my mother died. O Kate, if such a lovely woman, as my mother was, were only living now she would love you as dearly as she would me.

16.—How many, many thoughts rose in my mind as if by magic when you asked me if I had ever read Festus. Indeed I have. It has beguiled many a swift hour of my time at college. I like it very much and would point you to some favorite passages of mine if the book in which I marked them had not fallen into the hands of one of the most detestable pests of society—*a book-borrower.*

26.—I have thought that there is too much of infidelity in woman's

heart; indeed, I have thought she was forgetful of those who loved her; but I have judged her too harshly; you have redeemed your sex in my estimation. I look back upon my past experience and through the years that I have never loved, and they form a blank in my life. I have never known before what real life was. I am sure it does not consist in length of days, in threescore and ten, but in the days and years of love which the heart lives.

June 5.—If there were need of me here (Ashland) until the middle of August I should perhaps stay, but I shall have to be in Maryland then to settle with my uncle—I shall be of age at that time. I sometimes think I must spend next winter at the South—I mean farther down than Maryland; for my chest pains me at times and I must guard against the worst. Don't you mind it, my dear Kate, I only need warm weather. I don't think we shall continue longer than the close of the quarter—at any rate, I will see you at that time, if I live and am well.

I wrote a letter this week which will affect us both materially. When I was in Baltimore I left my wish to have the farms belonging to my sister and myself sold. My sister's husband, Dr. Kurtz, has written to me to know if I am still of that opinion. I wrote him "no," but that I wished one to be retained, the old homestead for me. I meant for *you* and *me*. I will lose by not selling it, but matters have changed, you know, since I was in Baltimore, and I have the happiness of another to consult as well as my own.

16.—When I think of us and know how much we love each other, I feel perfectly happy. To know that there is one who can love me in prosperity or adversity affords me more enjoyment than anything except religion. I am happy beyond the common lot of mortals, and I owe much of it to the kindness and feeling of your heart. Whenever you tell me how much you think of me and how devoted you are, I love you more and God more. We know not what changes may come over us in life, but we do know, Kate, that we can weep for each other's sorrows and smile with each other's joys. There will be love and sympathy that will be as lasting as our lives, and I believe as enduring as eternity. We can help each other to serve God better, and we shall not be separated in death.

August 6.—Kate, how would you like to go to Germany next year? We can be married before we go. I will attend a German University (Berlin in all probability) and will fully prepare myself to take a good position in this country when we return. I have thought of it, but can't tell certainly by any means;—or had you rather I would go first and we be married when I return? In that event I should not

remain more than a year, but I would rather we should go together. If I don't go as soon as next year, it will be from some circumstances that I do not now know. Perhaps I shall not go at all. It has been my intention for several years, however.

14.—I am glad to hear you speak as you do of going with me to Germany. As I remarked before, I intend to go before a great while, but at what particular time I cannot now tell. We will talk it all over together first.

17.—Dear Kate, wonders will never cease—I am going home at the close of the term, but will return and spend the winter here. My mind has never been so perplexed before, unless it were about this time one year ago. I do not wish to go to a new place where I know no one, and a physician who knows all about me thinks I would be safe in remaining here if I attend to myself properly. I told Mr. Pearson that if he would give me the Department of Languages, raise my salary to $400 a year, and allow me to leave any time during the winter that I might choose, provided he could supply my place by a few weeks' notice, I would remain. He agreed to it, and I shall make Ashland my home for the winter. I told him that this bargain extended no farther than spring. He agreed.

Harrisburg, Pa., October 22.—Dr. McClintock has given me considerable information with regard to German Universities. I sometimes think it is so hard that I cannot always be with my friends. Arbogast says we shall be together again if I go to Germany next year, for he will go with me.

Ashland, November 18.—I think it is a settled matter with me, if my health last, to go to Germany. I have been making arrangements to that effect and have concluded to go.

January 7, 1856.—I was very busy during the day (New Year's) at German, and I determined to finish Wilhelm Tell—the best play of the best German poet—before Sunday. I finished it on Saturday night, and at reading it I was thrilled and delighted, perhaps more than with any book in our own language. This gives me encouragement, and I am able to some degree to satisfy my early longing for a knowledge of German literature.

February 18.—At the first of this quarter some young gentlemen came to me and wished me to take charge of a Shakespeare Club which they wished to form. I did so, as they were the finest students here, and so we have been meeting two nights in the week ever since.

Just about this time, my dear Kate, one year ago I was sick, as you will remember. I shall always think of you for your kindness and how I loved you in my pain. Well, those are old days now to

us both, and we can look back upon them with some degree of pleasure in spite of my pain, because it was then that our hearts were forming that connection which death alone can break. Affliction certainly helped to knit my heart to yours, and I believe it helped to unite yours to me.

26.—I am now busy on my lecture before the "Mystic Nine." The subject I have chosen is, "Why Americans Love Shakespeare." The subject, I think, will apply to the object of the Club, and I hope the matter will apply.

March 9.—I have to deliver a lecture in Catskill at the close of the term on "The Origin and Nature of the English Language." The subject is prescribed and the lecture requested by the Teachers' Association of this county. I think I have my hands full, don't you?

17.—I had bad news from home a few days ago. My uncle's only son died. I think he was about six years old. It will grieve them almost to death. I wrote Uncle John a letter to comfort him as much as I could, but a father's and mother's love is unappreciable by any but themselves.

Our "Mystic Nine" will have their exhibition this week on Thursday. I have my address done. I have nearly finished my essay on "English Language" for Catskill.

21.—Last night we had our "Mystic Nine" Exhibition. The reading Shakespeare and the Farce were the best things that have ever been in Ashland. We had a crowded house, more than were ever in the Seminary before. The reason was there were a great many invitations sent out to particular people, so that we had a splendid audience in size and behavior. My address was twenty-five minutes long.

A visit with Miss La Monte at Charlotteville, on her return from Liberty, and a journey to Maryland intervene. Again he writes:

Cambridge, May 3.—Just fifteen years ago my mother died. Many sad and bright scenes have passed since then, and before another fifteen years shall have passed I may be with my mother in heaven. May 3, it will be hallowed in your affections as it is in mine.

At Home, May 10.—There is great opposition here at home to my going to Germany and still more to my taking anyone with me. They think it would really be injudicious.

For about two months he is in Carlisle, preparing for his trip to Europe.

Carlisle, May.—I am here studying German. I take three lessons a week, and long ones. I have read nearly two hundred pages, besides an indefinite number in the grammar since I came here. I do not think I shall have any difficulty after getting to Germany in understanding the lectures. I believe I told you what steamer we would go in—The Washington—on 9th August. You will be benefited by the voyage, and may God grant that our stay in Germany may better fit us for each other and for God.

June 22.—Dr. McClintock preached this morning in chapel; it was a good sermon, of course; for I never heard him preach a bad one. Mr. Arbogast is but little better. I took him out riding yesterday; this morning I talked with him about going to Germany. He expected to go in August with us, but I told him that the doctor had told me he could not go by the 9th August, and that he must get a great deal stronger to go at all. He has not strength enough to stand the sea voyage, and possibly he would be subject to a lingering illness in Germany. He asked me if I would wait for him; I told him I could not, that I would have gone in April or May if it had not been for waiting for him, and that he might be a great deal longer getting well or have a relapse and prevent me from employment here and going away altogether. He may, perhaps, think hard of it, but I cannot help it.

27.—I am glad that you express your willingness to go with me to Germany. It is a task to leave friends and relatives for so long a time as two years, yet I think we can both improve ourselves a great deal and, if nothing especially disastrous happen, we will return in improved health. I expect my sister will feel the trial greatly, but yet she submits when she thinks that it is for my good.

July 1.—Mr. Arbogast has given up all idea of going to Germany with us. He cried like a child when he told me that he knew he could not go. I think it is almost time for us to be making some arrangements about when we shall be married. Now I cannot go to Charlotteville much before the 3d or 4th August. On the 6th we had better leave Charlotteville so as to be in New York 7th. What are you willing to do? Shall we be married the night before leaving Charlotteville? and does your father wish a company at his house? or had we better be married in the church and just afterward take the stage for Albany? The latter I prefer, and do not wish any party or anything of the kind; but I leave the matter in your hands to do as you feel best about. One thing, we must be in New York on 8th August, as I shall perhaps meet some friends there. The probability is that I shall have no one to go up to Charlotteville, which is not

what I had expected. Whether we are married in the church or at your father's house, wedding cards will have to be sent. Had I better get those in the city? and what must be put on them will be dependent on where we are to be married. I am afraid I cannot get to Charlotteville in time to send them to a distance, but will be there as soon as Sallie lets me leave home. How many will you want?

July 5.—Since I wrote you last I have received a letter from "The Bremen Line of Steamers" agent. I shall engage a stateroom for us at once.

You ask: "When may I expect you?" I answer, any time after 2d August. I can hereafter let you know the precise day, but not now. I shall have some business to attend to in New York, which I will do before going up to Charlotteville.

I imagine that we shall soon feel at home in Germany. I shall have a number of letters of introduction and they will go a great way toward that.

July 10.—I am pleased with your arrangement, but do not know how you will be married in white silk and travel at once. I am very well, and start for home in the morning.

XVI

The Engagement Prolonged

The strength of the tie which bound these two hearts in hope, in purpose, and in love was suddenly and powerfully tested by the issue presented between the nearly perfected plans for the wedding and the strong convictions of his sister and her husband, and his Uncle John, that a wiser plan and one more conducive to their united interests for the future would be to postpone marriage. How well this test was met, and how successfully though painfully passed, may be learned from the letters written at this juncture:

Cambridge, Md., July 14, 1856.—I reached home on Saturday. On Friday I met my uncle in Baltimore. He had heard of my getting mar-

ried through my sister. You know that my idea was not to get married when I passed through Baltimore last on my way to Carlisle, but since your father's proposition of a loan of money I had determined to accept it and be married. My uncle had just heard of it and I had desisted writing because I chose to speak to him in person. My sister was strongly opposed to it and had written to him to use his utmost influence to dissuade me. I had written that Mr. Arbogast would not accompany us. The very idea that I had been so fondly resting upon for nearly two months was bitterly opposed by my friends; not, my dear Kate, that a single one of them has the least objection to you, but that they wish me to obtain your consent to postponing the marriage one year. This is not my wish; my wishes and fondest hopes would be realized if we are married and sail immediately for Europe. You have made every preparation for it, and so have I. I suppose you have purchased everything necessary for our immediate marriage. I have even gone so far as to engage passports and passage for us both.

The reasons on which my sister, uncle, and Dr. Kurtz rest their advice are these: they all think that I should not marry without knowing exactly what will be my field of labor, and that, in case some accident should happen to me, you will be helpless in a strange land. They are equally opposed to my staying two years abroad. I started from Carlisle with the hope of soon possessing you, the idol of my heart and almost of my reason. In Baltimore I met my uncle's strong disapprobation of the measure; here, at my sister's, they urge the same strong reasons. I cannot say there is no weight in their reasons. Your father's consent was given me to take you away on condition that my uncle and friends agree. They have never heard definitely of it until very recently, as we ourselves have not, and it has only been within the last three days that I have been able to speak face to face with them on the subject. As much as they dislike my going to Germany, they dislike still more for me to subject you to any unnecessary trouble. My sister gives her consent to my going to Germany and remaining one year, after which that on my return I marry you and both come down among my friends together. It is the ardent wish of my only sister, the advice of Dr. Kurtz, and I am sure will be sanctioned by my uncle. Shall we yield to the advice of my friends? I leave the question to you and your kind father to decide. It is sometimes an unpleasant thing to yield to friends and their entreaties of love. Nay, I go farther, it is sometimes unpleasant to have friends. The friends who advise me to do as I now propose to do are true friends of the heart and wish me every happiness, and

to bring to you the same conjugal happiness. I can, perhaps, accomplish my object in one year of hard study in Germany. With two months' study of German in Carlisle, I think I can accomplish a great deal in Germany in one year. As I said, my friends are opposed to my staying any longer. If we get married next summer it will have been two years and three months since we were engaged, not then as long as I anticipated when we were engaged at Ashland. Do not let this affect you much, for I will see you very soon. In a few days after I get an answer to this letter I will start for Charlottesville. I want you to come into the family without a single objection; here you will find as dear a sister as you left at home, and as kind friends as any you leave behind, except those that exist only in parents.

I suppose you have written to some of your friends that we will soon be married. I have done the same and have invited a number of my friends to meet us in New York. This they will expect to do and, if you agree to the wishes of my friends, I will write to them the contrary. My friends have no objection to my marrying at once if I do not go to Germany. But I must go to Germany; for I believe it will be far better for us both in after life. They do not wish me to remain more than a year in Germany, and do not think that I should postpone the marriage any longer than that. Heaven knows that I shall not be happy until I am married to you. Ever since I talked with my uncle I have had but little enjoyment. Even in conversation, in my private moments and everywhere, I have been thinking of the sad change in our present arrangements. But before I see my own friends next summer I shall be united to you, and we both come south together. Yes, my dear Kate, you are the hope of my life. There is a sympathy—a chain which unites us that can never be broken. My friends wish to lengthen that chain, not to break it. It cannot break by its own weight, for you and I love as long as we live. There is no change in feeling, no change in the intensity of my love. It is as lasting and as constant as the beatings of my own heart. Do you blame me for what I advise, namely, that we wait one year? It is not happiness lost; it is like a slow but steady spring; summer will come. I believe your father will not blame me, and if he will only look at the matter in a practical point of view I am sure it will be best. I inclose a few lines to your father; they are about the same that I have written to you. I think we can take a ride to Cooperstown. Please write your own convictions of my course. Your own JOHN.

I will start almost as soon as an answer comes from you and your father.

His letter to Dr. La Monte of same date inclosed one also from Dr. Kurtz, his brother-in-law, both briefly stating reasons for deferring marriage until his return from Germany.

CAMBRIDGE, July 18.

To Miss La Monte:

I know you must have had an unhappy time for two or three days owing to my last letter. Have you thought it unkind in me to write as I did? I do not believe such a thought will cross your breast. I hope not, for your happiness is my great aim. Do not let your mind dwell upon what I have written; give no one information on the subject; just let the matter rest until I get to Charlotteville; then we will do whatever will make us most happy for the present or prospectively. Do not grieve, do not let sad thoughts possess your mind. I tell you candidly I am willing to do whatever will increase your happiness and try to give all due weight to the opinions and advices of my friends. Whatever will make you most happy, I will do. So do not give way to sad thoughts. It was right for me to write what I did. In my letter I tried to express only the convictions of my friends. When I see you I will express my own. The Doctor and Sallie think a great deal of you. I was visiting last night with them. Next Thursday (24) I will try to start from here, and with some effort I can possibly be in Charlotteville on Saturday, 26. Do not blame me for having written that letter, no matter how unexpected it was. I send a rose; it has a kiss for you. Give my love to all.

July 21.—I cannot make all my arrangements as soon as I had expected, but will be in Charlotteville as early next week as possible. I cannot get there by Saturday night this week as I had hoped and written to you. I love you constantly, devotedly, more, if such a thing can be, since I wrote that *task of a letter* than before. I know that during my year in Europe I shall be deprived of many a joy, but yet it is honorable to yield to friends even though many sacrifices must be made.

July 25.—Here at home I live in a careless style. Not *careless* as regards you, dear Kate, for I do not believe a thought of you could occur to me and pass by without a care that you may be happy and in excellent health. Yes, you are always an object of solicitude, and, however far we may be separated, you are the same to me, the one whom I love and the one who loves me. I believe every word you ever told me. Could I disbelieve a word, a look, from you, my days would be unhappy. Well, I did not get from home as soon as I

expected, otherwise I should have been at Charlotteville before you get this letter. The reason I did not get off a few days sooner is that my clothes were not prepared as soon as they were promised. I shall start from here on Monday if nothing happens. Without delaying two hours in Baltimore, I shall keep on to Philadelphia and be in New York Tuesday morning. So by Wednesday night you may expect me. I want to spend all my time with you. I have a world to tell you which you know nothing of now. I am afraid you have given yourself too much uneasiness about Germany. I hope not. I have prayed that the matter may not weigh too much on your mind and feelings. I believe that my prayers have been answered. I am determined when I see you to make every sacrifice, any sacrifice sooner than your happiness shall be interfered with in the least.

The pathos of this ten days' visit and the converse of these lovers in the shadow of a foreseen separation of a year or more cannot here be traced. Enough to know they both faced the disappointment bravely and adjusted their plans to the changed situation, strong in a mutual confidence and fidelity which were never diminished. Before starting on his first trip across the Atlantic he sent this word to Miss La Monte:

DEY STREET HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, August 8.

We happened to reach Albany in time for the boat, but it was merely a "happen" and not the particular wish of the stage driver. This morning we reached the city about seven, after a delightful ride down the river. I found everything right and have a stateroom which I expect will be occupied by me alone. The Washington is a huge-looking vessel, and to all appearances can stand anything. I hope you will anticipate as pleasant a time as I do. I know you feel, but remember that what I do for myself is also for you.

XVII

The Student-Traveler

A Landlubber's Log.—In Brunswick

His departure from the home land, his first ocean voyage, and his first German home in Brunswick are described in his Journal and in letters to Miss La Monte:

New York, August 9.—Saturday—Dey Street House overnight. Went over to steamer Washington in good time, and was fairly initiated into German life. All around were gabbling Deutsch. Friends were bidding each other good-bye in German. Old German women were carrying their children in German and sailors of the boat were fixing the rigging in German. The first thing I was told on entering the boat was, "Clean your feet." I thought that was a good indication of cleanliness on the steamer, of which I was afterward disabused. Crowds were gathering on the wharf. I saw no familiar face, while almost everyone was looking (perhaps for the last time) his friend in the face, who had shaken hands and left the boat. At last I saw Professor Schem, of Dickinson College, who had been apprised of my departure. How glad I was no one can tell! I had left dear friends in Maryland, a far dearer one in Charlottesville; but no long-tried friend gave me the parting hand, the parting kiss, the parting look as I stepped on board the steamer. Professor Schem gave me a hearty shake-hands and every hope of success. We sailed at twelve. I shed no tears. I had none. I am in the second cabin among the Dutch, low Dutch. Slept well during night and waked up with no point of land to rest my eyes upon. My native land though not in view, yet no less dear or highly prized.

10.—Sunday on the ocean—not much like Sunday in a quiet New York village or country town in Maryland. The sailors knew no difference or acted none. Some were stretched out on forward deck with head on a piece of iron, bunch of rope, or handspike, sleeping away, or it may be reading a New York Herald and smoking an insufferably stinking Dutch pipe. We had no service, and I could scarcely realize it was the Lord's Day. We saw a number of whales playing about the ship. They were the first I had ever seen,

and their long sleek backs and streams of water were curious enough. In the afternoon a fog settled over the sea, and almost before we were aware of it we were in the midst of it. Went to sleep with minute whistle in my ears.

11.—Rose late. The fog had disappeared. Played a game of chess with an Englishman named Coxherd with whom I have formed a very pleasant acquaintance. He is a fine fellow.

12.—Awoke about 7 A. M. Had a fine sleep and washed in salt sea water all over, as on previous morning. The sailors give no little annoyance as they scrub the decks just over my berth. Really it seems as if they were scrubbing my own back with a flesh brush. A raging appetite is growing upon me. The meals on the steamer are so decidedly Dutch that I can scarcely conform to them, and were I not so insatiably hungry I would undertake to be aristocratic and dainty, but it is no use to conceal feelings. Beat the Englishman at chess. Saw a beautiful meteor at night. It is now late at night. The sailors are singing "Old Dog Tray," "God Save the Queen," "Lilly Dale," and some of the familiar songs of my own native land.

13.—Rose in time for breakfast. Some of us in the room came near losing our breakfast, as but one could dress at a time. Gradually becoming acquainted with fellow passengers of second cabin. Find myself loading with cards and invitations to visit at Cassel, Heilbronn, and all the other Dutch places inconceivably hard to pronounce. The meals are still Dutch. The soup had macaroni. I find it hard to eat. Potato salad which for fear of forgetting I say is made up of sliced cooked potatoes, oil, onions, and vinegar, and—but that is Dutch enough for the present. Tried to translate some German, but cannot fix my mind and commenced reading Helen Lincoln for passing time. Read my Bible regularly. Was invited strongly and repeatedly by my English friend to play cards, but refused. He is not so anxious to play chess, however. I write in forward cabin. Some playing cards, children are crying and playing, some drinking lager, and others looking on, while all are talking Dutch, French, or something which is not so near my mother English. I like my language more and more.

14.—Sat a long while on the prow of the boat and watched the bounding and breaking waves, the floating polypi, the sailing fish, the distant whales, but saw no land and could only love and remember scenes in my native land. The last one from whom I had taken the parting kiss in my country occupied mostly my thought. How dear life seems to me when I know that some one loves me; but love is on the land and I am on the sea. Ah, I know that love bears me up

and the prayers put up to heaven from a loving heart in my distant mountain home bless me even on the angry waves. O may I be able to breathe a worthy prayer to bless the soul and life of my existence. Went to bed amid fog, but feel a calm trust in God that I am safe and would be permitted to return home with improved mind and more capacity for doing good.

15.—Watched the variegated jelly-looking fish. Went to bed in such a sea that I was completely rocked to sleep and my berth was sidewise, cradlelike.

16.—Read through Children of the Abbey. Pretty fair story if plot constitutes a story. Commenced a piece for Ladies' Repository on "The Sea! The Sea!" Don't know whether or not will finish. Great rejoicing that the fog is gone. Commenced letter to Kate.

17.—Birthday on the sea. Captain had services in after-saloon to which forward cabin passengers were invited. Captain read hymns, "From all that Dwell below the Skies," and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," one of Watson's sermons, and prayers, Episcopal Prayer Book. The sailors attended, but were lively enough when Captain did not see them. They were all dressed up finely enough. Afternoon German preaching in forward cabin. A Hungarian and Irishman were disorderly, at which the Captain was near confining them both until end of voyage. The day was quite Sundaylike, but O, how different from land! Commenced letter to sister Sallie and continued Kate's.

18.—Wrote some on "The Sea! The Sea!" A lecture at night by Peit Stenardonics, a Hungarian exile, a good speaker, and late captain in Hungarian army.

19.—Finished "The Sea!" but have not copied it.

20.—Wind rises, we enter English Channel. It is quite stormy for a landsman.

21.—Slept but little during the night. Rolled about in my berth. Every joint in the boat seemed to creak. The boat pitches fearfully. Nearly all on board seasick. I ate but little, to guard against it. All are in expectation of seeing the Scilly Island lights.

22.—Got up in the night thinking it was day and I would see a fine sunrise, but alas! on rising and dressing in a reel, found the boat heaving fearfully, with the bright heavens and the sailors on the lookout for land. About 9 A. M. made Land's End, England. No one knows but those in the same situation how happy I felt on seeing land once more. What beautiful chalk cliffs all along the English coast! Sometimes we were far out of sight of land, but soon came in front of an abrupt point and could see the beautiful green fields

and parks of Merrie England. It was night when we passed Hurst Castle, perhaps the home of my fathers. I could see only the outlines of the old towers by moonlight. It was beautiful in its gloomy, silent melancholy. We entered the Needles without getting a pilot. It was difficult to enter, but our Captain and mate risked it. We reached Cowes about 11 o'clock at night. A boat came after considerable waiting to take off the mails and passengers for Southampton. I was a little sorry to see some of the passengers leave, but thus acquaintance is formed and broken all through life. It is seldom that traveling acquaintances are permanent. It requires something more than mere accident to perpetuate acquaintance, and we have but little faith in love at first sight. We left Cowes about three. Mailed three letters, one for Kate, another for Ladies' Repository, and third for sister.

23.—Enjoyed the beautiful scenery of England very much. Brighton, the great bathing place, and a favorite resort of the Queen, presented a beautiful appearance through the spyglass. "Shakespeare Rock" was of chalk where King Lear didn't jump off. The coast of France in the distance. Dover is a beautiful place—a large city and has splendid buildings; Dover Castle is grand, and I hope to visit it before leaving. Hastings is fine, and William the Conqueror landed there in 1066. The great battle between him and Harold occurred close by. His old castle is on the hill to the north. It is now in ruins. Sailors, officers, and all have been continually talking of the stormy North Sea.

24.—The sea is rather quiet, and we are sailing on the North Sea with all sails up. Met a good many boats, very unlike the lonesome time we had on the Atlantic. A number of storms are in view. We make the coast of Holland. It is rather low in appearance and in fact. Saw Heligoland in the distance. Its inhabitants never leave the island. They are always the best of pilots and sailors.

STEAMER WASHINGTON, August 15.

To Miss La Monte:

You cannot tell my feelings when I stepped aboard the steamer in New York unaccompanied by anyone save the avaricious porter. I say you cannot tell my feelings, but you can, too; those feelings found a response in your heart and I dare say you watched the hours of Saturday, 9th, and knew as well as I did when 12 o'clock came. I did feel as though I would like to see some familiar face and grasp some sincere hand. My baggage had been stored away and I was ready to leave, only I wanted to see some friend. While I was thus

watching the eager crowd, I saw one, it was no one you know, but one whom I thought a great deal of, Professor Schem, of Carlisle. I had not seen him since I left Carlisle, but he knew I was to leave on 9th, and had not forgotten. I went off the boat, shook hands, and I imagine he was glad to see me. I told him how it was with us; he thought it best as it is, and said that I could accomplish my object in a year abroad. We talked till just before the boat left. He gave me a hearty grasp and earnest hopes of success. It was all I wanted then, some expression of sincerity before I left.

August 22.—I have felt, my dear Kate, that your prayers have helped me. Almost ever since I left you, I have had an unusual trust and confidence in God. Yes, I know your prayers have helped me; I have prayed for you, but I feel more in need of prayers than I know you are. I have a thousand things to guard against that you have not and know nothing about. I am so much afraid that you have been troubled about me. O, I trust not. Since I remain in Germany but one year, I know now that it is best that you did not come. I should probably have kept you two years from home and without having employed the most of my time in strict study. I might have lost the year which I now gain. I intend, if possible, to accomplish all my expectation in one year's time, and if I do not I shall consider that God knows best and does best.

His arrival in Bremen, August 25, was little more than a preliminary to a hasty departure to Brunswick, from which place, after securing quarters, he writes to Miss La Monte August 31:

At first I stopped at the "Deutsches Haus," but it was in a narrow street and looked rather gloomy; so it has been something of a relief for me to get into a private family. My old landlord and landlady are really funny people. They can't speak a word of English, and we have great times to understand each other. He sends me up the German newspapers every morning, for which I thank the boy in the best German I can command. I have two rooms because they are both small and are connected. Conscience knows how old the house is. It is half bent with age, and instead of its head getting gray, it is getting green as fast as the moss can cover the rough, irregular tiles. The Dom is about twenty feet, not that much, from my room. It is an old, old church, full of pictures and arches and statues built by Henry the Lion. He is buried in it, and I believe other kings also.

My breakfast is sent to me at 7½ in the morning. It always consists of delightful coffee (a nice pot of it), six rolls and butter. I eat all up commonly. Yesterday morning they sent me only five rolls, which I devoured in a hurry. I go to Miss Agnes (Sach) to recite at ¼ to 10; go to the same house at dinner and supper. We always talk German, and I am getting along pretty finely.

XVIII

On Foot in the Harz Mountains

His foot-journeys and the life of the open air formed a chief item in the combined pleasures of studious observation and the recuperation of health. This habit now forming was strengthened by several pedestrian tours during his first stay in Europe. The first was a short one, from Brunswick to Wolfenbüttel, on September 10, of which he writes (Journal) when beginning a second and longer one in the Harz Mountains:

September 11, Brunswick.—Had a pleasant time at Wolfenbüttel. So much of the "charming dust" was enough to fill me up with it or rather choke me, but I did not walk home, or that might have been the case. All through the road from Brunswick to Wolfenbüttel it was grand—splendid avenues of trees. We reached hotel in the afternoon by railroad. Took late dinner, but it was all the better to make up for it. Had chance to read a number of pages in Schiller's Fall of Netherlands, when Waite and Coit (Joshua) took it into their heads to go to Harz next morning. I believe I was the first, however, for I mentioned that it would be a good idea; for the weather was so fine, which is something of a rarity thus far in Germany. Well, I slept well after the nine miles walk of the day. We took railroad to Harzburg which is situated at the foot of the Harz Mountains. Coit, Waite, and Registrator Sach were company. We then commenced the ascent of the Harz. Of course, we rested occasionally. We overtook a party of ladies who were going as far as the old castle on the way to the Brocken. At last we reached a hotel situated by the ruins of an old castle which Julius Cæsar is said to have built, but more probably Henry IV. Gathered some

little flowers from the old castle walls to send to Kate, but as I have gathered so many on the way and mixed them I can't tell which is which. We went out of the way a mile or two to get a fine view from some high rocks. We met a party on mules, who had just come down the Harz. There was a pretty girl among them. I went into a house or several of them to see how the people lived. We took a guide at one of the houses. He would talk very loud, and as I asked him to tell me some Brocken yarns he would tell me some fine ones, and on my insisting that he should talk slower and lower he would not do it. He was clever, and I had some fine jokes with him and his frau when we left him. I believe they kept the cow in another room of the dwelling. Had some delicious milk here—it was just like cream. We finally reached the great Brocken. We had been walking uphill nearly nine hours and were tired. Had a grand sunset. I had never seen the like before.

12.—Rose quite early and, after going to the top of the observatory and witnessing a "Sunrise on the Brocken," came down to breakfast, or rather coffee and bread alone, as is the custom here in Germany. What a time coming down the hills! No one can tell but those who have undergone the same experience. My legs were tired, I believe, more than in going up the evening before, because different muscles were brought into play. First we were in a beautiful vale and then on some grand point. The way to Ilsenstein was very pleasant after I gave my knapsack to a boy to carry. We finally reached Ilsenstein, a point 350 feet over the vale below and 1,450 feet above the level of the North Sea. We did not go to Ilsenburg, but swept on our way to Wernigerode. I gathered a little flower that was peculiar to the land over which I traveled, to send to some of my friends and particularly to her who is nearest my heart and whose locket I bear about with me. We were almost worn out, and every five minutes asked the Führer when we would be where there is anything to eat. At last we reached a Wirthshaus. Huge and small antlers were hung around the walls, and since then we came to a house where they were so arranged on the walls as to form different figures, such as diamonds and others. I had been talking on the way with some German ladies who accompanied us. They could understand me, and I could partially understand them. Here at the Gast Haus we had sausage, black bread, and milk, which quite refreshed us all. Then we started for Wernigerode again and had a good echo or two at one point on the way. We approached the city within a mile, when a delightful landscape was presented to the view. Below us the vale was gradual and presented a fine appearance. To the right on the side of the

far-stretching hills were peasants laboring in the barley and potato fields. They take off their hats at the approach of strangers, and sometimes they dispatch one for money. In front of this beautiful landscape is the old castle of Elbingerode, high on a mountain with the village below and between us and it. To the left rises the peak of the Brocken. For real beauty this landscape surpassed anything that I have seen in Europe or America.

We stopped all together at the Deutsches Haus. We partook of table d'hote, but I had just half-satisfied myself with six pears that I had purchased at the city gate. We went to the top of the castle, which is at present occupied by the court of the city. After going up a long high mountain side we came to the outside of the old castle. A woman came out with some keys, and we supposed she was going to carry us up to the top of the castle and let us see the fine landscape that we had just viewed from a more retired place; but, no, she kept carrying us around and around, always on the ground until we were within fifty feet from the top of the building. We saw some flowers and grapevines and a pretty fair view below, considering the branches of the trees in the way. At last we came to a halt. She carried us through an old stairway or two, but of no observatory did we see the inside. On the whole I was disappointed, but gave our conductor some money from American name rather than from any idea of benefit or pleasure derived from the old castle. We had now traveled six hours, but here was not the end, and we had to go three hours more to Rübeland, making nine hours for the day, and, counting three miles to the hour, twenty-seven miles.

Rübeland.—We had a pretty good supper, but I was awfully tired and worn out. I was startled at times in my sleep—one time I thought myself actually sick, but up, up and out, no time for dreams here. We visit Bauman's Cave, and the iron and marble works a little out of town.

13.—Long, long we go till away in the afternoon we got to Ross-Trappe. At night slept at bottom of Ross-Trappe with Hexentanzplatz behind and the rolling stream in view, with dark mountains behind it.

14.—Visit Halberstadt, and now at night I am so tired, here in Brunswick, that I must go to bed.

On this outing in the Harz Mountains he makes these comments:

It is seldom the case that the American who travels in Europe ever cares much about visiting the Harz unless he does it to gratify

his taste for geology. But it is not everyone who has this taste, and hence travelers prefer to go by railroad or post through Europe instead of putting up with some inconveniences and doing a little foot traveling. For those, then, who intend to do all their traveling in a car or coach the Harz can afford no inducement. One must expect inconveniences such as walking up a great many mountain sides, a restless night from too much exercise, and sometimes a little hunger. Already supplied with these facts, we commenced a pedestrian tour to the Harz, and for all the inconveniences I suffered I now feel amply repaid.

XIX

At Old Halle

After a few side trips to Wolfenbüttel, the Harz Mountains, and Magdeburg, mid-October saw our young student settled in Halle, and in its famous university we find him matriculated October 31, 1856, as a student in the department of Theology, which registered four hundred and forty-five the latter half of that year. Three other Americans were his companions in theological study—William Alvin Bartlett, of Binghamton, New York; Joshua Coit, of New London, Connecticut; and Clarendon Waite, of Worcester, Massachusetts. All four had their home at 6 Scharnngasse. Another American was one of seventy-nine students in the department of Philosophy, Henry Hedge Mitchell, of Belfast, Maine. Halle was crowded that year with seven hundred students, of whom these five were the only Americans. John Fletcher Hurst was listed on the rolls of Professor Jacobi in Church History, of Professor Roediger in Introduction, of Professor Tholuck in Encyclopædia, and probably of Professor Julius Müller in Doctrinal Theology. In his letters and Journal his own pen has supplied a picture of his life at Halle, and on some excursions to other places.

HALLE, October 19.

To Miss La Monte:

The next morning, after arrival, I was visiting a curious building in Halle, and fortunately fell in with an American by the name of Bartlett. I found him to be a very good fellow, and one whom I could get along with as a companion.

October 22.—Bartlett happened to be living in the same house that the two Puritans had just entered, and it was very close to the University and looked out on a beautiful promenade near the University. There was but one room vacant. That was in the fourth story and at the back part of the building. It was very small, and a very tall person would have considerable difficulty in bending his head and shoulders for the many angles which are formed by the hip roof and un-American sort of window. Independent of that was the little bedroom which was just large enough to come out of the next morning the same way one goes in overnight, without turning around. These two little rooms I engaged, at about $17, till next March, with heating of one included. Everything else I have is extra. My house expenses for a week I think I can nearly determine. One half bowl of loaf sugar, one can of lamp oil, four loaves of brown bread, 1½ plates of butter, with three cups of coffee every morning and three cups of tea at night. My dinner I take with Bartlett, in a little eating house about five minutes' walk from the boarding house. Generally my dinner costs about thirteen cents, but if I take rabbit instead of beefsteak it is something more, as well also if I have the daring impudence to call for two or three potatoes more than they put on my plate. My plates of food I keep in a little drawer in my room, and I can pull the bell whenever I wish any more brown bread, or a little turf to put in the stove.

The professors, too, are somewhat different from the overdignified manner which I have seen in colleges at home. They are exceedingly kind. The two Yankees, Bartlett and I, were invited to Dr. Tholuck's to tea the other evening. We had a pleasant time, and Mrs. Tholuck is more like an American lady than anyone I have seen lately. I heard a lecture to-day, but the professor spoke as if his mouth were full of brown bread, and even one of the German students told me that he was hard to understand. If Dutch can't understand Dutch, I don't know what will become of English.

His purpose to see the historic places of Europe carries him out of Halle for three or four days before he has been three weeks within its classic precincts.

November 1.—In Weimar—the home of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder.

2.—In Erfurt, where Luther was a monk; visited the cell and bought some autographs—representations of Luther's chirography as well as Melanchthon's.

3.—Visited the Thüringer-wald, Gotha—the home of Prince Albert —and Eisenach, where I drank five cups of tea, smoked a cigar, talked over college days, the compound and some of its illustrious members, as well as over-sea experiences. Don't feel tired much, although have walked nearly thirty miles to-day.[1]

HALLE, November 5.

To Miss La Monte:

While you are all together some evening indulging in nice cake and other such luxuries, I am away up here in a back attic room reading some Dutch books and every few minutes taking a slice of my brown bread, if it is mealtime with me, or speaking bad German to some student visitor. Well, these things can't last forever.

HALLE, November 24.

To John Hurst:

MY DEAR UNCLE: The new life to which I have been subjected and the study which I must perform have prevented me from doing many things that I did not by any means intend to neglect when I left the United States. One of them was to write to you, but I believe at this late date you will willingly read a few lines on what I have been doing since I have been here. The first six weeks I spent in Brunswick, one of the oldest and handsomest of the German cities, where I lived and studied German in a nice family to whom I had a letter of introduction. The language is spoken in greater purity in Brunswick than in any other part of Germany, and this was no little inducement to spend a little while there before attending University lectures. During the four weeks that I have been listening to the lectures in Halle I have succeeded in getting accustomed to the language and the style of the lectures, so that at this time I feel that I am deriving profit from the ideas as well as the German when I listen to a long lecture. I had several letters to professors here, and as soon as I became fixed in a boarding house I paid them calls and handed my letters to them. That was enough to secure their kindness and attention, and each one of them with whom I am acquainted has acted to me in such a different way from what I had

[1] For an interesting account of this outing see his Life and Literature in the Fatherland, pp. 396, ff.

been accustomed to at home that I felt at once that they were really kind friends.

Journal. Christmas Eve.—Studied hard all day. Had been hoping ever since I had been in Halle that Dr. Tholuck would give us American students an invitation to his celebrated Christmas Eve celebration. On the morning of the day when he was to have it, he sent out his bungling invitation to one of the members who was off traveling, which was likely to knock the remaining ones out of a good time unless we opened the letter or our absent friend returned. Bartlett opened it, and there was an invitation for us all. So we went.

Christmas Day.—Studied pretty hard again. At night we English and Americans had a great supper.

December 26.—Started in cars for Dresden. No fire in the cars. I distributed tracts in the cars. Almost everyone whom I gave them to seemed very glad to get them, but one fellow in the corner looked like a Jew, and I noticed him very curiously to see what he would do with a tract, but he would not even take one. The one who sat next to him handed one to him, but he refused, and when he saw that nothing was charged for them persisted in refusing. In Dresden was almost frozen. Arrived at "Golden Angel" Hotel; finely accommodated. Fell in with a fine old man from Göttingen, who is, I think, a professor there. He was kind, and we have been together since. Sunday heard a fine half of a sermon in a Lutheran church, and then went to the great Catholic church, where there was a greater amount of circumstance and show than I had before seen. It is now Sunday night. With the prayer that God will continue to bless me, and my friends at home, and make Germany more Christian, I here drop my pencil and sleep at peace with God and all the world.

Dresden, 27.—What have I really seen to-day? The Green Vaults, the Historical Cabinets. What a world of jewels, silver utensils, gold, and everything else that reminds one of luxury! What struck me most was that all the fine articles were productions of the middle ages. And then the Great Armory, the coats of mail, the slippers of Kant and Napoleon with them, and a thousand other mementos of a great many other great men.

28.—Visited with my friend the Japanese Gallery. Had much joy in visiting these antique specimens of sculpture. Visited once more, and more attentively, the picture gallery, and gave a farewell look at the Madonna.

The trip to Dresden was lengthened to take in Berlin, Pots-

dam, and Wittenberg. This is the way he plans for another tour:

HALLE, February 22, 1857.

To Miss La Monte:

I have been working like a Turk all this winter, and really I feel as if I ought to rest a while. We shall have but six weeks to see the cities of Eastern Germany. Dresden I have already seen, but then we must spend a couple of days in Prague, three or four in Vienna, then keep on to Trieste, take the steamer from there to Venice, and then perhaps direct across the Apennines to Rome. We shall expect to make a hasty visit and take it rough.

VENICE, ITALY, March 18.

To Miss La Monte:

How I did hate to leave Halle! I little thought that I could get attached to such a rough-looking, antiquated place as Halle is, but so it was, and I could not leave without sincere regrets. The Wednesday night or evening before I left Halle I spent very pleasantly with Bartlett, for I know not whether I shall ever see him again. Next morning I bade him good-bye in bed, and my heart yearned after him when I gave him the parting hand. My books were all packed up and put in charge for me at Halle until I may order them to be sent to the U. S., with whatever additions I may make to them before leaving Europe. I dislike so much to give the "Leben sie wohl" to my good old landlady and her old dissipated husband. The girl with dirty hands, who used to make my fires, had grown familiar to me, and I was sad even in giving her the parting words. Another girl, who used to bring me my bread and coffee, had such a pleasant voice and was always so kind that I disliked very much to leave her. The old bootblack came to see me the day before I was to leave, to see if I had any old clothes or boot-legacies for him, as well as to get his last Thaler for bootblacking. I didn't want to leave even him. All my old clothes I gave to my fat old landlady for whatever poor children she thought might need them. Yes, I drank my last cup of coffee, ate my last piece of bread, and stood at my desk for the last time with no little regret.

The Rev. Dr. W. A. Bartlett, who frequently met his theologue friend in after life and who was pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington during the first few years of Bishop Hurst's residence there, gives us the bene-

fit of his keen-eyed observations at Halle and on sundry journeys with our student-traveler:

Bishop Hurst, as a young man in the University of Halle, was a typical American youth of the period. He had the push, the enthusiasm, the confident ability, and the good nature of a young man with a future. Forty-eight years ago, the students from the States were not so numerous as to-day in German Universities.

When we met at Halle, in the fall of 1856, to prosecute our theological studies under Julius Müller, Tholuck, and Jacobi, we were the sole Americans in our line of work, although soon afterward we were joined by two others. Young Hurst, coming from the Eastern Shore, Maryland, brought its peculiar traditions and customs, and in his hearty, genial manner entertained us often at meals, at the house of Tholuck, by explaining these American eccentricities. At this time Hurst was a robust, hearty boy, kind, earnest, and industrious; he mastered rapidly the colloquial German and took his notes of lectures in German schrift. This period prophesied his future success and promotions; it was the gate which opened into his succeeding occupations, and it forecast his methods of work and their characteristics. His sturdy faith withstood the rationalism of Strauss and kept him true to his Christian ideals and experience. He was an honest disciple of Tholuck, who dealt the Tübingen school its deathblow. We were often at the table of the great professor, the Saint John of the Halle apostolate. He was a favorite companion of his also in long and instructive walks, in which theology and personal piety and the grand themes of life and eternity were discussed. He made the best use of his time, and laid the foundation of those high qualities which crowned his exalted career.

In the spring of 1857 Hurst and myself made a foot tour through the Thuringian and Black forests. Galled and weary footpads require much present grace in time of need, which is generally late in the afternoon after weariness of the flesh in sight-seeing, and demoralizing fatigue. I think as I look back to that sunlit journey we stood the test of our piety fairly well as incipient saints. It was just prior to our civil war, when the North and South were waxing hot over slavery. It would not be exactly fair to say that we anticipated the great conflict, but I recall a certain sunset, after a hard day's tramp, when we discussed the "irrepressible conflict" with some physical and energetic arguments—an *argumentum ad hominem*—which caused us both speedily afterward humiliation and repentance. Hurst was not the type of a pietist as such, but rather a student who

set out to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. His Godward asceticism was warmed by human contacts.

We met often enough in the heat and burden of our day's work to review humorously the German experiences.

The Rev. Joshua Coit, corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, says of young Hurst at this period:

He was of an earnest, eager spirit, strait-thinking and outspoken. His mind was active and inquisitive. He was positive in his convictions as to right and wrong, and did not fall in with much of the German student laxity, but withstood manfully temptations to let down his spiritual life.

XX

From Halle to Rome

The remaining eight months of his stay in Europe were divided between journeys by rail, by boat, and on foot through the southern and central countries of the Continent and in England and Scotland, and two brief sojourns, one of about five and the other about three weeks, in Heidelberg. Brief excerpts from his fascinating accounts (Journal) of this really his first round among the great scenes of nature and of human history must satisfy us:

March 13, 1857.—Started from Halle at 7 A. M. Met my company in Dresden and proceeded down to Prague. In the evening started for Vienna. Had a cold ride all night. Fortune knows how many times we had to show our passports.

14.—Vienna we reached in a snowstorm. I walked up from the cars. The hackman carried my companions to the wrong hotel, and I had some difficulty in finding them, but succeeded at last. We all put up at the "Golden Lamb." We started for Saint Stephen's Church. How much we enjoyed it! We first went to the top of the high tower in order to get a good view of the city.

15.—Sunday we went to the Church of Saint Stephen's and the Imperial Chapel. The melancholy chanting of the Roman Catholic choirs always fills me with emotions, and the most unfeeling Protestant cannot look at the poor Catholic as he approaches a picture of the Virgin or a cross, and bows as if in earnest longing for a better and happier life, without being impressed with the sincerity of his heart.

16.—We started early in the morning for Trieste. We reached Laibach late at night and ordered the coachman to take us to the "Golden Bell" Hotel, but he did not do it, and we found ourselves in the hotel that he preferred. We told the hotel-keeper that we would take the diligence next morning for Trieste. He awakened us at 4½ A. M., but after eating breakfast and getting ready to leave we found ourselves in his own conveyance.

17.—A long and tedious day was this!—77 miles' stage ride from Laibach to Trieste. Our stage broke down and we had rain all day. What a stew we were in! We all got to the nearest house and squatted around an old woman's brick stove. At last we hurried off. We had a good many omnibus drivers and had to pay all trink-geld. I sat on the right side of the stage next to the broken wheel and always watched to see when the linchpin was slanting, but when we got to a blacksmith's shop we got all things fixed. We tried many ways to pass away the time. I shall never forget the games and stories we employed. At last we saw away down in the valley below us a world of lights. This was Trieste, and there the classic Adriatic. We could see the lights from some boats on the water. We went rapidly down the hill, and when we had nearly reached its bottom we saw the side of the mountain studded with village lights like a casket of jewels.

18.—We started from Trieste soon in the morning for Venice. O, what a glorious sight this was! There were the grand old Apennines in the distance. Here we are sailing on the old Adriatic. We had a good breeze and reached Venice about the middle of the day. A flood of gondolas came crowding around the boat, and we chartered one to take us ashore. Ashore, did I say? No, to take us to our hotel steps, for we did not step on ground, but on the steps of our hotel. After getting something to eat—yes, even before that—we went to the famous Place of Saint Mark's. Here was the Doge's Palace and the Church of Saint Mark. Never shall I forget my first view. We did but little else than walk about and look at the canalled city of Venice. The inside was yet to be seen.

21.—Saw last of Venice; had a ride for the last time in a gondola. Set out in cars for Padua with Webber. We had a cold, gloomy

1½ hours' ride. Arrived in rain at Padua, found no carriage to carry us to hotel, and after hiring a porter wound our way about 1½ miles to hotel, "Golden Eagle."

22.—Webber was sick abed, and I had a gloomy time that day. It was Sunday, and of course I did not visit the curiosities as a traveler. Went to the Church of Saint Anthony. I shall never forget how I was moved on seeing the poor people bowing on the cold floors and before the image of the Virgin.

23.—At one we started on vettura for Ferrara. We had a tolerably comfortable time to Rovigo. I shall not forget the flying ferry-boats and how everyone wanted money from us. Rovigo was a dirty place, and we went to the hotel to which our vetturino brought us, as we hired him on condition that he pay everything. We fixed up pretty well. Had *pranzo* and went to bed, Webber jumping a good deal in his sleep, probably owing to apprehension from the robbers; for we all knew that we were not in the best quarters.

24.—We rose early and started for Ferrara. It rained a good deal of the way, but we reached Ferrara about noon and went to see the prison where Tasso was confined in his madness. I shall never forget how Byron's name looked cut on the outside. We passed through lowlands and reached Bologna about 9 P. M., stopping at the Hotel Pellegrino, a nice place and very homelike. The landlord and his wife were as kind as they could be. We felt as if we were at home.

25.—We went around first in the old University—to the dome—and had a fine view of Bologna and the surrounding mountains. Went through the anatomical collection also, and then to the Picture Gallery. I saw there the Santa Cecilia, by Raphael, a beautiful picture. The faces are simple and yet grand, a characteristic of Raphael. Saw the tomb of the Volta family and Napoleon's sister. Took a walk in the public gardens. Ate some famous Bologna sausage. Heard our landlord tell of robber dangers between Bologna and Florence. We were all greatly excited; talked over the dangers and trials to which travelers are subjected. I sewed up my watch in my coat collar, but it stuck out so plainly that I took it out and packed it in my carpetbag.

26.—Rose at 3 and started at 4 A. M. for Florence. Paid out our account, took leave of our good landlord, and then walked to diligence office and started out, seven in banquette. We were all gratified to see that we had an escort of soldiers to guard against the robbers. We were now on the way to Florence, riding in the dark and subjected every moment to robbers, but we saw and heard from none. We had a rainy day. We came in the course of afternoon to a dirty

hole which we all had to walk over. I was the first one to find a fire in a rude peasant cot. I made free with the baby and got warm. We reached Florence at 10½ P. M., sleepy, tired, and worn out.

Of this day and the spirit of one of the company Mr. Coit says:

I recall with amusement his vigorous determination not to be robbed by brigands the day we started from Bologna at 3 A. M. in a vettura. Our road was dangerous, though it had been several weeks since an attack had been made. The rest of our party thought discretion the better part of valor. But Hurst, who put his valuables in his stockings, was determined to fight rather than be robbed. But, alas! no brigands appeared.

27.—I strolled over the classic Arno and wandered along one of the streets beyond it. One of the first things that struck me was on a door, the name of Powers, sculptor. How glad it made me feel and how proud to think that I had a fellow-countryman abroad who had done so much for the land of Washington!

28.—Rode out to Fiesole.

29.—Walked a long distance to the English church. How my heart rejoiced once more to hear God worshiped in my native tongue!

From 29th March to Thursday, April 9, had as interesting and pleasant a time as could be expected in visiting and reconnoitering Florence. I cannot enumerate half what I saw, but Florence will always live in my memory, yes, in my affections. What a satisfaction we all had in visiting the studio of our great artist, Powers, the maker of the Greek Slave! We were pleased with all that we saw. Powers himself was modest, as many great men often are, and as kind and inducing to stay as he could well be. We recognized around his shelves of busts many of our American great men and felt that really we were in the studio of an American. The order to visitors, "Don't touch the work," was in English; reason I will give when asked. We registered our names in his album and gave his son a hearty shake-hands when we left. Powers himself disappeared without anyone noticing him.

April 9.—On Thursday afternoon we started from Florence, the flower-girl stuck the last flower in our breast coat, and, after paying her the little pittance, we left in very unpleasant and second-class cars for Siena. At Siena we were beset by beggars. Next morning we walked about town and saw the principal places that were worth

seeing, and left in the stage for Rome, great Rome. Old Journal, I do not want to tell you all about a stage ride of nearly two days' length, and especially put down such a melancholy picture as I would be compelled to do. Viterbo, Acquapendente, the beautiful lake, the getting out and walking, all would deserve a notice. All is classic ground if we remember that the Romans and Etruscans and Sabines once lived.

Many a hermit or shepherd's hold had we seen in the ground, and many a laden ass and brigand-looking Italian had we met, when we came in sight of one fine-looking bridge, narrow in the middle and wide at the ends, like so many other Roman bridges. I had identified this bridge as the one where Constantine had his celebrated dream, and I told my companion so, an American who happened to ride in the banquette at my side. We were both indulging our imagination on the subject when we saw that we would come in contact with the left side of it. It was inevitable. I was high from the ground and didn't know what to do. It seemed like a dream to me. I looked at the precipice below to the left and to the hard stones. The stage reeled, I jumped to the right and fell on my arms. I felt injured at once, if not internally, at any rate badly in the forehead and arms. The passengers all appeared very much concerned. The conductor declared he must send to Rome for a wheel and wagon tongue, as ours were both broken. Then the company all went to a little locanda to sleep until called for, except the German, and he stayed with me. I shall never forget how restless I was, and how kind he was to me. He wrapped me up in shawls and his cloak and allowed me to lean upon him. How many passed as we both sat there alone, the peasant on his little ass, the woman driving on her little gang of calves. The night was moonlight, and we had some time been in sight of Saint Peter's. The peasants all looked curiously through the windows, some appeared sorry, others looked on indifferently as if they were glad it was not they, and thus they passed along. Time passed slowly by, and at last the wheel and tongue came, like ambassadors from the Eternal City, to receive us. We started slowly, the postilions seemed more careful, if indeed they were the same ones, and thus we wound up the hill. We called at the locanda, took in our associates, and went along our way to Rome.

Half the horizon seemed to be what the Germans call a Morgen Roth. Indeed, I had never seen a more beautiful view in all my life, I mean an early morning view. The old Saint Peter's stood in the distance before us; the Capitol and all that once made Rome so grand at home and so influential abroad. My head was racked with

pain. I was dreadfully pained in every limb and muscle, and so I made my entrance to the Eternal City. I thank God that I was not killed. (Professor G. N. Webber, of Smith College, who was with him, says, "The accident might easily have been a fatal one.") His mercy I will try to bear in mind more hereafter than I have ever done before. We reached the diligence office, had our baggage overhauled, and I was in great confusion to know to what hotel I could go, so I started off alone to Hotel d'Amerique. No lodging there. All was full. I asked if I could not be allowed to use or take an American's room for a few minutes, not to sleep, but to dress my forehead. No, the most of them were not yet up, and there was no chance. They referred me to Spillman's, and after walking up and down many flights of stairs I could not find Spillman. Went to Hotel d'Allemagne then. Waited a long while, and at last a room was given me for a few hours until the owner came back. It, too, was at the top of the house, but I was glad enough to get any place to dress my wounds. I was shocked to find my cuts so severe, but I kept a good heart and dressed them as well as I could, then went out in search of a private apartment, but all efforts were fruitless. Finally went to a coffeehouse and drank coffee. My bandaged head attracts the attention of everyone. About 11 went up the steps in Piazza di Spagna and found Webber and the German. We then went out again to coffeehouse and afterward hunted after rooms, but I was too weak; could walk no more, and the German was so kind to me that he gave me the use of his room and bed; and so I took a pleasant nap. I had a physician soon. He told me not to be alarmed, as there was no danger. Webber got a good pair of rooms, and I thanked him in my heart for getting them.

Easter Sunday, 19.—Went to Saint Peter's Church and got a good place to see the ceremonies and, after all the ceremony was concluded, to see the Pope give the benediction to the assembled multitudes. This was an impressive scene. The Pope is a kind-looking old man, and I dare say he is really a good man if his government is a weak one.

20.—Visited the Pyramid of Cestius and the Protestant burial ground. Stood by the graves of Shelley and Keats, and plucked some flowers for a memento for my friends at home. This was a beautiful scene: the mountain made of earthenware, the houses covered with it at the foot of the hill, the distant Saint Paul's, the feeding cattle, the cross of the hill, the Pyramid, the burial ground and cypress and monuments, the Saint Peter's, all of it hid but the dome, the distant mountains, the Capitol, the Forum in front, were all enchanting

enough. The return home was by the Tarpeian Rock and the foot of the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars.

23.—Ascended the cupola of Saint Peter's. Finished all our sight-seeing, had wandered for the last time through the living Vatican, had taken another look at the Coliseum, the Saint Peter's, the Guido's Aurora. A great time in my life were the two weeks in Rome, never to be forgotten.

XXI

From Rome to Glasgow and Homeward

April 25, 1857.—Reached Naples.

28.—Visited Pompeii and Herculaneum.

29.—Saw and ascended Vesuvius.

30.—Sailed to Capri and saw the "Blue Grotto." At night slept in the Hotel Tasso.

May 2.—Started from Naples and bade farewell to the south of Italy.

3.—Anniversary of my mother's death. May I never forget it, and hallow her memory and love, for a mother's love is eternal. Left Civita Vecchia in the evening for Leghorn.

4.—Reached Leghorn early in the morning. Went ashore to Pisa. Returned in time to take the boat for Genoa.

5.—Found ourselves in Genoa harbor.

6.—Started for Arona, the southern point of Maggiore, and passed through Alessandria. Stayed in Arona.

7.—Went to Luino on a cloudy day up Maggiore. From Luino to Lugano, across the lake and then to Como.

8.—Went up and down the lake and back to Milan.

11.—Started for Chiavenna. Left Chiavenna and crossed the Splügen Pass. Slept and rode all night in a Swiss diligence.

13.—Crossed Lake Constance and kept on to Munich.

16.—Started for and reached Heidelberg, received letters, read them and then got a room, 67 Hauptstrasse.

17.—Attended church with Bartlett. From to-day for one week I have scarcely done a thing except write letters. My mind is off study.

He wrote two excellent articles for the Christian Advocate, on Easter in Rome, and on Old Rome, while he tarried for a

month or more in Heidelberg, whose natural and literary attractions held him in leash until with fresh vigor he starts first for a Rhine trip and a little later for the Alps. Of his enchantment with the scenery of the place, where he had intended to matriculate and take lectures regularly, and of his consequent delay in beginning his attendance at the university until it was too late to go to more than a very few and to these only as a visitor, he makes his naive confession in his Life and Literature in the Fatherland.[1]

HEIDELBERG, May 18, 1857.

To Miss La Monte:

I have a nice pair of rooms, as nice as I ever had in my life. They are just what I wished. I can look from my bedroom upon the old castle. This town is good for my health. I don't mean to say that I have poor health now, but that it will be a great thing for my constitution.

June 7.—Heidelberg is a very little place, as you can see from the picture. I have drawn a mark on what I believe is the very house I live in. Another place which I have marked is called the *Molkenkur*, and, although it is not the highest of the peaks, yet I think it far the most beautiful. I often go up there and sit an hour or two at the close of the day. Then I can hear the music from the castle below, and look to the west where the Neckar and the Rhine unite in that charming vale, and toward where I cannot see, but where I can love my own dear friends at home.

I anticipate no little pleasure in going up the Rhine. My studies will necessarily be very much broken in upon. Here I have lost considerable by not getting back sooner from Italy. My tour along the Rhine will take me a couple of weeks. Then after that is over I must start for Switzerland on a pedestrian tour; from there to Paris, to London—home. I think it would be better to see these countries than to go home without doing—it would be to me a source of constant regret to do so, and in traveling one gets what he could never learn in his room. I shall have done all I could expect by October. I shall have gained a knowledge of the German language, besides a fair idea of Italian, some experience in speaking the French, to say nothing of the Hebrew which I studied last winter in Halle and the substance matter of the lectures, as well as the customs, manners,

[1] See p. 116.

and conditions of the country and people I shall have seen. That, I think, ought to be a source of gratification to me. I am thankful that I have been able to do as I have. It will always be a source of pleasure and profit to me, and I trust to you. Neither of us should regret it.

Heidelberg is more like a watering place than a German village, and this takes away a great deal of the enjoyment that I would have.

June 8.—Almost every morning I get up at seven or thereabouts and walk to the castle. The birds sing cheerily, and everything is fresh and pleasant. By the way, we have nightingales here. Did you ever hear them sing? Professor Hundeshagen is very clever and kind to me. How much I want to see my own land again! I could stay much longer in Europe and to advantage, but I am eager to get home, and I feel sometimes as if I would get right up and start to-morrow. My heart and feelings all prompt me to it.

These bright days in Heidelberg brought again to his hand his coy muse, and from his six stanzas on Heidelberg Castle this is the third:

I see that castle as I write,
  I see its statues resting there,
Each represents an armored knight
  Who fights for faith and lady fair.
Since knightly days has love grown purer?
O, is it true that hearts are truer?

June 23.—Left Heidelberg for Worms. Saw tree under which Luther slept. Then went to Mainz. Walked in the Anlage and visited the summer theater.

24.—Saw the house where printing was invented. Went to Wiesbaden and saw the gaming. Went in afternoon to Kreuznach.

25.—Left Mainz and stopped at "Bingen on the Rhine." Returned to Bingen about dusk.

26.—Walked to Niederwald and Rüdesheim. Returned to Bingen and took boat for Goarshausen. Walked up the Lurlei, and there I prayed.

27.—Went to the Reichenberg and returned over the hill opposite Rheinstein. Visited Rheinstein in Saint Goar and went on to Boppard and there I stayed all night.

28.—Took first boat to Coblenz. Met an Englishman at Ehrenbreitstein.

29.—Walked to Ems.

HAARLEM, HOLLAND, July 5.

To Miss La Monte:

I have had a very pleasant time since leaving Coblenz. You must read that part of Childe Harold referring to the Rhine. I have seen and stood on every hill and by every place that is mentioned.

July 23.—Left Heidelberg for Freiburg.

24.—Walked from Freiburg to Hof, and rode in diligence to Schaffhausen.

25.—Saw Schaffhausen and Falls of the Rhine, and then went to Zurich.

26.—Attended English church, went bathing, and walked up to Uetliberg.

27.—Walked from Uetliberg to Albis, where I took breakfast. From there to Zug. Crossed Zug to Arth. Ascended the Rigi—a big day's work.

28.—From Rigi down to Lucerne. With Paton called on Bryant, the poet, and family.

29.—Crossed the Lake of Lucerne to Flüelen, passed Tell's Chapel and the place where he shot the apple from his son's head. Slept that night in Goschenen.

30.—Crossed the Gothard Pass to Hospenthal. Slept that night on the Furka.

31.—Passed the Rhone Glacier and took breakfast at its foot. Walked to Grimsel and spent four hours on the Aar Glacier. Slept in Guttannen.

August 1.—Ascended the Reichenbach Fall and walked on the Rosenlaui Glacier. Slept on the Great Scheidegg.

2.—Witnessed the Swiss peasants' Schwingfest. Ascended the Faulhorn. Grand scenes.

3.—Came down and took breakfast in Grindelwald. Parted with Paton and Dale at the Little Scheidegg, where I spent the night.

His next two weeks covered a stop at Interlaken and sail up and down Lakes Thun and Brienz; walks over Gemmi Pass, to Zermatt, over Saint Theodule to Chatillon, to Courmajeur, to Chamouny, and to Geneva. Eight days he was in Geneva. He says, "So charming was Geneva that I felt like spending all my days there." Two weeks he gave to Paris, and thence by Rouen to Havre and London. Here he tarried eight days

and then to Oxford (one day), by rail to Warwick, on foot to Stratford-on-Avon (night), back to Warwick Castle; then a walk with heavy pack to Kenilworth Castle and a ride to Birmingham (September 24). Thence he goes to Manchester and, after a short trip in Scotland, leaves Glasgow on the Edinburgh, October 3. On the homeward voyage he reads Noctes Ambrosianæ.

William Wells of the laity and William F. Warren of the ministry were probably the only Methodists from America who preceded him in European study. Dr. Buttz says:

> Bishop Hurst's visit to Europe in 1856-57 was of the utmost value to himself and the church. He was among the pioneers of our Methodist scholars in Germany and in foreign travel. In his intention to go to Germany at that time he showed a discrimination of the importance of contact with the world which was of great value to him in his subsequent life, and it gave him the outlook which produced his work on the History of Rationalism, and undoubtedly tended to enlarge his view of the value of literature and theological thought which manifested itself in his numerous and valuable contributions to the literature of the church. I think it was also very valuable farther in the fact that it enlarged his appreciation of the educational work in which he afterward took so prominent a place. It seems to me his going abroad at that time and his experiences were the foundation of much of the most valuable services which he rendered the church.

XXII

The Itinerant

Two Months of Busy Waiting.—Preaching "Under the Elder."—Headquarters at Mechanicsburg

Upon his arrival at home his conviction that he should enter the ministry of the gospel, which had ripened into a clear call to that high vocation, led him to seek for a field where he might find employment for the gifts and graces which many leaders of the church saw and knew to be his. The Rev. Dr. Jesse T. Peck, then a pastor in New York, took a personal interest in the young man from "Piney Neck," and wrote to Pennell Coombe, a presiding elder of the Philadelphia Conference, on October 21:

> It gives me pleasure to introduce to you the bearer, Brother John F. Hurst, a graduate of Dickinson College, who has just returned from a year's study and travel in Europe. He is now ready, if Providence favor, to enter the ministry and prefers Philadelphia Conference. I knew him well in college and have great confidence in him and expect a very useful life from him in the great itinerant field.

After a short visit to Charlotteville he hastens to Cambridge, where he preached his first sermon, December 6, 1857, at the Methodist Episcopal church, from Psa. 130. 7, "The Hope of Israel." He had some notes, but was so confused he could not see them, and so they proved more of a hindrance than a help. This text he used afterward on three occasions: his first sermon on Carlisle Circuit, at New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, on January 3, 1858; at Mechanicsburg, January 4, and at Irvington, New Jersey, October 24. He writes to Miss La Monte from Baltimore, on November 4:

In New York I met Dr. McClintock on the street and on a pressing invitation I called on him. We spent an hour or two of pleasant conversation. He is anxious for me to join the New Jersey Conference, and promised his assistance, which I told him he might use for me.

And again from Cambridge on November 14:

It may be that I give a course of lectures here in Cambridge, but still I am not sure. In case I have sufficient encouragement to do so, I will commence next week. My friends all say without exception that I have grown fat and well-looking. Now, I don't want you to infer that they think me good-looking. Sallie says I have grown *ugly and fat;* now I could stand that, but when she says I have the *German brogue* I think that is too much for my good nature. Now, have I any German brogue? I don't believe you will acknowledge that. I visited a few days ago the little village schoolhouse where I went to school six or seven years. It looked very much smaller than it used to look—it is like a little cocoanut-shell. I saw the pictures I cut on the benches a long while ago—I would have recognized them had it been in China. Now, don't laugh when I tell you about cutting pictures. You said my picture of the old church in Coventry was like a cat. Now, wasn't that a compliment? You really didn't do me justice.

How his pen had already acquired the busy habit is seen from parts of these two letters to Miss La Monte, from Cambridge:

November 23.—I have been writing in *fits and starts* since I came here. If I give a course of lectures, as I may do, then I shall be all ready. I have three long ones already done. I shall write no more on the course until I know whether or not I give them.

November 26.—I am writing some every day, first Memories of the Rhine, and then something else of my own experience. I do not want these things to escape my memory. I have never known what it is until recently to have good health.

His correspondence in December gives us some interesting items concerning his last month of waiting for an opening. To Miss La Monte he writes from Cambridge on the eighth:

I have great difficulty in finding a vacancy in the New Jersey and Philadelphia Conferences. I cannot tell as yet where I shall go. I am in a great difficulty about the matter, and were it not for the climate I should regret that I had not accepted a professorship in Charlotteville Seminary. But God does all things well. I have an invitation from Dr. Collins to come to Carlisle and talk over matters.

Carlisle, Pa., 14.—From here I shall go to Philadelphia in all probability, and if a vacancy can be found in the New Jersey Conference I shall get it. I am now ready for work once more. Did I tell you that I preached in Cambridge before I left, on "Let Israel Hope in the Lord"?

CARLISLE, 16.

To Dr. William La Monte:

I expect to commence preaching on this District in January; but I will write particulars to Kate in a few days.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 17.

To Miss La Monte:

I have taken or at least promised to take a place on the Carlisle Circuit, to preach. The town of Carlisle is not embraced in the circuit; that is a station, and I think the circuit by no means a pleasant post to fill; but it will only be for a while.

His Journal and contemporary letters give glimpses of the external circumstances and internal battles, with more victories than defeats, of the young preacher while he was undergoing the process of "breaking in" within the bounds of the newly formed East Baltimore Conference:

January 1, 1858.—In Philadelphia on way to Mechanicsburg. Talked in La Pierre Hotel with an old traveler and had much pleasure from it. Came near missing the train. Thoughts on Heaven and Hell.

2.—Rode during the night to Harrisburg—went to market early in morning—went to Mechanicsburg—found Reese Marlatt and my future colleagues Norris and Dunlap—like them very much. Quarterly meeting. Put up at Dr. Day's.

3.—Attended quarterly meeting. Spoke in love feast, and had a good time—told my experience. Had communion after Dr. Dougherty's sermon. Afternoon took horse and rode down to New

Cumberland. Preached at night to an attentive and large congregation, from "Let Israel Hope in the Lord." Had pretty good freedom.

4.—Walked around New Cumberland and became acquainted with a number of people. Returned to Mechanicsburg and preached at night with but little freedom because I had less faith. Had quite a number at altar, but it was owing to Norris's exhortation. God give me faith next time.

5.—At night had a glorious time—about twelve at the altar. Talked with a great many of the careless young men—one promised to come to the altar. Felt a peace of God in my heart which makes me feel good again like old times.

6.—Good meeting at night. Talked with a good many of the careless.

Dr. Day loaned him a saddle horse for his use on the thirty-mile circuit. The record is that the horse put in as hard a three months' service as was good for him, and that the splendid animal needed a vacation at its close.

7.—Preached at night with more faith and liberty than I had ever experienced before—text, "The Prodigal Son." Had a few mourners —supplicated with many to come—young men too, but they would not come.

8.—Slept but little overnight. Did me good to hear that I had preached acceptably.

9.—Made preparation to start out on a long horseback ride—Norris with me. We went to Coover's and dined, then went down to Lisburn, name of the town from Lizzy Burn, who gave a graveyard to the place. Stopped at Lloyd's. Preached on Prodigal Son—felt more than satisfied with my high and holy calling. Life's a joy when you lead it right.

10.—Started early in the morning for Lewisburg. Preached on the Samaritan Woman—did better than I had any right to expect—felt well during the exercises. Had good dinner and started for Wellsville. Preached on the Samaritan Woman—felt freedom.

11.—Felt greatly rejoiced when one of the young workmen told me that he had been thinking a good deal on what I had said the other night on the Christian living a separate life from the sinner. Did me good. Led class in evening and had a good one.

12.—Ride home—fourteen miles. Norris preached—fifteen mourners at the altar. Felt sleepy, but talked some to the mourners.

13.—Wrote on sermon nearly all day. At night talked to the sin-

ners. "I guess you know who I am," said a sinner who was converted and who promised me to come to the altar a week ago. Had a good deal of faith. Prayed a loud prayer at meeting after sermon.

To Miss La Monte he wrote on January 14:

I have reason to feel encouraged by what I have done so far, although I see that I have yet a great deal to do and struggle for. I find that the horseback riding helps me amazingly. My colleagues are both very fine fellows and good preachers. I am perfectly delighted with them both and would consider it lucky if I could have such ones next year, but I intend to leave this Conference and join New Jersey Conference.

14.—In evening preached on "Awake, Awake, O Arm of the Lord," in Mechanicsburg. Had liberty.

16.—Wrote some on "Rationalism." Started with Norris and Lippincott for Papertown, stopping at Boiling Springs.

17.—Papertown. Slept with Norris. Both woke up with sore throats and hard colds. Preached on "Living Waters." Hadn't much freedom—throat, bad cold, and want of faith all had share in failure.

18.—Ate oysters after service with Norris—had a real good time. What a world of sorrow oysters can hide!

19.—Attended church at night—three mourners at the altar. Two men drunken in the church—led them both out.

20.—Preached at night on "The Value of the Soul"—had liberty, but a sore throat—was told by Norris sermon was a good one.

21.—Read some in History of Rationalism. Had much peace in God. God blesses me and I feel and know it.

24.—Woke early in morning thinking about preaching. Preached on "Worship God." A great deal of feeling was manifested, and it was decidedly the best sermon I have preached. The Spirit of the Lord was with me.

25.—Zug said rode his horse too fast. Had several intimations that I had improved in preaching. Afternoon wrote some and read on Rationalism. The Lord help me to make a good article for the Quarterly on that subject.

26.—Started for Carlisle. Dinner with Bishop Waugh. Heard Bishop Waugh talk to new converts and preach afterward from the "Jailer." Called on to pray—failed because of no faith.

27.—Traveled with Bishop Waugh and Dorsheimer to Mechanicsburg.

29.—Am getting gradually initiated into the ways and doings of the Methodists.

30.—Dillstown. Preached at night on "Revive Thy Work." Invited mourners to the altar—none came, but I believe the Lord will bless and revive us and his work in this place.

31.—Went at nine to love feast—Father Bennett officiated. I spoke and the Lord blessed me.

February 4.—Read assiduously all day. Had but little faith during day, and could not pray as much as I wished to—the devil still holding me by the ears by pride. Retired to my room and tried earnestly to have faith, but not much of it had I. Went to church and experienced some pleasure and pain by talking to young men. Lord, help me to get some of them on a good track.

MECHANICSBURG, February 5.

To Miss La Monte:

I expect, if God permit, to join the Newark Conference in April. I think my chances for success are better there. I would perhaps join the Baltimore Conference, as I have had flattering offers already, but that Conference will not admit me on as favorable circumstances as one farther north. I think you must have a strange idea of riding a circuit on horseback—now, that is a capital plan—I only wish you could see me on a good horse. I tell you the boys clear the track when "the preacher is coming"!

6.—Fiddled and fooled around town till dinner. Rode down to Lisburn with Brother Dunlap and heard him preach on "Seek the Lord while he may be found." I exhorted afterward. Felt well—had liberty, as Norris says.

7.—Preached on "Worship God," but had not so much liberty as I could have wished—it is all of faith. Rode back to Lisburn—blessed on the road—the Lord gave me liberty at night on "Lord, Revive Thy Work." Some sinners were convicted.

8.—Visited a poor consumptive young man. He was a lesson to sinners. I prayed with him and consoled him to the best of my ability. Evening preached, and here saw first the labors crowned with success—three souls struggling for liberty.

10.—Mechanicsburg. Went to Carlisle and there passed my examination for license to preach and recommendation to traveling connection. Passed a fair one. When I retired for the stewards to vote on my case, A. A. Reese, the elder, remarked that he "thought there was a preach in me." Lord, grant it, and make it possible!

11.—Started late in afternoon to Lisburn. Preached with liberty

on "For every man shall bear his own burden." The Lord gave me liberty, and three mourners were at the altar.

12.—Read and wrote and had a great deal of faith. Norris preached at night from "What will you say?" A good sermon. Four mourners at the altar.

13.—Worked hard and finished Béranger.

14.—Rode to Lisburn in the snow. Shivered and shook after getting to Costello's. Preached tolerably. In afternoon back to Coover's, and preached same sermon on "Arise, young man!" Very little faith in the people or myself.

MECHANICSBURG, February 15.

To Miss La Monte:

I have reason to think I am acceptable here in my efforts to please God and save souls. They are anxious for me to return here after Conference, and, were it not that young preachers can't get married in this Conference, I think I should join it. I fear one farther north will not agree so well with my health. Poor Bishop Waugh is dead! I had a railroad ride with him only a few days before his death. He was ready to die. No one could be with him ten minutes without feeling and seeing that he was as fit for heaven as any man who lives on earth. A few days ago I stood my examination for admittance into Conference. How unworthy I feel in entering upon the responsible work of the ministry. May God give me a Christian heart and a fervent devotional spirit.

18.—Preached in Lisburn on "Her ways are ways of pleasantness." Not much liberty. Two converted—three at altar. God help the last one!

20.—Lewisburg. Preached at night to a good audience on "Lord, Revive Thy Work." Not much liberty. The Lord gave me some faith, however.

24.—Studied in Watson's Institutes until 1 o'clock.

25.—Read 34 pages in Watson's Institutes, and a little in Fisk's Travels. O, how glorious a thing it is to feel the truth growing and bedding itself in the mind. Lord, give the truth a big taproot.

MECHANICSBURG, February 25.

To Miss La Monte:

Our two preachers are going to Conference in a few days, and at their request and that of the church I will remain here until they return from Conference. I consented, though I fear it will interfere with my visiting the Eastern Shore before going into New Jersey.

I was just looking over my dry bones (skeletons), and find that I have preached just twenty-one times and have eleven complete skeletons all jointed, varnished, and hung up by the neck.

27.—Lord, help me to set a good watchman on my lips.

March 1.—Read in Upham's Interior Life; also in Moore's Lalla Rookh, and Fletcher's Appeal.

2.—Read some in Watson. Wrote commencement on Rationalism. Smoked at night—determined not to smoke until after dinner.

3.—Can't get mind fixed on prayer as I pray. Lord, help me to conquer all my difficulties.

7.—Lisburn. Rode to Lewisburg. Preached with not much liberty on "Christian Army." Rode to Wellsville. Preached on "Christian Army."

9.—Mechanicsburg. Wrote until dark on Rationalism.

10.—Before going to bed felt an unusual trust in God.

11.—Wrote all morning on Rationalism. May it be useful and tell the truth.

12.—Went in evening to Harrisburg and heard Everett lecture on the character of Washington. May we imitate him! Coming home had an accident and narrow escape from falling in the river.

13.—Packed up to leave.

14.—Preached last sermon in Mechanicsburg on "War a Good Warfare." Tried to do something and had a complete failure. Chagrin, disgust, thoughts of failing possessed my heart and harrowed up the soul within me. Lectured a little while at Sunday school, and in evening at prayer meeting. The Lord give me freedom.

CAMBRIDGE, March 19 or 20.

To Miss La Monte:

I know not what sort of a place I shall get—perhaps a circuit, perhaps a little station. The Lord can do with me as he chooses. I am in his hands and try to be willing to labor in whatever place he pleases. I am writing with a gold pen which was given me before leaving Mechanicsburg. It is a very nice gold pen and pencil, and I think more of it than I would of a suit of clothes.

He preached on Carlisle Circuit thirty-four sermons from eleven texts, in eleven weeks, at nine different places, as follows: New Cumberland once, Mechanicsburg six times, Lisburn eight times, Lewisburg six times, Wellsville twice, Paper-

town twice, Dillstown five times, Bethel three times, Boiling Springs once. During these eleven weeks of circuit riding he traveled on horseback one hundred and eighty-four miles, and used these eleven subjects and texts:

The Hope of Israel, Psa. 130. 7, twice;
The Prodigal Son, Luke 15. 18, four times;
The Samaritan Woman, John 4. 14, four times;
Awake, Arm of the Lord, Isa. 51. 9, three times;
Value of the Soul, Matt. 16. 26, three times;
Worship of One God, Exod. 20. 3, five times;
Revival of God's Work, Hab. 3. 2, three times;
Personal Responsibility, Gal. 6. 5, three times;
Young Man, Arise, Luke 7. 14, twice;
Pleasantness of Wisdom's Ways, Prov. 3. 17, once;
The Good Warfare, 1 Tim. 1. 18, four times.

XXIII

The Pastor

At Irvington

Of his reception into the Newark Conference, his introduction to his first pastorate at Irvington, a village just south of Newark, and his experiences there, as well as in the four other pastorates which followed, his own Journal and letters tell very nearly all the story:

March 15, 1858.—Mechanicsburg. Made some calls for last time. Took morning train for Baltimore. Slept at Maltby House.

16.—Bonnie Brook. Started from Baltimore at 7. Retired early and slept superbly.

20.—Read in evening Homer and his translators. Lord, give me strength of body and mind.

25.—Philadelphia. Started early from Bonnie Brook by stage for Bridgeville. Enjoyed rest very much at Saint Lawrence Hotel.

26.—Newark. Started in 10 A. M. train for the unknown town of Newark. Finished Oliver Twist on the road. May it be of use to me. Went to Presiding Elder J. S. Porter. Found him a blunt, perhaps warm-hearted man.

March 26.

To Miss La Monte:

Here I am in Newark—I found the Presiding Elder of the Newark District first. He is a very kind, clever man—I was surprised to find him a Marylander by birth. What is more singular, he knew my father and all my friends long before I can remember.

I have not been so well since I left Pennsylvania. I had a dreadful cold in Maryland and still feel the effects of it. The wind blows strongly here this morning and my right lung pains me some little. I trust it will be all right. I would not like a return of my old complaint which used to trouble me before going to Europe.

27.—Rose early. All morning wrote on sermon for Sunday.

28.—Walked a long way to West Broad Street Mission and enjoyed love feast. Preached to a small congregation. Had consider-

able liberty. Brother Porter, P. E., behind me. He gave me but little encouragement to join the Conference.

29.—Received $10 for article on Tholuck—the first money ever received for anything I have written.

30.—Rode to Morristown.

31.—Morristown. Was benefited and improved from seeing the Conference proceedings for first time.

April 1.—Went to Conference and attended closely to all the proceedings.

2.—Attended Conference. Admitted. May I never be otherwise as long as breath warms my body!

5.—Irvington. Conference adjourned in morning. I was on the tiptoe of expectation until my name was read off for Irvington. I thank God for the appointment, and pray to him that I may be useful here. Came on to Irvington and strolled over the town. Called on some of the members. Pleased with the church amazingly.

6.—Called on a great many persons.

April 7.

To Miss La Monte:

I have some fear as to my health; my appetite is good, but I cannot say that I have reason to think I shall be vigorous and strong. This year will decide with me whether I shall succeed beyond the shadow of doubt or not—I mean in case of health and strength.

9.—Slight pains in right lung.

11.—In the morning preached my first sermon in Irvington, on "Justification by Faith," and I believe the Lord strengthened me.

12.—Commenced to read prayerfully Clarke's Commentary through.

17.—Had power in praying with some of the families.

19.—Low-spirited and but little life and ambition.

21.—Read in Augustine's Confessions, and in Pascal's Pensées.

25.—Greatly blessed in my room. Preached with some liberty from "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." South Orange (P. M.), preached on "Faith." Had a good time. The people shouted "Amen."

27.—Keep up my regular hours in reading Clarke's Commentary, two hours a day.

30.—Love of God still warming my unworthy heart.

May 1.—Had great satisfaction in reading Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ.

4.—Evening. Some liberty, and I foolishly called on a young man to exhort, who talked a long while without any effect.

7.—An old lady, Sister Eaton, told me some of my pulpit errors. She seemed to know more about preaching than I did. I know but little. Help those who are worse than I.

9.—Ten persons baptized.

13.—Met Brother Vincent (John H.), former pastor of the church. Pleased with him.

15.—Talked with Vincent until late during night.

16.—Six joined church—two on probation—four by certificate.

May 17.

To Miss La Monte:

I would rather be the humble instrument in God's hands of leading one soul to repentance than be Napoleon. I expect to preach as long as my health will allow, and when I can't preach it seems to me I would rather the Lord would call me to live with him.

18.—Had a sermon from Vincent—five persons rose for prayers.

19.—Loath to bid Vincent "Good-bye."

23.—Strong joy all day. Somebody must be praying for me.

26.—Practiced nearly two hours as usual in reading aloud and getting sound of words. Will it ever be that I can enunciate correctly?

27.—Manumitted Tom and sent papers to Cambridge.

29.—Received proof sheets for piece on Béranger. Lord, help my writing to be useful to my fellow men.

May 29.

To Miss La Monte:

I am trying to learn a number of new things—one is to talk to children in Sunday school. I find it a difficult thing to combine the interesting and the useful. Now, don't laugh—I am going to take lessons in vocal music. I think it will be of use to me in more ways than one.

June 1.—Three young ladies converted at our prayer meeting.

2.—In evening went up to see C——, and found him a converted man.

4.—In evening commenced notes of Life of Luther.

7.—Ilsley, the music teacher, told me it was doubtful whether I could ever learn to sing. But, by the help of God, I will learn to sing and preach too.

On this day he wrote to his former senior preacher, Richard Norris:

I find the ministers and laity much more warm-hearted than I expected, and, unless something that I can by no means foresee should happen, I shall spend my life in this Conference. There were 41 members when I came here, since then I have taken in seven more; and last week four more persons have professed conversion. The most of my members were women, but we have been making havoc in the devil's ranks by managing to get some of their husbands converted. Three prominent, wealthy, and influential men have joined us in the short time that I have been here. By the blessing of God there is new life in the members. There is a regular Universalist preaching or lecturing here, an Arian or Unitarian church, a Methodist, and Dutch Reformed.

11.—Wrote lines on Bethlehem for my Palestine class.

15.—Had a largely attended prayer meeting—two at the altar and two rose for prayer.

June 21.

To Miss La Monte:

My teacher says if I have patience I will yet learn to sing. I know you laugh at my taking singing lessons, but I'll laugh at you if you don't ride well. Yesterday our choir made three mistakes—say, I am not getting to be a critic!

June 28.

To Miss La Monte:

Yesterday I preached the two poorest sermons I have as yet undertaken to preach. I sometimes think I will give up. It seems to me that my tour in Europe is of more real use to me than all my other life put together.

29.—Read Manfred with beans in my mouth. Now I understand why Demosthenes practiced articulation in a cave. The beans made me open my throat.

July 5.

To Miss La Monte:

Last evening I preached in Clinton Street Church. I had had but little sleep on Saturday night, and my Sunday school labors were equal to a sermon, and by the time night came I was not only hoarse, but had a severe headache. Preaching, I suppose, will never go easily with me. It will always make me nervous.

July 8.—The huge dimensions of my lips with my bronchial throat may, after all my labors, debar all great progress in oratory. But I shall strive on. "Genius is labor." If the man who said that told the truth, then, by the help of God, I'll be a genius, I hope.

Dickinson College on this date conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

10.—Some gleams of light from God's throne shot down into the gloomy caverns of my soul. Help me to preach thy word with power.

July 12.

To Miss La Monte:

I have had a severe difficulty with one of our new converts. He was too self-conceited, and his religion or professed religion did not seem to take away any of his egotism. He had shown it several different ways, and a short time ago he began to tell me that my management of the church was not right. It was more than I could stand without reproof. He went off and told egregious falsehoods, whether intentional or not I will not say, about me. They circulated around pretty freely, but I trust they will not injure the cause of Christ to any extent appreciable. I find it my greatest difficulty to conquer my own evil nature. I used to think before I became a minister that I would have less of the troubles of life; but my severest conflicts have been since I have been trying to serve God in my present calling.

16.—My voice is a great perplexity. I have broken myself, or I think so, from talking and speaking whiningly through my nose. Then, I spoke throaty, and I believe by using green grapes in my mouth I have partially broken myself of that. When shall I get to speak clear, sonorous, heart-searching words right from my lungs' cellar and basement?

18.—Lord, make me useful, and give me a hand in tearing down some of the brazen doors of Satan's hundreds of Bastilles.

22.—I have received some valuable hints from Stevens's Preaching Required by the Times.

July 26.

To Miss La Monte:

I preached in the morning at Chatham, from "The Choice of Moses." After church I went home with a man (Jacobus) four miles in the country and preached in afternoon in a tent which stands beside a church now in process of erection (Livingston). In the evening I preached again, and with more acceptation than at any time during the day. I wound up with a severe headache and nervousness. I fear I shall never get over my nervousness. It must be the remains of my Italian accident. My paper on Béranger is not a *deep piece*—I have contempt for such writing. I would rather write a

page so that everybody can understand me than to write a dozen folios of hieroglyphics.

August 5.—In afternoon read Carlyle's Hero Worship. There are gems of truth in all Carlyle's mud.

7.—I feel very unwell and have done so for six weeks. If I can get a check cashed I will go away.

To Miss La Monte: August 8.

I preached with feeling, although I could hardly stand up. You must have prayed for me.

10.—Went to Long Branch and remained until August 19.

To Miss La Monte: LONG BRANCH, August 16.

I am better than when I left Irvington—I have now a good appetite, but my head aches whenever I attempt to read or write.

17.—A gloomy birthday at Long Branch. I would like to read Macaulay's England through again. I mean the first two volumes, and for the first time the last two. This would improve my style. Then I would like to study Tacitus, Livy, Xenophon, closely. Let it be my life to be instrumental in converting souls and writing a good church history—which shall show God's hand in the development of Christianity. God help me, but shall I live?

To Miss La Monte: IRVINGTON, N. J., August 22.

I do not think my visit to Long Branch has done me much good. It was a relief from study, but my headache returned yesterday with redoubled severity. The doctor thinks it occurs from my severe accident in Italy, together with overtaxed brain.

26.—It peels me to be criticised, but the Lord will help me. O Lord, deliver me from my faults.

To Miss La Monte: August 29.

I am glad to say that I am better now than when I wrote you last, but I am far from well. I haven't the severe headache I had, but am weak. I preached this morning with but little power. I fear the people went to their homes but little profited and interested. What a melancholy sometimes seizes my mind! O Kate, let us fly frequently to the outstretched arms of our dear Redeemer.

September 2.—Mr. Ilsley, my teacher, says I can yet learn how to

sing. Perhaps I will. Have thought a great deal over consecrating my property as well as my mind to the cause of God. I owe the Lord at least a tithe. Have I been asleep?

3.—Went to see Brown, an elocution professor in New York. He says I have great faults to be remedied. Engaged to take lessons from him at $20 for 15 lessons. My music and elocution lessons will conflict with my purse, but what accomplishes me helps to save souls, I trust.

8.—Went into the woods and practiced elocution.

10.—Committed Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius for elocution practice.

13.—Took music lessons. My teacher, Mr. Ilsley, said it would be lost time for me to try to study vocal music—that I had neither voice nor ear. If I live, ask in ten years if I have a voice. I paid him his charge for 9 lessons, $5.63, and left him.

16.—Took elocution lesson of Mr. Brown in New York. I feel that it is in me to make an effective speaker. Nobody believes it, but I do believe by the blessing of God I shall be able to influence an audience in course of time.

17.—Practiced on Hamlet's Soliloquy, and Spartacus's Address to the Gladiators at Capua. My voice seems to have increased in power.

19.—In morning preached on "Sabbath Day" with more preparation than liberty.

20.—Bought old Herbert's poems.

21.—Read a little in Aurora Leigh. . . . Poor people have more in them than the world thinks.

September 23.

To Miss La Monte:

I have just come from a first-rate prayer meeting. It was in a private family. I have a public church prayer meeting on Tuesday evening, on Wednesday evening I have a class meeting, and on Thursday evening I have prayer meetings in different parts of my charge in families. I find these last very successful and influential. There is less of stiffness and reserve at them than there is at some of the others, and altogether I think them more fraught with interest.

25.—Heard from my long-expected books in Halle. They are all bound and are now on the way here. But what a bill!—$253. I only expected about $150. I feel badly about it, for it will interfere materially with my plan for beneficence. Sawed some wood to-day.

26.—In afternoon I went to see a sick old bad man. He is serious and convicted of sin. I believe thou wilt bless him, O Lord, for

thou wouldst never have convicted him unless thou hadst intended his good.

October 3.

To Miss La Monte:

I was in Newark, October 1, at a missionary meeting where Rev. S. L. Baldwin was ordained elder for the China Mission. We had an address from Rev. F. Burns (colored), Bishop of Liberia. I confess I did not like to see him rise and address a missionary meeting, but so appropriate and correct was all he said that I considered his *the* speech of the evening. That night, Friday night, I stayed with an Englishman named Simpson. His wife has a great many of the manuscripts and letters of the Wesleys, Coke, Fletcher, Watson, Clarke, and other distinguished Methodist divines, as well as of other noted men. I was interested with them very much.

October 4.—Spent an hour in Reeves's antiquarian bookstore overhauling old editions of Seneca. Bought a translation of Seneca. Was much encouraged by my elocution master.

6.—Practiced elocution by reading Byron's Isles of Greece.

7.—Reached elocutionist before he was dressed. Had but little spirit, but he encouraged me a great deal. I think it will terminate in much good. I paid him $20 for twelve lessons. I wonder if I ought not to have paid that amount to the missionary cause.

12.—Practiced declamation as usual. My throat seems to be a little smoother than a nutmeg grater.

16.—It is my ambition and, by God's help, I shall make both a speaker and a writer before I die.

17.—In evening preached to the young men from the text, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" Had a good many young men out. God bless every young man who heard me!

18.—Met to form a singing school under Mr. Ilsley, who said he could not teach me anything.

20.—Have received the Memoirs and Remains of R. A. Vaughan. Dr. Whedon has asked me to write a review of it. . . . I believe that the Lord will make a preacher yet of me, after all. Why do I not sleep o' nights? I feel restless. I want in my half-conscious dreams to be speaking before great audiences and enchanting multitudes. Strange that I should have this constant thirst and so little adaptation to satisfy it. The fangs of the adder are suited to his nature; the teeth of the lion to his rapacity; the claws of the sloth to his propensities and nature; but should I, one of God's creatures, too, have no adaptation of my powers to my thirst? The lawyer

can speak with boldness and efficiency before the jury of twelve for his client. Why should I not be able to speak effectively before my little church half full of people *for my God?* I will do it. If it is in me it shall come out. It must come out.

26.—Why were thousands converted under the influence of Whitefield and but half dozens under the preaching of many an obscure pastor who was a better student? There was a power of eloquence and a power from heaven, a human and a divine power, united to produce the marvelous effect. Now, Lord, I do trust thou wilt give me both. I will do what I can toward getting the human. Wilt thou not only increase that, but confer the divine?

28.—I think something will come from my throat yet. The head, heart, throat, and tongue must harmonize to make me a successful preacher.

30.—I do not use the pebbles in my mouth as much as I did. I used to run my words together too much. Mr. Brown thinks I now make too much of a pause between my words. This is the other extreme.

November 1.—Mr. Brown says I am improving. I begin to think there is not so much value in what he says. Yet my increasing congregation says something. Wrote to my friend Paton, of Sheffield, plans of writing an edition of Seneca. Attended stewards' meeting at which two novelties happened—all there in time and their minister overpaid.

November 1.

To Miss La Monte:

Yesterday I preached from the Ministry of Angels, and in evening from Saint Paul's Conversion. I had an unusually good time. My congregation was larger than it had been at all before. I think that, though I fail sometimes, I shall succeed. I see not far ahead of us a bright future—I thank God for the vision.

2.—I think I am improving in speaking. Freeman gave me an idea, namely, speaking from my abdomen. I think I shall now be able to try it, through his hint of getting a richness; but dare I say such a word of my voice?

7.—Preached A. M. on Faith and Works. My tongue was tied. I stammered at times, but I got along; yet, if I had been one of the congregation, I do think I would have left the church without having felt that I had learned anything by coming.

8.—Mr. Brown says I am improving. I would rather see it—I mean feel it. Still, my voice is not so much like a rasp as it was. The

words scraped against the sides of my throat six months ago like a flint along a file.

9.—Wrote to Gould and Lincoln on Vaughan. I would like to edit an edition of the young man's works.

11.—Hoarseness all the week. When God says so I can go no farther. Until he says this I shall try to improve my throat. In early life I lost many hours of improvement because I had no hope of reaching twenty-one years of age. Lord, help me to improve moments in thought. I find it so hard to think without my pen in my hand.

13.—Sent my critique on Studien und Kritiken to Dr. Whedon.

14.—Preached this morning on Religion and Education—Wisdom and Knowledge shall be the stability of the times. I made a fist of it—a dreadful fist. I hope I shall never keep people from reading, or hearing, or visiting, by as unprofitable a sermon as this was.

15.—Saw Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. about editing Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics.

November 15.

To Miss La Monte:

When I remember that I have been preaching nearly a year I wonder that I have not improved myself more. But it takes time for an acorn to make an oak—sometimes it dies in the ground.

November 21.

To Miss La Monte:

I preached on Thanksgiving Day and had a better congregation than is usual on such occasions. I read my sermon, the first that I have done since I have been here. I made Righteousness a crown with three precious jewels set in it. These jewels were Prayer, Patriotism, and Praise—and these were the branches of my subject. I was more satisfied than I usually am.

22.—Started for home. Cold. Took Vaughan's Essays and Remains with me, and slept at night in a dirty bed at Bridgeville.

He spent ten days at his sister's, "Bonnie Brook."

December 5.—My people really seemed glad to see me back again. There is comfort in that.

December 15.

To Miss La Monte:

On Monday I read my Evangelism in Germany before Preachers' Association. Some encomiums were heaped on it. What did me good was that some of our older preachers thought well of it.

January 2, 1859.—Preached in evening on Joy in Heaven over One Sinner that Repenteth. Decided on this text as sun was going down. Never in such a fix before.

January 6.

To Miss La Monte:

Look not upon the gloomy and desponding side—God tells us to hope. The stars shine it, the flowers teach it, the birds sing it, the very sleigh bells, that I now hear ringing past my narrow window, preach it.

7.—My voice is getting to be a little more manageable. I think by the end of five years' constant labor I shall have been able to improve it a great deal. If people with good voices would work on them as much as I do with my bad one, we would have many a Demosthenes, Cicero, and Chrysostom. Labor is intended for a rich field as well as for a poor one.

9.—Preached on The Christian's Duty to the Sinner, in morning —1 Sam. 12. 24. Thought I made an awful fist of it; felt so badly I could hardly conclude with prayer.

11.—Heard my sermon on Sunday morning very highly spoken of. Why is it I am no judge of what I preach?

19.—I am endeavoring now to cultivate the low tones of my voice. How complex a thing is the voice of man! Of nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus 14 muscles alone, or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles ditto 73,741,823; and all in coöperation produce the number I have mentioned; and these independent of different degrees of intensity. What a power is in the voice, if such is the number of tones of which it is capable!

January 27.

To Miss La Monte:

My health, I am thankful to God, has greatly improved. My prospect of life and labor is now very good.

31.—Through labor much can be done. And this is not so much the desperate efforts as the constant efforts. Be it mine to be doing something with my grating diseased throat, every day. Practicing some pieces in Shakespeare: Marullus to the Roman populace; Marcus Brutus on the death of Cæsar; Mark Antony to the people on Cæsar's death. Have practiced these a great deal. I believe they have assisted me, but the minister has more than mere excitement to help him—he has the Holy Spirit.

February 2.

To Miss La Monte:

My people are apparently anxious for me to remain with them. I have never told them the greatest reason (for leaving), that I wish to be married. I have given them one, that I think a young man ought not to stay more than one year in a place, if he would improve.

7.—Worked on a review of last number of Studien und Kritiken which Dr. Whedon requested of me. It was hard work indeed, for no pay and no name. But it is all right if it does good.

8.—Worked a little on review of the Kritiken. It is hard work to get sense out of what has but little. Why can't a German, if he has thoughts, write them down so that people will read them? Surely it is worthy the language of Luther to frame it well.

10.—Preached in evening on "Awake, thou that sleepest"—not much spirit manifested. One converted. That is worth a thousand lives.

13.—Preached with tolerable liberty a Missionary Sermon. Felt rejoiced when people gave about $50—nearly double their custom.

16.—Concluded review of Hours with the Mystics and corrected former part of it so as to get it into Dr. Whedon's hands at an early date.

February 17.

To Miss La Monte:

I fear for my situation next year, not on my own account, for wherever there is a congregation, there it is my business to go and preach.

23.—Talked with Rev. Mr. McElvey (Dutch Reformed) this week on the subject of eloquence. He says I speak too fast and made other strictures, which, though not so pleasant, yet did not come with ill feeling, but with kindness and I dare say with truth. He gave me some hints which he seemed to think I had never heard of, but which I well knew. He says he does not practice; he thinks everybody ought to exercise his voice as much as ¼ hour every day. He little thought, nor did I tell him, that he was talking with one who had spent nearly 400 hours on his voice the past year.

February 24.

To Miss La Monte:

I shall soon leave here, I believe, respected and loved by my people and congregation. To think that I have done some good will be the pleasantest treasure I can bear away with me. In our prayer

meeting last night one penitent was at the altar. I find the people, many of them, strongly objecting to my leaving. A blacksmith, an ignorant man and a member of no church, says he thinks he will have to go to Conference and petition for me to return. This I consider a compliment—the greatest one I have had from any source. If the common people can understand me, I do feel that my labors have been useful.

28.—Went to Astor Library and read Davies's Holland in preparation for my lecture on Holland.

March 3.

To Miss La Monte:

I have been writing a lecture on Holland to deliver in this village. It is one of a course by different persons. I have studied the matter very closely, and, with the addition of my experience in that country, I hope to give something of interest to-morrow evening. I have just finished it—it will be over an hour long in the delivery. Either it will be a very great bore or it will be something of a treat.

I have no idea of where I shall go after leaving here—perhaps back in the mountains, though I do hope not, on your account as well as my own. But I trust we shall not have to stay in the mountains long, at any rate, should we even have to go there.

March 10.

To Miss La Monte:

Well, my lecture on Holland is over. I had a large and flattering audience—the largest according to the weather that has been at any of the lectures. It was highly spoken of, more so than I would like to write you; I would write you, but I know very well that you would not burn it, even though I should request it.

March 17.

To Miss La Monte:

Last night, after I had taken tea with one of the most prominent members, about eight o'clock in marched couple after couple until the room was filled. Then commenced a speech to me by one of the men. After finishing he handed me a purse "in the name of the ladies of the church." I replied, of course, as they seemed to expect one. After that we had music, refreshments, and a very pleasant time. The purse was afterward counted and found to contain more than $50. Sometimes presents are made to ministers, which from the manner of doing make him feel more like a beggar than otherwise. But this was done well. I had a hint that *something was on the carpet,* but still I was surprised. It affords me no little gratification to know that they wish

me to return. In fact, I have had to defend my course every day for three weeks now. But the people will not swallow what I say.

17.—Told Brother Porter I wanted to be married and wished a married man's appointment. He talked pleasantly and assented.

26.—Had a surprise of a little storybook from two girls. They wanted to give me something and knew not what better. I appreciated it as if it had been a lost book of Livy.

On the twenty-seventh a class of ten girls gave him a copy of Stevens's History of Methodism, in three volumes, "as a memento of affection for one who cared for the 'Lambs of the Flock.' "

28.—In looking back on the Conference year now ending I am glad to see that the spiritual condition of the church is much better, their benevolent contributions more than double, and their pastor's salary seventy dollars ahead of the previous year. One of the greatest things I have learned is to work, even though I cannot see success ahead, as though it were there. The greatest acquisition of the year is a taste for preaching. It goes very hard now sometimes, yet I no longer look upon the ministry as below the other professions, but now as the most honorable.

April 4.—Started for Conference this morning. Reached Haverstraw and put up at the house of Leonard Gurnell—a very pleasant home.

5.—To-day examined on Watson's Institutes, Wesley's Perfection, geography, grammar, and sermon.

6.—Bishop Simpson looked very feeble, but I think many prayers went up for his speedy restoration to good health. There was an affecting time at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

7.—Conference proceedings were conducted in the calmest spirit of Christian love.

9.—Walked up, with Dr. Crane and several others, the Great Thorn, the mountain that rises back of Haverstraw—a beautiful view we had of the Hudson and the fields back of the mountain.

11.—Appointments read out—mine at Passaic, New Jersey. Very unfavorable reports of it, but still I hope to do some good there. Slept but little. Not satisfied with appointment, but say nothing. Hope to see the day when my appointment will depend less on the dictum of elders and bishops than the will of the people. But God knows what is right.

From daguerreotype, taken in 1850, soon after their marriage.

JOHN F. HURST AND CATHERINE E. (LA MONTE) HURST.

XXIV

At Passaic

April 13, 1859.—Find my new place small, neglected. The Methodists in the background, the congregation a handful.

14.—Bad cold.—Fear that all my elocution lessons will do me little good. But still I may have some power after all to do something in the way of public speaking. During the last year I thought it would be next to impossible for me to do anything but write a little, yet I know not that either my tongue or pen will ever do anything worth the world's remembrance. But as God will.

Passaic, N. J., April 14.

To Miss La Monte:

Though urged, I may say to the last, to return to Irvington, I still refused and determined to take a married man's appointment. That appointment is Passaic, a small village on the New York and Erie Railroad, about twelve miles or a half-hour's ride from Jersey City. There are not more than half the members here that I had at Irvington, and in many other respects it is not so desirable a place to live at. The church is not so neat, but equally as commodious. The place is made up of the Dutch Reformed altogether. They have the power and wealth. The parsonage adjoins the church. It is a neat little house, much better than the parsonages of larger places. It is furnished to a great extent. The latter part of week after next, or about Tuesday the 3d of May, we will, if it suits you and we are spared, be married. I want you to have as good a home as possible, but I cannot promise you much in this place. We must get along as best we can and hope for a better residence after leaving here. My salary is not very large here—$400. I think you will be happy here.

17.—Preached in the morning to 38 people on the Ascension of Christ. Sunday school, 30. Throat choky. Maybe that throat will, after all, do nothing but guzzle down. I wish it may thrill up.

18.—At Dr. Howe's doing a mere nothing, not even thinking, or reading, or scarcely living.

April 20.

To Miss La Monte:

To-day the former pastor has left the parsonage, and they have commenced to clean it throughout. It will be done by Saturday night next. I think we can be married next week. . . . I like Passaic better than at first.

23.—Nothing done again this week. I must make up for it somehow when I get settled in parsonage with a wife. The Lord make me happy when I get one.

Sunday, 24.—In evening preached on the Sower and the Seed. Congregation much larger than before.

25.—Started for Charlotteville to get married. Met Wellington, Kate's brother, on street. We took Albany boat at 6 P. M.

26.—In morning found ourselves aground 10 miles below Albany. Reached Albany too late for Charlotteville stage.

27.—Stage for Charlotteville. A long, tedious day—10½ at Charlotteville.

28.—Married at 7 o'clock in morning by David La Monte, Kate's uncle. Started immediately for Albany. Stopped at Delavan House.

29.—Paid $8 for night's lodging. Took New York boat. As fine a day as I ever saw. The Hudson was glorious. In evening at home. where we found a company ready to receive us. Supper ready.

30.—A few people called in, but they were very slow about it.

Mr. Charles M. Howe, of Passaic, says:

In addition to his regular church work, he went quite regularly to the "Notch" and preached on Sundays in the afternoon. "Notch" appointment was a neighborhood some four miles from Passaic, or Aquackanonck, as it was then called. Whenever the pastor was unable to go, Dr. Howe went himself and would preach. Often there would be an audience of only from four to ten people present. The church and parsonage were about one mile from the center of the village and, although I was only a young boy, I well remember walking down with our school teacher every night to sleep in the parsonage as protectors, while the pastor was away on his wedding trip. The life and preaching of Mr. Hurst were of such a high standard, and made such an impression on our village, that for years his services have always been referred to with marked kindness and regard.

May 1.—Rode with Dr. Howe over to Boiling Spring to reconnoiter the ground a little. In evening had a large congregation and preached on Reading.

2.—This week betook myself to study in earnest. Practiced elocution every day.

3.—On Sunday morning I find my thoughts greatly exalted by speaking Coleridge's Ode in Chamouny. It elevates my feelings and often puts me in a preaching frame.

6.—This week getting naturalized to my books once more—the carpenter is looking over his handled, loved tools again.

7.—Practiced elocution in morning and sawed wood in the afternoon. Was all in a sweat from it.

12.—(New York) Tract Society Anniversary. Speeches by Dr. Kirk, Missionary Vrooman, and Henry Ward Beecher. The last was a great one and well done. It was a rebuke to the American Tract Society on slavery issues. He far surpasses Spurgeon in several characteristics of greatness. Without indorsing his antislavery ultraism, I admire his boldness and steadfastness of purpose. He preaches with an aim.

15.—I preached on Christ raised as Moses raised the serpent—at Germantown. Talked to Germans in their own language for the first time.

16.—Believe that my voice is improving some little. Have given myself more to the Lord. His giving me health and a desire to build up my voice seems to be an indication that he intends at least to make something out of me.

19.—I am trying to make arrangements to have the backs put on the benches in the basement of the church. People must be made comfortable, or they will stay at home.

22.—Preached in the morning on Christ the Vine. Led the Sunday school class. Preached in German at Germantown, and in evening to young men. I think it the hardest day's work I have ever done. Some pain in my chest after all over.

27.—In New York trying to make arrangements for a German preacher for Germantown.

30.—Elmore (brother-in-law) told me my voice was melodious—the first praise it has ever received in my hearing. I fear he was flattering.

June 13.—Went to Germantown to see about getting a new church for the Germans.

17.—Went to Boiling Spring to meet German preacher. In rain few hours.

19.—Preached with more earnestness than thought.

21.—Commenced attending lessons with Professor Taverner, of New York, teacher of Drs. Bellows, Chapin, McClintock, Crooks, and Milburn. He is very theoretical; still I hope to be very materially benefited.

27.—Had the blues most dreadfully. In my room without doing anything save looking out of my window into my back yard.

July 1.—Tried more than ever I did to *think out* a sermon. Extempore writing is worthless.

22.—My mind has been more than ordinarily impressed with the

holiness and sacrifice of my calling. I think God has never shown me before its extreme responsibility—perhaps because he, the All-Wise, knew that it would be overpowering unless he showed it to me more gradually. Whitefield's zealous, burning heart has impressed me wonderfully. It is a scorching rebuke to unworthy, inactive me. I have, notwithstanding a defective elocution and weak lungs, determined resolutely that I will not compromise my calling by dabbling in literary sketches to the neglect of my ministry. I have, it is true, a small parish—not thirty souls all told, who are members of my church. This was very discouraging at first. It is now sometimes. But they are souls, and for them I am bound to labor. They need far more than I can give them, and therefore they are entitled to all I can do for them. I will try to do the work of an evangelist. But I am not what I ought to be. I have not felt in my own soul the higher enjoyment which I really believe is permitted to those who seek it. I wish sanctification (for that is what I mean) had some other name that would be less startling to me. But purity of heart I have never had as some have enjoyed. I must commence what I left off in the early part of my college course under Dr. J. T. Peck. God help me now to begin again to labor in earnest for it. The use of tobacco I must forever relinquish. It is injurious to my throat and necessarily interferes with my speech. May I lay aside every weight and the sin that most easily besets me! Thou, God, art the only witness of my heart at this time. Give me grace to persevere in my duty and obligations and resolutions.

From the third of January, 1860, I begin to write up the neglected spaces in this Journal from July, 1859. Here is a period of nearly six months, and in this are embraced some of the most important events of my life. I can safely say that my difficulties have been in a certain sense the sorest in all my experiences, as this account will show. Yet what I have done and resolved to do will perhaps have a more decided influence on my future labor than my previous preparations.

My small congregation has had a very depressing influence upon me. The Dutch Reformed Church having evening services in the winter, I have been deprived of their congregation, with a part of which I had been favored once on Sabbath in the summer months. My congregation scarcely averages fifty, perhaps not more than forty. With every desire to be successful, and only successful in the measure of usefulness to God, I have tried to increase the number of my auditors. I cannot get full seats. Yet I will labor on and pray much to God that I may be instrumental in salvation. I need not conceal that the

slender audience I have has been a saddening cause of religious despondency. It seems as if I do no good whatever, as if I am worthless, that I shall never be useful. I have consequently become very much dissatisfied with my situation at Passaic. I always think of leaving, and yet I have refused all overtures to go elsewhere. I think I have as much reason to be chained here and yet preach as Paul had, while fastened to a Roman soldier.

I merit no more hearers than I have; alas, they are enough souls to answer for at the judgment bar, and enough to feed with spiritual truth. I cannot depend on my audience, therefore, for inspiration. My help must come from God. Frequently my audience is not over twenty-five. To-night (7th) my wife says we had a good congregation last Sabbath. "Yes," said I, "I counted thirty." I had been forming habits of thought for use in addressing audiences, but since I have been in Passaic it has been almost impossible for me to think in my hours of solitude of expressions and ideas to use to my people on the next Sabbath. I cannot study and observe with the reference to my pulpit that I would like. Yet I find it easier to preach to a handful of people than when I first commenced dealing with such a quantity. A few weeks ago I preached at Bloomfield for the Rev. S. H. Opdyke. His congregation numbered 70, and afterward he regretted to me the small number. I told him I felt quite inspired in addressing them because they so far exceeded my own. Thus I find I can adapt myself better to a few than before.

To the same cause, a small congregation, I must attribute my diminishing attention to the study of elocution. I have bought Bautain on Extempore Speaking and am reading it now. I think it the best work that I have ever examined, tending to improve the elocutionary powers. Every day before dinner I read ten pages of Paradise Lost, sometimes sitting, but oftener standing. This I read more for the maintenance of my strength of voice than for the acquisition of more. I cannot improve and nurse my voice with that interest which I exercised formerly, simply because my auditors are so few. I can work against nature in the cultivation of my vocal organs, but it seems more than I can do to recite soliloquies and dramatic scenes as I did in Irvington, and have but a handful of auditors next Sabbath. But perhaps it is well that I quit this, and maybe my handful are blessing me with a richer gift than Trinity Church could confer. I will try to think so, at least. Yet I intend to continue reading to my wife from some work of poetry or history, so that my voice may not be like an undrawn and rusty sword on the coming Sabbath day. This I shall do, because I think it my duty both for my health and

future success. I have a belief that in time I shall have more people to visit and be improved by in the work, as well as to preach to on the Sabbath. If I deserve, the Lord will give them; if not, may he keep me in Passaic till the day of my death! I think, however, that the kind Being who has bent me into a vocation so much against my will and restored my health against my or my friends' expectation and led me to improve an almost incorrigible voice, at least somewhat, will still be my protector, and will not allow my feet to slip. This is my prayer, yea, my faith; I shall battle on. Soon the spring will be here, and then my congregation will grow perhaps from a new bleaching factory, erected half a mile from the church, together with some of the Dutch whose hour of evening worship will be changed to the afternoon. How much I think of one who comes to my church! I meet a man next day and give him a warm wish for happiness as I grasp his hand. But God leads me down into the valley to show me where my strength lies. Still, I will not say that I comprehend the Providence that has brought me to Passaic—that I must leave for the future.

In regard to my spiritual experience. My mind has been much employed in the investigation of the doctrine of sanctification. I have always had a prejudice to that portion of Methodist doctrine, based, of course, on an entire disbelief in the power of acquiring such a blessing. Nor have I been free from this since my entrance into the ministry. I have been more convinced by the holy life of individuals than by doctrinal statements of the subject that there is a very lofty position in Christian life which most religious people never reach. Fletcher's life and deeds are more to my satisfaction than both his and Wesley's writings. I will not depreciate a work which I have lately read on the subject, Peck's Christian Perfection. I think it a most admirable book and highly satisfactory, though I regret that so much space has been employed in controversy and clearing the way to his more positive arguments and experience. These are what we need, what Methodism needs, what the world needs for the active employment and enjoyment of this great truth. To the mentioned work I feel indebted to a great extent, but as yet I am in the dark, and I know not when I shall be admitted to the full light of religion. I pray some days very ardently for this great blessing, then again its importance does not press upon me for some time. What I need is a constant sense of its necessity to my usefulness and the development of my spiritual nature. I see so much that I could remedy if relieved of sin. O that sin were eradicated from my heart, that I might not suffer by these uprisings of passion and feeling!

Now, when made holy, sin will be cast out, the viper gone, though I am sure that temptation will be presented to me all along my path in life. I now have the power to conquer every spiritual foe, but I want to be relieved as much as possible of the struggle. Do I mistake the doctrine? I hope not. This much I know; there is such a truth as holiness for man. Prayer will make an application of the boon to me. Why need I stop to question how all this is to be done? God in his good pleasure will devise a means for my salvation, if I act according to my present light. The Israelites did right in marching directly down to the shore of the Red Sea. It was not their place to inquire how the Lord would save them and destroy their pursuing enemy. Now I am determined by the grace of God to go on in the pursuit of holiness. I pray God to give me strength and a continued purpose that I may continue, if for life, the ardent struggle for the great boon.

In composition have been doing a little. Hours with the Mystics has lain in Dr. Whedon's drawer for a year, he telling me frequently that he hoped soon to be able to use it. The other day he told me that he would like me to take it home and after reading in Blair's Rhetoric his chapters on the Structure of Sentences to revise it. I have read those chapters and am thankful from the bottom of my heart for the Doctor's advice. I soon after read over my article and, as highly labored as it undoubtedly was, I would not have seen it in print for anything. Indeed, I am startled that I had let such a composition leave my room. I made the resolution to think more and write less some months ago, but I can only perceive a very slight improvement. Yet in this, as in other difficulties, by prayer and steady effort I think I shall be successful.

Some weeks ago I paid a visit to my friend Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. He told me much of his great success, his multitudes for a congregation, his salary, his preaching. How little I felt as he told me these things. We are both travelers abroad, and both alike in many respects. Now he is popular, courted, lecturing everywhere, living like a lord; and I am in a country village, with but forty for a congregation, $450 for a salary, and no personal sympathy scarcely from any people in the community. Must I freeze at this rate? Am I to vegetate like a weed and shed no fragrance on any circle of humanity? It sometimes seems to me as if I am nothing and can be nothing. Then, again, I think that God has not made me to swing my little lamp in a gloomy mine, but has made me able to build a beacon-light on some grand mountain cliff. How impenetrable is the future! Can it be seen? No, I cannot guess at

it even. God make me influential for good! If power, influence would alienate me, then make me as the chaff which the wind drives away. How I would like to lead such a noble life as Robert Hall's! He suffered almost continually, and yet how persistent in the cause of truth, how filled with an idea of his impotence, how full of the Spirit of Christ! Some are masters of the pen, some are gifted in many other respects, but he was a master in the art of thinking. Ay, that is an art; happy he who learns it.

One reason why I have succeeded no better in the pulpit exists in my desire to do too many things. I wish sometimes I had not so many books. I was seized the other day with a desire to commence the reading of Schlosser's World History. It would never do for me to do that. True, it would be storing my mind with facts, but in the same time I could master several commentaries more profitably to the wants of sinful men. So I have determined to use Schlosser only for reference. Neither can I write on any subject that fancy may light upon. I can do most when I write and think and read on kindred subjects.

When I was in college I was made to believe that I was somewhat of a writer. But of late I have begun to think myself very indirect, pointless, and inaccurate in my writing. Dr. Whedon, too, is very severe on me, and I feel quite downhearted after every conversation with him. My only source of encouragement is simply this—I like to write. There is nothing, save warm preaching to an attentive congregation, that makes me forget time and self, like writing. Let it lie a while. I then wonder at my folly. Perhaps the whole sketch would disgrace my name forever in this life if it were published. I must take more time; study good models. Then I will do more. I trust that God may teach me how to work in the true way to do the most good.

Sunday, January 1, 1860.—I have been impressed very seriously by reading Barnes's Comment on the First Chapter of John's Gospel. He there lays it down as a principle that a minister must place Christ first of all, not himself. I fear that this idea has not been prominent enough in my preaching. May I forget myself in the magnitude of my message received from God my Father!

January 27.—I have of late found out a very great error of mine in the preparation of sermons: I had always something of a plan in mind before commencing, but it was not full enough. I had not taken enough views of the subject. My design was to develop one idea of the text instead of bringing out as many ideas as the text contained. I am trying now to remedy this defect. I am learning to

be more judicious in my remarks about others. Perhaps I have been too communicative and free in my manner. I will not indulge in too much levity, but try to live in all soberness with the fear of God before my eyes. I have held myself aloof from the un-Methodist portion of this little community hitherto; and I trust for the last time. But I must learn my duty so slowly! I would that I could know my whole field of duty in one short hour. O God, I beseech thee to grant me some years of life after thou hast shown me my whole field of duty.

My plan of study at present is:

5½ A. M.—Rise—Prayer—Meditation—Reading Watson's Theology.

7½ A. M.—Breakfast—Reading N. Y. Times—2 chapters in Old Testament—2 chapters in Kitto, corresponding thereto as nearly as may be—1 chapter in Barnes's Notes. These I try to finish by 10 A. M. or thereabout.

10.—Study of sermons.

12.—Theological studies—mostly doctrinal.

1½ P. M.—Reading Milton—Declamation or some vocal exercise.

2.—Dinner.

3.—Pastoral work. Miscellaneous reading. Church duties, or the study of homiletics.

This rule I vary somewhat, for the mind will not do machine work.

January 30.—I have received great advantage from a Scotchman residing in our village—a teacher named Duncan Campbell. He excels in three respects: the faculty of teaching, a knowledge of scriptural facts, a very correct use of language. The greatest service I have derived from Mr. Campbell is in respect to my use of words. I felt badly at some of his corrections. Indeed, I thought, as to some of the phrases attributed to me, that I did not use them in speech at all. Behold he was right, for I subsequently found myself using the same expressions. In another sense has Mr. Campbell improved me: he has corrected me where his opinion was the reverse of mine as to the propriety of the matter; but on deliberation I have invariably come to the conclusion that he was right. In this connection I cannot forget the feelings instilled into my mind by the reading of Dr. Macduff's Footsteps of St. Paul. I thank God it has fallen into my hands. It was loaned me by a dying old man.

My friends in this place are kinder than I deserve. Some days ago sausage was sent in to us by our friends; then coal, then pork and other things. Not the value of gifts, but the heart which they betoken, is of importance to me.

I have of late read Ruskin's Lamps of Architecture. How beauti-

fully does he introduce and explain a Scripture truth with his secular cause! I would that I could build such beautiful temples on such noble foundations. But my work is greater than his. I would rather lead one soul to Christ than build enough stately churches for the world's worship, or to be Giotto or Angelo. I like much Hugh Miller. I have been reading aloud his Testimony of the Rocks; how grand and gorgeous is his language; how rational his conclusions! Worthy such an author of human memory and love. God be thanked that he could not destroy what he had performed. One may end his life, but he cannot end his works. I hope to become a tolerable potter of English. I would only become such in order to make people love the Lord more.

February 10.—My friends at my little Notch appointment have raised a purse of $15 and given it to me as a token of their esteem.

March 1.—O for seals to my ministry! I sometimes wish that I had to preach every day in one place or another. When I consider how lifeless I am, how seldom I preach, how ineffective even in the pulpit, I feel like casting my books into the flames and rushing forth to preach on street corners and on wharves, anywhere, to be the means of saving some immortal souls. But I will wait and mayhap God will show me something more to do.

8.—Jersey City. Heard H. Grattan Guinness preach. His greatness, in my opinion, consists in his frequent quotations from the Scriptures, surprising you with one after his statement of a truth. Also he is so lucid in his words, so natural and withal so really but not vehemently earnest. Maybe God will give me a quiver and bow some day.

12.—Attended Preachers' Association. Read my essay on Etheridge's Adam Clarke. Returned home refreshed in spirit.

14.—Requested by Committee to make one of the addresses of the Bible anniversary at Conference. I consented with reluctance.

16.—In evening Mrs. H. and I were surprised by a visit from about thirty of our friends, nearly all outside of the church. When the company left we found ourselves possessed of $31 in money, some provisions, and a fine rooster. A pleasant episode this in our monotonous Passaic life.

18.—In view of my repeated failures to keep my appetite in subjection, I form this solemn resolution, asking God's assistance toward its strict observance:

1. Before each meal to pray to God to help me to be temperate at the table and eat nothing that I know to disagree with me; also to be very sparing of what does suit me.

2. To eat nothing between my meals, not even a bonbon.

3. To eat no meat at supper, very sparingly of preserved fruits, *no rich cake.*

4. To eat nothing before retiring to bed.

April 4.—Hackettstown. Conference opened this morning. Bible meeting to-day. The speakers were J. O. Winner, J. F. Hurst, T. H. Landon, J. R. Bryan, and W. Dwight, of Constantinople. I didn't fail, but came a very short distance from it.

7.—Spent the evening at home and thought over my morrow's ordination.

8.—Afternoon rode over with four other candidates for deacon's orders to Vienna. The sermon was delivered by James Ayres on Giving a Reason for the Hope Within You. Afterward Bishop Scott ordained us to the holy office of the ministry.

He was reappointed to Passaic.

11. New York.—Made purchases of Macknight on the Epistles. The author is Calvinistic and thus renders some passages, but he gives the sinew of the truth of God.

May 14.—Boy (John La Monte) born at 11½ A. M. Perfect and well. That night at family prayer we dedicated him to God.

July 2.—This day married my first couple. In afternoon the dear baby was baptized by Dr. John S. Porter.

Mr. F. A. Wilcox, of New York, says:

I recall spending a most happy Fourth of July as a guest at the Bishop's modest home at Passaic Bridge. I had been thrown into the somewhat Bohemian life of a New York law student at that period, with restraints a little slackened, but was greatly impressed with the beautiful Christian atmosphere that pervaded that happy household. It was an incentive to good which had a lasting effect on me.

August 19.—Should I die without the time for witnessing let this be known: I die with Christ, consequently I expect to live with him.

He made his first trip to Niagara Falls in late August, taking in Trenton Falls and Sharon Springs on his return.

November 26.—Within the last two months I have spent some six dollars more than I ought to have done. May God pardon me for my extravagance and lead me to better deeds.

December 1.—To-day sent off my first article on Foreign Religious Literature to the Methodist.

Of his work in Passaic Dr. John M. Howe says:

Methodism, up to this pastorate, had made but little impression upon the community. Mr. Hurst's influence helped us somewhat with those who had previously looked down upon us. His handsome deportment and services essentially promoted the welfare of the church.

XXV

At Elizabethport, Fulton Street

His assignment at the Conference session of 1861 to Fulton Street Church, Elizabethport, was a distinct promotion and recognition of the growing power of the zealous and industrious young pastor. Mrs. M. A. Huntsman, one of his most helpful and efficient members here, gives the following testimony of this pastorate:

When he arrived here we had only one stove, in a rented parsonage, and no money in the treasury. Brother Hurst appeared not at all discouraged. It was about four weeks before we got things arranged for proper housekeeping. Very soon he became acquainted with all the members of our church as well as the general public who were not members, particularly the young people, with whom he was a great favorite. The attendance increased and his work was blessed by adding many members to our church.

His position and influence during these troublous days of the republic are well set forth by W. W. Park, a member of this church, who also gives loving tribute to his pastor's work and character:

The stirring times of '61 and '62 were fraught with much concern to the church as well as our country. He, being a young man, was fired with zeal for God, church, and country, and well do I remember the stirring appeals made by him from pulpit and rostrum in behalf of the union of the states. These were heroic utterances, in a heroic time, of a heroic man, and it required a man of sterling qualities to

stem the disloyal spirit that prevailed in this section of Jersey at that time.

The quiet, thoughtful demeanor of John F. Hurst as pastor, student, scholar, teacher—for he was a preacher in every sense, a teacher of the Word, deep in thought, impressive in delivery, simple and childlike in manner—left an impress on the minds and hearts of all who listened, which remains to this day. I remember on one occasion, when he was preaching on loyalty to God and country, a man occupying a seat in the gallery followed him *sotto voce,* through the entire discourse, to his annoyance. In closing he arose in majesty and, with a keen wit cutting to the quick, administered such a rebuke to that disturber that he quailed before it, sneaked away, and never annoyed again.

A congregation of three or four hundred greeted him, and often more. The pent-up powers of mind and heart burst forth in all their eloquence, grace, and spirit. Here he organized the first young people's class, he being its first president or leader. That class was a grand success, and its influence remains to this day. There was much opposition to its formation. It was thought to be an innovation upon the right and discipline of the church. But withal it lived, thrived, and is a strong auxiliary to the church to-day. When we think of the great work of the young people's societies of to-day, and the wonderful progress they have made in the various lines of good in the church and world, may we not claim for our beloved pastor, John F. Hurst, the honor of first organizing the young people for work, in the early sixties?

Another phase of his struggle with the question of writing books as related to his work as a minister appears in a record of September 19:

Never until now have I been able to see truly that I must perform one work. I had great plans for reading history and biography, also for writing my contemplated History of Rationalism, for which I have been collecting materials at great expense of time and money. I should have but little to do save letting my pen run. I have pretty well mastered the theme. But I will not write it until doomsday, sooner than I will infringe one particle on my ministerial vocation. My letters to the Methodist for children I will continue, as I only use an hour or two of recreation in the work for that purpose. May the Lord bless the household of J. W. Alexander for that noble man's work on Preaching. I cannot estimate the good it has done me.

The heart and household of the parson at "The Port" were gladdened on December 30, 1861, by the arrival of their second child, a daughter, to whom was given the name of Clara.

The people of his congregation planned and carried to success a surprise upon their pastor and his wife on February 24, 1862, leaving them in possession of purses containing $100 for him and $17 for her, "pin money," as it was termed, and also very delightful memories of this united expression of appreciation and good will. The large company came to the parsonage in the absence of the family, and not the least amusing circumstance was the objection made by the servant in charge to the acts of the committee of ladies, who went early. She "knew Mrs. Hurst wouldn't like it," and advised them to "wait till she came home"; and it was only by the opportune arrival of a very intimate friend of the family that her fears were quieted, and she allowed them to go on without hindrance.

At the fifth session of the Conference in 1862 he delivered a most instructive and impressive address upon the Tract Cause, and was ordained elder by Bishop Thomas A. Morris. During the second summer of this pastorate Mrs. Hurst and the two young children spent the most of August at Flemington, New Jersey, at the parsonage with Rev. S. H. Opdyke and family, and the letters of the husband and father during this separation reveal among other things his lighter vein of humor and methods of recreation:

August 3.—I am greatly troubled about my celery—it won't grow a bit. I don't know what I shall do to coax it along. If I knew of anybody that has been in the habit of using beer, I might get a little to give to it for its health. I must either replant or you will have to do without.

6.—I pulled the cucumbers yesterday and am going to pickle them to-night. There were seven nice ones. Two tremendous ones I found had grown old and yellow.

Here is a hint as to how he organized a fishing party and what were the spoils:

11.—I have got splendid crab bait. I shall have a good lunch. Several of the preachers have sent notes saying they cannot come. I wish Opdyke were here to go fishing with us to-day. I don't know what I shall do with all our fish. Poor things, they little dream of what havoc we are going to make.

12.—Well, my party disappointed me sadly. None came except Dr. Porter and Brother Buttz. Booth, the young man from Brooklyn, who preached for me Sunday night, and his friend, and John Porter completed our party. We had everything good and fine. Mrs. Porter had a splendid dinner, which we were so anxious to eat that we got tired of fishing very soon. We caught nothing but one toad fish, which Buttz caught, and we threw over for good luck. We landed on Shooter's Island about 11½ o'clock and stretched ourselves out and had a first-rate dinner. Then we talked, and talked until it was time for me to go home. We had a fair wind home, but no sail, yet we wanted to sail. What should we do? We had a big piece of old dirty torn canvas, so we hoisted that on two oars and with that we *sailed* home amid the applause of every boat's crew that we passed.

To John and Clara. 13.—I must tell you before I go to bed how much I think of you and how often I call to mind your dear little faces. Wouldn't you like to go to our picnic next Wednesday? Well, get mamma to put you into a good little flour bag and give you to the stage driver and have him send you down to me. Wouldn't we have a good time? Then, after we had taken a good many little walks I *might* send you back again to Flemington. For tea, which I *prepared* myself, I ate *six pears*. I think you would like to have a taste of them. I bought them from an old German woman who was around with a wagon load this morning.

To Mrs. Hurst. 19.—I must tell that yesterday I did what I have long intended to do about writing for the Methodist. I told Dr. Crooks I was tired of the Children's Stories, at which he expressed his regret. He told me I could have a respite of six weeks if I liked and then could go at it again. But I told him that I thought he had better put the matter in other hands. He then consented and asked me to translate some German theological articles at my leisure. This I consented to do, for it would be according to my taste. I can select them from my own books on hand and need never feel hurried.

He was after this persuaded to furnish many more stories.

September 27.—(Plan of work.)

5 A. M.—Devotion—Declamation—Scripture Verses.
7 —Breakfast.
8½ —Sermon.
11 —Exercise.
12 M. —Writing.
1 P. M. —Dinner.
Tuesday and Friday—Pastoral Visiting.
Wednesday and Thursday—Miscellaneous Reading.

This new plan has been made to relieve a weakness of my eyes caused by writing early in the morning.—J. F. H.

October 1.—Commenced writing essays for Herzog's Encyclopædia to-day at 4¼ o'clock P. M.

November 12.—Commenced on Rationalism and Its Later Phases. May God inspire me to write it in such a way that some men of this land may be saved from the blight of a wrecked faith in God's Word!

1863, February 2.—Heard Wendell Phillips lecture on the Lost Arts. The most masterly performance I ever listened to.

8.—Missionary day. Dr. Carlton preached. Collection $130, or nearly double any previous collection.

11.—Prayer meeting in church in evening. More interest than in any previous meeting. One lady came to the altar and was converted. She was a boatman's wife from Lockport, N. Y. Her face was indicative of her peace with God.

12.—Have just read an excellent little work, The Still Hour. I do not fulfill one of its principal requisites, *time enough in prayer.* I would that I could talk more with God.

15.—Mariner's Harbor. At close of services was visited by committee from Hedding Church, Jersey City. They proposed my going there.

17.—After prayer meeting returned home and found a surprise party. Dr. Carlton addressed me and gave me an album containing $100. A small sum of $15 was handed to Mrs. Hurst.

24.—Spent most of the time in copying from a German translation of Rose on Rationalism. The only copy I have been able to get, and this from the Library of Union Theological Seminary.

25.—Concluded Rose on Rationalism. Want to get material at command so as to go right to work when I reach another place. I think I can preach as well and work thus for the press too.

March 2.—Spent day mostly in old bookstores in Nassau Street. Purchased Lodge's translation of all Seneca's Works.

5.—Heard that the people of Hedding Church were changing their

mind about having me preach for them. I know that Providence will do all right, but how hard for me to keep my finger out.

7.—Talked calmly and kindly to a man who has reviled me. He confessed his sin. He was a steward in the church.

9.—New York. Expected pleasant time and was very much disappointed. Had but little business, *ergo*, I conclude not to go any more to New York without business.

12.—In evening in Brooklyn heard Wendell Phillips lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture. I have never seen the equal of this man Phillips, much as I dislike his politics.

25.—Conference met at Jersey City. Appointed one of Committee to publish Minutes. Examined class of candidates for probationship in the Conference.

27.—Much excitement about my appointment. The prospect is for Staten Island.

28.—Invited to take charge of Bayard Street Church. Declined it, as that would place me in New Brunswick—out of the Conference.

29.—In evening went to John Street M. E. Church and spoke there on missions.

30.—Was told that my appointment would be Water Street, Elizabeth.

31.—Conference closed to-night at 11 o'clock. Sent to Elizabeth. O that many souls may be converted there! Then will I rejoice with joy unspeakable.

XXVI

At Elizabeth, Water Street

His appointment to the Water Street Church, Elizabeth, was another advance in the Conference. In 1867 Water Street was changed in name to Elizabeth Avenue, and the church name was also changed and remained Elizabeth Avenue until the society merged with Saint Paul's in 1877 to form the present Saint James, the first opening service occurring April 15. His Journal and letters give the most faithful picture of this important pastorate:

April 1, 1863.—Arrived at home again after a long week's absence. The dear children I was so glad to see again. May the Lord spare them and make them both useful to the world, is my most fervent prayer.

9.—Moved up to Elizabeth. Had a reception. Full house and warm greetings.

27.—Read a sermon yesterday on Unity with Christ. Heard criticisms on it afterward from Mr. Denman. "Why did you read last Sunday?" "Because I liked the change for sake of variety and I can thus please another class who don't like extempore discourse." "O, we all like extempore discourse. There is no division on that subject; our people like *preaching*, not *reading*." What a blow was that! But the next thing he said melted me: "I heard a man say, 'He must have borrowed that read sermon from somebody else.'" I think now I am almost cured of reading sermons. I can't stand a thrust like that.

May 3.—I have been reading McCheyne's great success in preaching. May God grant me an earnest work of revival here! I would willingly sacrifice everything, even life.

13.—Finished after repeated failures my first chapter on Rationalism. It has grown from a few to many pages, owing to later investigations. I trust God will make it useful to the young men of this great land.

July 4.—Spoke an address at Tottenville, Staten Island. Caught a severe cold.

5.—Fainted publicly in the congregation this A. M. while Dr. Porter was preaching. Cause, exhaustion from yesterday's labor. Fell against the stove. Hurt my head and back. Did not feel alarmed on awaking. Felt safe in God's hands.

7.—Much recovered from my fall. Resolved on a new method of preaching—to preach one year *memoriter* one sermon, the other *extempore*. This I do for experiment and if successful to continue.

11.—Commenced translation of a volume of Tholuck's Sermons.

14.—Wrote two pages in History of Rationalism. First for a good while.

18.—On my knees I declare that in future I will be the black man's friend, and if my previous course has seemed dubious may God forgive me. The riots in New York have disgusted me with conservatism.

23.—Daily plan of work: A. M. 5. Rising and devotion. 6. Reading Bible and Elocution. 7. Breakfast. 8:30. Study of Sermon. 11. Miscellaneous Writing.

P. M. 1. Dinner. 2:30 Wednesday and Friday: Pastoral Visiting.

Tuesday and Thursday: Reading and Business. Saturday: Recreation. 6. Supper. Miscellaneous Reading on spare evenings. 10. Retiring.

25.—To-day I have finished the 64th page in MS. of an Historical Account of Rationalism and its Later Phases. I propose to complete it by next April, the work to be about 500 pages. But I must not infringe upon my allotted time as given in my plan.

28.—Last night, while in a small prayer meeting in class room No. 3, I felt a new accession of power from God. While Brother Denman was praying I felt strangely full of new light. I could not ejaculate—I said, "How sweet to receive blessings from on high." I heard an inward voice say, "Trouble yourself not much about the means you use—I will make the work easy for you." O, how good is God! I felt that to doubt would almost have been atheism.

30.—Felt the holy influence of my great blessing all day.

August 1.—Wrote three pages to-day on my Rationalism. Find myself getting easier in composition now than I was at first, seldom having to cut and paste my leaves.

10.—Preached *extempore* from a well-prepared and fully written sermon. Was not at all satisfied. I concluded to read a sermon occasionally. Thus I can make use of my advantages far more than in *extempore* discourse. Of course I shall find opposition; but I am perfectly willing to endure any sacrifice for the sake of helping my church.

17.—Started for a two weeks' vacation in Maryland.

23.—Sold my farm, Weir Neck.

27.—Started for Gettysburg. In afternoon went over part of the battlefield in company with a man who was a spectator of the battle.

28.—Visited the Seminary and general hospitals. Saw several Marylanders among the wounded. The scenes are awful to behold.

September 28.—I consecrate myself to God for time, then it will be unnecessary for eternity. Will leave off the use of tobacco and excess in eating—both of which have been the curse of my life. Will also cultivate an amiable and forbearing spirit—never speak in haste, and do nothing for mere effect.

October 1.—Have been using special means for a revival in my church. Find God's Spirit at work in the congregation.

4.—I have never had such confidence in prayer in pulpit as to-day. It seemed as if I was talking with God, to him.

9.—Last night two souls, man and wife, were converted at the altar. I feel the necessity of cultivating kindly tones. I think the manner of pleasant speaking has much to do with success in these revival

meetings. Says Whitefield, "I carefully sought out those acceptable tones that were like a spell upon the heart, even when the words were unremembered."

11.—It seems as if my heart would break if souls are not converted.

25.—I shall make it my aim in future to aim directly at the conversion of souls. Wrote 15 pages on my Rationalism this week, besides making sermons, preaching on Wednesday and Tuesday evenings, and writing a children's story for the Methodist.

December 3.—In my meetings have been blessed with the conversion of about thirty souls. The majority were from the Sunday school. God has blessed us, and yet it seemed to me as if I had faith enough for the conversion of a hundred souls. I have been writing a children's story every week for the Methodist, and I am working rapidly upon my History of Rationalism. I wrote twenty pages last week, eighteen of which were done one day.

Here is a reproof in writing modified with a judicious admixture of good will in a letter written December 22:

MR. L——: I yesterday purchased two blank books from you and you wrapped them up as I thought in greasy paper. I did not wish my clothes soiled, and therefore asked you to wrap them up in other paper. You became very angry, tore off the wrapper, and in great wrath you put on another, scarcely knowing what you were doing. On asking you what I should pay for the books, both together, you hurriedly looked at them and said, "Sixty-nine cents"; then gave your boy my five-dollar bill, and I got my change. This morning, on untying the budget, I find that you did not take into account one of the books at all, which was worth 60 cts. Were you to suffer the full penalty of your anger you would lose the value of that book altogether. But I do not wish you should do so. I therefore inclose you the 60 cts. minus the value of the paper on which I write this letter, together with the stamp. Anger sometimes costs men more than 60 cts.—yes, a great deal of unhappiness here and eternal misery hereafter. I therefore hope your age will remind you that it is better to govern your spirit than take a city. Let the Christmas bring to your memory the value of redemption and the presence of Christ with all who seek him. I wish you, Mr. L——, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Signed: An old customer and one who expects to continue his patronage.

January 1, 1864.—Have accepted a proposition from Rev. Dr. Nadal

to unite with him in the translation of Hagenbach's Church History of 18th and 19th Centuries. But I can work on it before breakfast—must spend my time between breakfast and dinner at my sermons.

6.—Joined the Union League this evening. Attended meeting of Sanitary Commission, having been made a member of the committee.

9.—Rose regularly before six o'clock and translated a few pages before breakfast.

25.—Had stewards' meeting. Was criticised. One thought I did not lead the prayer meetings right—I should read a chapter and explain like the Presbyterian preachers lecture. Of course, this would leave no time for prayers. Another thought I ought to leave the meeting open and call on some of the brethren to exhort. Of course, this would take a helmsman from a meeting, who is just as necessary in religious exercises as in a storm. Another thought I ought to preach on sanctification. Another thought I ought to preach right from the heart and use no paper to read my sermons from. I dissolved the meeting by saying that I thought I had advice enough for once.

29.—He records Dr. Arnold's prayer dated May 26, 1842:

"O Lord, keep thyself present to me always, and teach me to come to thee by the one and living Way, thy Son, Jesus Christ. Keep me humble and gentle, self-denying, firm, and patient, active, wise to know thy will and to discover the truth, loving that I may learn to resemble thee, my Saviour! O Lord, forgive me for all my sins, and save me and guide me and strengthen me through Jesus Christ."

31.—Wrote 160 pages of Hagenbach's History in this one month. The most work, with all my other duties, that I have accomplished in one month.

February 8.—Had a good day yesterday, save last night when I made a blunder in giving out the benediction while choir sang doxology.

12.—After prayer meeting the church assembled at my house and left in my hands $150. A great help in hard times.

20.—I have almost concluded a week of great, yea, of indescribable bitterness. I cannot attempt to depict my sorrow.

Some of the causes of my anguish: (1) The intimations that Mr. J. W. S. and Mr. J. C. D. desire my removal from Elizabeth at the end of this my first year's ministry. (2) The contemplation of my comparative failure in the conversion of souls this year. (3) The failure of my first literary undertaking, I mean the translation of Hagenbach's History of the Church in the 18th and 19th Centuries. This week I received a letter from the Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh,

that the work is already translated and is being put to print. Of course this will prostrate my continuation of the work in connection with Dr. Nadal. I have written him the intelligence. (4) The weakness of my own nature in the indulgence of my appetite. To-day I fast, hoping that God will bless me in so doing. I shall pray much and look to God for light.

March 15.—Examined a class of candidates for deacons' orders.

16.—Conference met at Paterson. I was on the Committee for publishing the Minutes.

He made one of the two addresses at the anniversary of the Bible Society on the seventeenth, John Hanlon being the other speaker.

March 21.—Walked about the Paterson Falls and attended Union meeting in Continental Hall. Conference resolved to meet in Elizabeth another year.

22.—Conference closed. Was reappointed to Water Street, Elizabeth.

24.—I have returned from Conference, always an exciting season, and in the present case but little less so than usual. I went there with strict determination to yield in no wise to the common temptations that I had previously given way to. I went, I saw, I yielded. I shall endeavor this Conference year to live more holy before God than ever before.

April 9.—I have been busily engaged in writing on my History of Rationalism. The theme gathers in interest as I proceed. I make it my rule to write on my History before breakfast, while other men are asleep. Breakfasted at 7 A. M.

To Mrs. Hurst at "Bonnie Brook": May 20.

I came home yesterday A. M. Found things all right. The spiders had been spanning the rooms with webs; the black cat discovered my presence and came begging. I have found the ginger cakes come in well. I take lunch here at 12 M. I have eaten a piece of cake around which Miss Clara's teeth have been gnawing. How much I have been thinking of the dear little children. I could not bear to stay in Philadelphia after you had gone.

June 6.—Never have been in greater doubt and perplexity since my entrance upon the ministry. I know not what to do save to call upon God. Several points of difficulty in my church: (1) A spirit of enmity and disunion. Two or three parties in the church. (2) The

nonattendance of children upon the Sabbath service. (3) The second Sabbath service seems almost an impossibility for me to arrange to suit the members. (4) A lack of sympathy between the people and myself. (5) The meager congregations. In addition to this is my own weak health. Sometimes I feel so weak in the morning that I have to recline and sleep so as to recover strength. These points I will pray for daily, God being my helper. I have read Müller's Life of Trust and am convinced from that, in addition to the promises of God, that he will grant me health.

7.—Started from Elizabeth for Maryland.

August 5.—*Cruel.* I am amazed at my work down to this evening. Last Sunday I preached three times; since which time I have had two business meetings, been present and taken part in three evening services, conducted a class meeting, had one funeral service several miles in the country, occupying a whole afternoon, made several calls and been terribly bored myself, and yet have written two full chapters in my History of Rationalism, numbering forty-nine and one third foolscap pages.

August 22.—Left home for a foot tour through the romantic parts of the New York and Erie Railroad, intending to walk the most of the way from Suffern to Deposit. Stopped my first night at Paterson.

23.—Took cars for Suffern. Walked to Ramapo, except a short ride with a substitute broker. Took bath in the Ramapo just above the falls. Stopped all night at Southfields. Walked about nine miles with pack on my back.

SOUTHFIELDS, ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y., August 23, 1864.

To Mrs. Hurst:

I am now sitting down in my plain room in Mr. Hoag's Hotel, within sound of the cowbells, and the thousand and one varieties of beetles that one ever hears in the country toward evening. I am in stocking feet, blue shirt, and shirt-sleeves. I have been alone. Though alone, I have been very much pleased with my undertaking, and I think my health will be greatly benefited. I got out at Suffern Station. Then I had some talks with the natives, and put on my knapsack, with my velvet vest inside. I find I have taken just the right things with me. I suppose I have walked about ten miles, ridden one mile in a buggy, at the driver's invitation, and about two miles in an iron-ore cart at my own invitation. I have already been taken as a member of three professions. I was asked by a long-whiskered mountaineer if I was not a doctor; by a stout boy if I hadn't some jewelry for sale; and I heard a boy shout out to his

mother, "There goes a soldier!" I have heard no one say, "There goes the dominie!" I have been walking through a most charming country, not hurrying, but taking my time. I have had quite a variety of incident. I was delighted with the beautiful falls of the Ramapo River, the only drawback being an unpleasant proximity to a big blacksnake who seemed as much afraid of me as I was of him. The beautiful stream grew so attractive that I stripped off and took a delightful and refreshing bath in it.

24.—Breakfast at 6½ A. M. Was off with the early morning and while the dew was fresh. Passed through Greenwood, Turner's, Monroe, Oxford, and Chester; stopped all night at Thompson's Hotel in Goshen. Walked about sixteen miles. Walked to Middletown and went around the town a little. Rode thence to Howell's Station and then walked to Otisville. Stopped at the house of Rev. George T. Jackson. Best bed I have had since I left home. Am one day ahead of time.

MIDDLETOWN, August 25.

To Mrs. Hurst:

I make much faster time than I anticipated. The country is very beautiful. I drink milk altogether; I stop at a farmhouse, take a bowl, and press on. I find myself very much benefited. I hope that by God's blessing I shall be fully recruited and be home at the end of week after next.

26.—Rode over to Finchville and the creamery A. M. P. M. rode over to New Vernon and Green Village. Also went with some ladies to top of a hill overlooking Otisville.

27.—Walked to Cuddebackville and over the Neversink River. Then was overtaken by a wagon load of friends with whom I rode to Port Jervis. We took dinner at the hotel, and in evening met some friends, Rev. Messrs. Coit, and found they had made good and kindly arrangements for my accommodation at Rev. Mr. Dutcher's.

28.—Made speech in Port Jervis Sunday school. Afternoon attended a very pleasant class meeting. In evening heard Rev. Charles Coit preach and exhorted afterward. Walked to the top of Point Peter and Mount William, overlooking the surrounding country.

A story that Dr. Charles S. Coit was always fond of telling hinges on the exhortation given in the evening by our pedestrian preacher in his traveling suit. It is to the effect that a

wealthy layman who was summering there and was present handed ten dollars to the pastor, saying, "This is for the stranger who spoke. It was a good exhortation, and he looks as if he needed it."

29.—Took a walk over to Carpenter's Point through the country—the junction of three states. After 10 A. M. commenced my foot journey for Monticello. Walked through a lonely and dense forest, passing Forestburg. Met a thunder shower and was detained. Arrived at Rev. Thomas La Monte's at 8½ P. M. Walked to-day 27 miles and rode not a foot of the way.

30.—Took walk over to the hills opposite the M. E. Church. Felt very sore from my previous day's labor. Ate very much more than I should have done.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., August 30.

To Mrs. Hurst:

I walked twenty-seven miles yesterday, and was not so tired as after my 16 miles of last week. Still, I would not have walked the 27, but I could get no good stopping place short of Monticello. I reached here last night and expect to remain 2 days. Then I will be off by the Cochecton turnpike back again to the Delaware. Thomas and his wife received me very cordially. I am very much pleased with her. She is extremely pleasant and entertaining. This A. M. we had for breakfast cornbread, good hash, fresh pork, honey, coffee, and other things in accordance. I went out with Thomas to a high hill overlooking the town. It was beautiful. On one side you could see the mountains of Pennsylvania, and on the other the old Catskills. Then I could see beautiful lakes that nestled between the hills, and the little valley where Liberty is situated. How it brought you to mind! You and the dear children are very much in my mind. How I would like to see you now!

The journey is doing me a great deal of good. I can't tell you how much better I feel. My long-standing headache is gone. This A. M. I read your and Clara's sweet letters all over again. I like them so much because they tell me of the love with which you cherish me. It is reciprocated, my dear Kate, for I love you with all the love of which I am capable.

September 1.—Started early for Cochecton by the old direct turnpike—distance 22 miles. The country very beautiful and wild. Stopped at White Lake a half-hour. Took cars at Cochecton for Deposit, and, arriving there, I received two letters from home.

2.—Took walk high up on the hills overlooking Deposit, but the fog was so thick that I saw nothing. After breakfast took train for Narrowsburg. Was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. C. C. Murray, the proprietor of the hotel. Had a good rest. Walked over to the little cascade beyond the river.

3.—Had an excellent night's rest. Took another walk up the river and over the hills beyond. Invited to the house of Mr. W. S. Corwin, where I remained the rest of my stay in Narrowsburg. He has a good library where I delight.

4.—Went over to the church and heard Rev. Mr. Cramp, a young Englishman, preach. Led class myself.

To Mrs. Hurst: NARROWSBURG, N. Y., September 4, 1864.

I would not have stayed these two weeks if I had not found the tour very beneficial to me. I have lost my headache altogether, and I think I shall be able to weather through the winter very well. Kiss the dear children for me. I would give almost anything if I could only have a romp with them.

5.—Started at 6 A. M. for home. Had no breakfast. Was delighted to get home once more. My health is very much improved. Had a pleasant time in writing on my experience during vacation under the title of Two Weeks on Foot.

September.—Books which I hope to write: 1. Life Pictures from the History of the Church. 2. Christ at Jacob's Well. 3. Seneca. 4. History of Pietism. 5. History of English Deism. 6. Christ at the Grave of Lazarus. 7. Hours of Devotion.

November 12.—I have been writing a History of Rationalism, and have completed it except the last two chapters.

December 4.—This is a bright, beautiful Sabbath. I have finished my History of Rationalism and committed the MS. to Dr. Crooks for examination. This off my mind, I shall give myself more exclusively to the work of the Watchman of Zion.

17.—Have just been calculating my expenses for books during the year 1864, and found the amount to be over $150.

January 6, 1865. This afternoon at a quarter before five o'clock I put my last word upon my History of Rationalism. Have been thanking God at times almost ever since that he has enabled me to finish my task.

12.—Rose at 4½ o'clock and reconsecrated myself to God's service.

March 13.—Went to Boston to-night with my brother-in-law, Mr. Elmore. My first visit there.

14.—Visited Harvard College, Mount Auburn Cemetery, Faneuil Hall, the Athenæum.

April 1.—Conference met in Water Street Church. Had all I could do to entertain the preachers. It was like keeping a hotel. Was appointed by the Bishop to Trinity Church, Staten Island.

XXVII

At West New Brighton, Trinity Church

The culmination of his career as a pastor was reached during the eighteen and a half months in Trinity Church at West New Brighton, then known as Factoryville, Staten Island. Strong in his faith in God, chastened but not discouraged by the criticisms and misrepresentations which had hindered the full fruits for which he had prayed and labored at Water Street, he went from the series of four churches which he had served in northern New Jersey to his new island appointment in New York harbor—a happy presage of his entrance a little later into the great world currents of religious thought and life. A few precious records—the ejaculations of his heart—remain from his pen:

May 7, 1865.—While in prayer to-day, alone in my study, I had a singular and almost supernatural impression of the power of energy—will—resolution. By God's help I will act in accordance with that impression in future.

September 7.—This afternoon at ¼ before 5 o'clock I gave the last copy of my History of Rationalism to the printer. It was the title-page. Thus, after two months of almost constant labor, I have finished the arduous labor of seeing this work through the press, besides attention to all my pastoral work. Thank God for preserving life and health!

12.—Went up to Albany in the Dean Richmond. Reached Charlotteville on the 13th in the afternoon. Found my family well.

20.—Started by horse and carriage with my wife and little boy for a ride down to Tunkhannock, where my wife's brother lives.

24.—The ride lasted four days. The scenery was enchanting. The distance was over a hundred miles, eighty of which lay along the bank of the upper Susquehanna.

25.—Was taken suddenly ill with bilious fever. Fell on the floor with faintness and blindness. Had to go to bed and have a physician.

October 17.—Returned home after my long sickness of three weeks. Took the cars at Factoryville, having previously ridden in rough stage a distance of nine miles from Tunkhannock. Reached home about eight o'clock P. M.

20.—Am mending very rapidly every day. I feel deeply the great goodness of God in restoring me to health again.

November 10,	*General Work on Hand.*
The Methodist:	Three stories per month.
Advocate and Journal:	One article every three weeks.
Ladies' Repository:	One article every three months.
Writing Sermons:	One fully written sermon every week.

He was actively interested in the live question of lay representation in the General Conference, and sought to promote it wherever he could. Rev. Dr. J. T. Crane, of Morristown, wrote him on January 20, 1866:

I am gratified to know that my friends approve my mode of setting forth the Lay Representation question, and I am especially pleased to learn that the "coming men" of the Conference approve. I am obliged to you for your compliment; and now in regard to your proposition of some Conference action, I had not got so far in my ideas as that; and yet I am inclined to believe that a series of resolutions, judiciously framed, would be accepted by the brethren, and pass without difficulty.

On March 4 he received, as the fruits of a revival, forty-nine probationers into the church, which number was increased to about ninety the following month.

June 6.—Have been appointed by the authorities of our church to become Professor in our Theological School in Bremen. Dr. W. F. Warren has just left the position and it is pressed upon me by the bishops. I have declined it. My work seems to be at home.

28.—Received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Dickinson College.

August 1.—In the afternoon we went to see an aged sick man, Father Braisted. He is a setting sun. Never have I seen, more than in his case, the triumph of Christianity so beautifully exemplified.

3.—Am getting ready for my departure on my vacation.

4.—Received a letter from Dr. Warren urging me to accept the appointment to Germany. I do not yet know whether I will accept.

6.—Started with wife and babies on the Albany evening boat. Met my friend, Rev. S. H. Opdyke, who is to take a foot journey with me through the White Mountains.

15.—If anything ever comes from this subject (our thought of Christ) it may be attributed to the good Spirit of God and to the rainy day I spent in the Profile House, White Mountains.

September 20.—Made agreement to go to Germany in Mission Institute.

24.—Am getting ready to leave the country, having accepted a position in Bremen. My poor dear sister is almost broken-hearted at the thought of it.

From those who enjoyed his ministrations during this last of his five pastorates have come many loving testimonials. A thoughtful young man, who then sat under his ministry and has long been a successful pastor, has been called by the church to episcopal honors and duties. The Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) Henry Spellmeyer says:

He was pastor of our family at Trinity Church during the time when he was preparing his History of Rationalism. I remember going to New York with him the day he took his proof copy to the publishers. He and his wife were present when I graduated from New York University, and I remember their congratulations and the fact that a beautiful bouquet came from the hand of Mrs. Hurst to my feet. But these are purely personal matters, and, while I cherish them as a fragrant memory, they would have no interest to the readers of a Biography.

These facts, which the modest preacher thought to "have no interest to the reader," belong to all. The fragrance of that friendship, a type of many similar ones, perishes not with the fading flowers of a college commencement, nor can it be hid among the personal and sacred treasures of one man's memory.

It breathes perennial sweetness among all the churches. Mr. J. S. Hillyer of West New Brighton writes:

I remember Mr. Hurst as a very studious and scholarly man, an easy and pleasant speaker, one to whom you could not help listening, as he never failed to obtain and hold the attention of his hearers.

Mrs. Mary S. Steers, of the same place, says:

All my recollections of Mr. Hurst are very pleasant: he was a man one would remember, if ever having had the slightest acquaintance with him. A very sincere Christian gentleman.

A very pleasing memorial of this pastorate is the name, "Ravenhurst," given to the beautiful home of one of his most ardent admirers, Mr. Read Benedict, of Port Richmond, who writes:

The church greatly prospered under his administration, and his ability as a preacher became widely known. His active work especially with young people, with whom he was very popular, soon began to tell greatly to the spiritual advantage of the church. His Sunday school addresses were models of excellence. The first year he had one of the largest revivals the church ever experienced, about two hundred conversions. I recall his invitation to visit the parsonage, where he read to me much of the manuscript of his History of Rationalism. I remember predicting at that time that the work would make him a bishop of our much-loved church. This scholarly man, while having great determination and fixity of purpose, had a manner as gentle as that of the most refined woman.

On the last Sunday with his people of Trinity, October 14, 1866, he received about fifty new members into the church, and an engrossed testimonial was presented to him by Mr. G. P. Disosway on behalf of the congregation. It rings with true friendship and loyal devotion:

The people of your charge desire to unite with you in thanks to our heavenly Father for having enjoyed a successful and profitable ministry among them. They gratefully acknowledge the faithfulness of your services to themselves and others, in preaching the

gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with singleness of purpose and sincerity, with prayer and zeal, not having the fear or favor of man, but the honor and glory of God in advocating the kingdom of his Son.

They cannot, and believe they ought not, forbear to express to you their sincere thanks and love for your sympathies in their joys and prosperity, as well as in their afflictions and bereavements. Nor can they fail to acknowledge you as the tender Christian friend as well as their counselor to sacred duties and the minister of heavenly consolations, especially to this congregation.

They, with many of our land, now look upon you as one having an honorable place in its sacred literature, whose printed works will continue to advance the objects of true religion and your own ministry, after you shall have entered into the promised rest of the faithful servant. It has been the crowning glory of your life among us to witness a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God, such as we and many others have seen in this congregation; and in Germany, the far-distant land where, in the wise providence of our Lord, you are going, may you too teach Christ, gather many more precious souls into the Redeemer's fold, and present them to him before you yourself shall ascend on high to receive the promised crown of glory! We pray God that you may be spared many years for this holy service.

We have a glimpse of how he touched men in other confessions and in the higher walks of literature, and secured recognition for his message and work, in this belated note from George William Curtis, the famous editor of Harper's Easy Chair, who lived near and had given several lectures in the church. It was penned when the ex-pastor was two days out from Sandy Hook on his way to his new work in Germany:

October 22.—I have only just returned to the island with my family after a long absence, and I find the very kind remembrance from your hands in the form of the Centenary documents. I am truly sorry that I was not able to join in the celebration at your church, for I know not how any serious man, of whatever denomination, can fail to rejoice in commemorating the Christian fervor and sweet inspiration of John and Charles Wesley.

XXVIII

The Teacher-Elect

The Call to Germany

To the mind and heart of Trinity's pastor, who had during his first year drawn his people into the most affectionate relations with himself and had garnered the fruits of an extensive revival, there came early in the second year a new question: "Shall I leave this prosperous and happy field and enter that of teaching young preachers in the Fatherland?" The correspondence of that summer throws light upon the successive stages by which he traveled from doubt to conviction and decision on the step which was to separate him for a series of years from the dear associations of the homeland.

From Dr. L. S. Jacoby, Bremen, May 3, 1866:

Would you be willing to come to our Institute as Theological Tutor in the place of Brother Warren, who has served his five years and now has received a call from the new Theological School in Boston? If you would be willing to come, you would have to agree to remain at least five years with us. You will have to give Dogmatik 1st and 2d Class, Exegesis, Church History, Logic, and also English Instruction to the 1st Class. You will have an opportunity to preach. You will find a nice cottage with three rooms and two bedrooms furnished, and your salary paid by the Missionary Society will be $1,000 in gold. Will you be so kind and write to Bishop Janes and to myself your answer after due reflection? Our next semester commences with the first of August, when we would expect you to be here. Dr. Warren sends his love to you.

From Bishop E. S. Janes, New York, June 19:

Having learned that Rev. Dr. Warren, the teacher in the Mission Institute at Bremen, Germany, expects to return to this country next month, I have applied to the Mission Board for an appropriation to

send out a successor. Such appropriation has been made by the Board this afternoon. I have also consulted my associate in the superintendency of that Mission, Bishop Ames, who concurs in my so doing, and I now proffer you that appointment, Theological Tutor in the Mission Institute. I hope it will be consistent with your views to accept this appointment and to enter upon it early in August next. Please let me hear from you immediately. If you accept the appointment, please notify your Presiding Elder promptly. For all details of duty and sailing, you will correspond with Rev. Dr. Harris, Corresponding Secretary.

July 13.—Your second letter was received by due course. I never advise anyone to leave the strictly pastoral work. I am of the opinion that the appointment to Bremen is one of great importance and usefulness. We cannot obtain ministers in those countries in the same way we do here. If we have them we must train them. The progress of the church there depends very much on our success in that school. It has been eminently successful. I do not see that five years there in training young men for the ministry should lessen your pastoral adaptation afterward. I do not think Dr. Butler was injured by his seven years of missionary service in India. His work was much more secular than teaching in Bremen would be. What was the design of Providence in inclining you to learn German? Is not your knowledge of that language a talent? Is not this appointment the place to use it for the Master? I shall be glad to hear from you again. I have not tendered the appointment to anyone else. May God guide you by his counsel!

August 24.—I repeat, I never urge a brother to leave the pastoral work for any other service. If you see it right to leave the pastoral work for any other appointment, I know of none which I would think so spiritual and so near pastoral as that I have proposed to you in Germany. I prefer appointing you to it to either of the other candidates: (1) Because Brother Jacoby and other parties concerned desire you. (2) Because you are older and more experienced in the ministry than either of them. (3) Because I have good reason to believe you understand our doctrines thoroughly and believe and teach them as Wesley and Watson and Hedding did. I am unwilling to put anyone in that important mission appointment until I am satisfied of his orthodoxy. I am convinced, if, after the manner in which you have been led to prepare yourself for the appointment and been called to it by the authorities of the church, you hesitate to accept it for any other reason than a conviction that it is your duty to continue in the pastoral office, you will greatly mistake your

duty before God. It is not religious to stop to ask, Is it a pleasant appointment? What will be the salary? What will be the effects upon my standing in the Conference? The one question is, What is the will of God? What is Christian duty? In my judgment the appointment will prove an exceedingly pleasant one.

From H. B. Ridgaway, New York, September 28:

I have heard without surprise, but not without regret, that your determination is settled to go to Germany. It is, I trust, the direction of Providence; and I doubt not that God will watch over you and your dear family and abundantly prosper you in your new and responsible field. My selfishness rebels against this decision. I feel that your departure will subtract very much from my own personal already too limited happiness. Yet I will submit. At the throne of grace—in the sweet fellowship of faith and love—of work in our beloved church we may still and will be close together.

From Frank N. Barrett, October 18:

DEAR PASTOR: I would be doing an injustice to my own feelings if I failed in giving some expression to the sorrow I feel at your leaving us. Not only have I found in you a true and loving pastor, but a good and useful friend, one from whom I have been taught to take nobler, purer, higher thoughts of life, its aims, its objects. Though a year ago ambition urged me on to strive for fortune and worldly honors, I think that now I can truly say that the influence of your life on mine has been such as to lead me to devote my time, my energy, to the improvement of my "talent," so that it shall be useful in my Master's vineyard, and to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

On the departure of the teacher-elect with his wife and two children Mrs. Hurst made a few notes:

Left America October 20, 1866, steamer America. I can never forget that day or the feelings I then experienced. Over seventy of our particular friends came to the steamer to see us off. Among them were Rev. Drs. Carlton, Harris, Sewall, Rev. Brothers Watkins, Ridgaway, Roche, Hilliard, Freeman, Whitney, Van Sant, and Simpson; Philip Phillips, the sweet singer, played and sang a parting song; Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Hurst from Baltimore; Mr. Wilde's family from Newark; Mrs. Norton

and Mr. Adams; Mr. Barrett and wife, Staten Island; Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and children (the kindness of the latter in our preparation to leave America can never be forgotten), and other very dear friends. It was a delightful day and the parting salute was given at 1:30 after the anchor was loosed. For ten minutes we could see the waving of handkerchiefs, and then all was lost. I tried to distinguish the face of one, my sweet sister Jennie, who traveled one day and night to be present at our parting, the only one of my relatives who could come.

While the worker with his family is afloat on the Atlantic it will be of interest to take note of his first book, the History of Rationalism, embracing a survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology, and of the general impress made by him upon the ministers and people of the Newark Conference.

XXIX

The Author

His First Book, History of Rationalism

Hurst's History of Rationalism was a growth of about nine years from observation, reading, and study, both in Germany and America, after his entrance upon university life at Halle. The germ of this intellectual polemic and spiritual apologetic was a deep conviction that nothing was so much needed in the world of theological thought as a clear and articulated statement of the fundamental features of that modern phase of skepticism known as rationalism. To this labor of love and helpfulness he assiduously clung from the time when he began to write on Rationalism for the church papers while still preaching on Carlisle Circuit. The entries in his Journal for March 2, 11, and 12, 1858, show the beginnings of his writing on the theme. His own statement of his desire to write more at length for publication was in this language, found in his Journal of January 3, 1860, while in his first year at Passaic:

> I would like to commence authorship in earnest with a faithful and earnest description of Rationalism. To many minds this is a subject which possesses not the slightest interest. They look on it as fanatic infidelity. For my own part, I think the subject bears a most serious appearance and demands a Christian heart and a good judgment to write its history. Soon after Conference I hope to commence this pleasure. I know pretty well what materials I shall employ. I thought at first that this design was fanciful and would not last. But the subject has been dwelling in my mind ever since I was in Germany and bore witness to the terrible ravages of Rationalism in the native land of Luther. Time has rather deepened my desire to write on the subject than erased it. I feel, too, as if I could make a readable work. I may never finish my task. I may die with the plan in

mind; but as well that plan, perhaps, as any other. I hope always to have some noble project in view.

The detailed progress of the composition of the work and of the broadening of its scope from a treatment of some of the Phases of Rationalism to a History will appear from Journal entries already noted for the following dates: September 19, 1861; November 12, 1862; February 24 and 25, May 13, July 14 and 25, August 1, October 25, and December 3, 1863; April 9, August 5, November 12, and December 4, 1864; January 6 and September 7, 1865. The initial step toward putting the work in the hands of his publisher, and the characteristic caution of that discriminating man, may be seen in the letter from Charles Scribner, written December 30, 1864:

Some days since I received a note from the Rev. Robert Aikman, of your place (Elizabeth), inclosing a synopsis of a work, History of Rationalism, written by you and which he proposed to me in your behalf for publication, requesting that I would communicate with you. I have looked over the headings of the chapters with much interest, and, were the time more favorable, I should be disposed to look at it with a view of publication. The subject is certainly one of deep and increasing interest to every thoughtful mind, though from its nature the work, I fear, would have a limited circulation. It would, however, depend much on the manner of its execution, whether you have been able to treat it so as to interest the popular mind—I mean intelligent readers outside of the clergy.

I am really at loss what to say as to entertaining your work. When you come in town I would be pleased to have a personal interview with you respecting it; or if you choose, under the circumstances, to send me the manuscript any time after the first week in January, I will engage to give it attention.

It was published by Scribner in the fall of 1865. About a year after its publication in America an enlarged edition was published in London. In preparation for this he noted in his Journal on July 14, 1866:

Having finished my additions to History of Rationalism, and Trübner & Co. having engaged to bring out an English edition, I to-

day sent out the copy, being about 100 fresh pages added to the American edition.

The welcome extended to this first child of his brain and heart and the measure of its mission for good may be learned in part from some of the greetings it received from the press and from the testimony of a few of the multitude who profited by its reading and study:

You have rendered the Christian public of America a noble service. Many of our young preachers will learn more from your pages respecting the history and present state of theology throughout the world than they would do could they make the old-fashioned *peregrinatio scholastica* through all the countries described. The work does honor to the rising scholarship of our church, and will prove, I trust, the first fruits of new harvests.—*Dr. William F. Warren.*

Our scholarly brother of the Newark Conference has boiled down the post-Lutheran rationalism into what, despite its ingredients, is a very savory dish. "There is death in the pot." In fact, there is nothing but death in it. And yet this "man of God" casts into it here and there little handfuls of healthful meal ground from good seed of the kingdom, and so makes it safe as well as palatable.—*Gilbert Haven, in Christian Advocate.*

It evinces much learning and discrimination on the part of the author, and is thoroughly fair and dispassionate in tone. In nearly all cases the views of men whose works are commented upon are given in their own language, thus rendering it evident that they are in no respect misrepresented. It is much more compactly and closely written than is Lecky's recently published work on the same subject; and, though less pretentious in its style, is really an abler book.—*The Independent.*

Mr. Lecky's object is to trace the operation of the spirit of Rationalism in the details of actual life, public and private. Mr. Hurst goes deeper down, and searches out the causes of the changes and progressions that the other writer recognizes without attempting to account for. There is consequently much in each book that supplements the other, and the two may well be studied together with profit. —*New York Times.*

Here is found the clearest view of Theodore Parker and his influence which we have ever seen.—*Boston Recorder.*

The spirit of his book, as befits an historian, is beautifully calm.

Even the most mischievous errorists are not called hard names; their motives are not impeached, and their work is shown to have been the occasion of good, in pointing out the weak spots in the church's defenses, and in calling out heroes able both to ward off assaults and to fortify on surer principles.—*The Methodist.*

Never before has an Arminian written of Holland, its struggles, its achievements, its literature, its learning, and its theology, under the control of a more candid and truth-loving spirit, than this historian has shown. He has indeed done what few in this country have been willing to do—ascribe to Holland the glory she earned in the early struggles of Europe to break the papal yoke.—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

It sets out to set in order the rise, progress, and present position of the scholastic infidelity of modern Germany, and it accomplishes what it undertakes. We like its straightforward narrative style, its lucid arrangement of facts, and its plain and obviously natural consecution of events.—*Daniel Curry, in Christian Advocate.*

Confident in the power of his faith to ultimately rise triumphant from attack, he exhorts his brethren not to offer opposition to the progress of science, not to scout all theories, but wait the full development of science. In a word, he contends for the refutation of error, not for its unreasoning suppression.—*American and Oriental Literary Record.*

He shows much skill in tracing the progress and spread of false views from often small commencements. His spirit is thoroughly evangelical, and his qualifications for his task are amply certified in these pages.—*Boston Review.*

It treats the history of Rationalism with a fullness and completeness rivaled by no other English writer, and evinces industrious and extended research and copious learning. It gives a map of the field of free thought in the present age, showing fairly its length and breadth, where it trenches on the domain of faith, and where it reaches into the dark territory of unbelief. For ordinary readers it contains all the information on the subject they will be likely to need; and for theological students it is an excellent introduction and guide to the study of modern aberrations.—*Dr. John McClintock, in Methodist Quarterly Review.*

We cannot easily conceive a better mental or spiritual discipline for young men than to study and master these subjects.—*Dr. Joseph Angus.*

It will be found an exceedingly useful manual of information. The literary and controversial history of Rationalism from the time im-

mediately succeeding the Reformation to the present day is well and fairly described. The English reader will find abundant notices of continental authors who have played and are playing an important part in theological discussions, which are not brought together anywhere in an equally convenient form.—*Westminster Review.*

Mr. Hurst has confined himself to the literary department and theological aspects of Rationalism, which, while it is not regarded by him as an unmixed evil, yet, being born under the eclipse of conscience, has often been the offspring of pride and self-indulgence, has been coincident with stagnation of the religious life, and, in spite of appearances to the contrary, has outwitted itself and is staggering to its doom. The author skillfully shows the filiation of the rationalistic school, which took its rise under Semler.—*British Quarterly Review.*

I have been familiar with his books from the first issues and have found them profitable, and his History of Rationalism in particular I found to be very useful as well as interesting.—*Dr. C. W. Gallagher.*

I had just entered the ministry and was fresh from college, did not know how to read a strong book like a man of riper years; but I was then strong enough to derive great benefit from this plain, brief, scholarly, and vigorous presentation of rationalism. No one but a scholar could go through the literature quoted.—*Dr. W. H. Hickman.*

I knew John Fletcher Hurst first through his work on German Rationalism, which was very helpful to me, as to many others, as a preparation for understanding the religious attitude of German scholars.—*Dr. Wesley C. Sawyer.*

I read with great pleasure and profit his History of Rationalism, which enlightened me more upon the subject of which it treated than any I have ever read.—*Dr. A. H. Ames.*

Your style is lucid, and particularly so for the metaphysical subtleties you have to deal with. You crystallize into a small mass the immense systems of speculation—and they are clear crystals, too. You contrive to give in a few short, sharp sentences the peculiarities of each. You enliven what might otherwise be sometimes heavy and laborious to read, by an easy and natural introduction of similes, and your general deductions are philosophical and (have I the hardihood to say it?) to me seem correct! I wish I had written it! I think it a capital book to put into the hands of some of our youthful skeptics. Poor fellows—their speculations strike them as new, and they wonder the world never thought of them before!—*Dr. Denis Wortman.*

Your portly and pregnant volume came to hand. I am delighted at your success as a bookmaker. I have read much of it and am

struck with the richness of the matter and the felicitousness of the diction. You have made a valuable contribution to us lazier preachers and permitted us to enter into the fruits of your labors.—*Dr. W. A. Bartlett.*

I am more than pleased; such beauty of language, clearness of expression that a child might understand, will be one of its great sources of influence and benefit to the rising generation.—*Mrs. Lydia A. Bailey.*

While this work was in progress we were frequently together in his study, and I had the privilege of seeing the evolution of the book. It met a felt want in the church. It was possibly the most influential of all his writings.—*President H. A. Buttz.*

It was one of my inspirations when it first appeared. It stands today as a valuable authority on that subject. It was very popular, not only to the scholar, but the layman has read it. In the bibliological notes written by the Nestor of Calvinism, Dr. Charles Hodge, he says that it is the best book yet produced in the English language on that subject.—*Bishop Cyrus D. Foss.*

His History of Rationalism, on account of its style and little preachments, is as interesting as a novel.—*Dr. C. B. Spencer.*

XXX

The Brother Beloved

The Hearts of His Brethren

His relations with the preachers of Newark Conference were those of warm and sincere brotherliness, and the departure to his new post of duty by one who had so endeared himself to his fellow preachers evoked many expressions of tender and genuine affection. The strength of the esteem and love in which he was held by the Conference after eight years of association is but partially expressed in these tokens from his closest associates in the ministry. The language of the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Association of the city of Newark on October 8, 1866, was:

We, as members of the Newark Conference, hereby express the regret we feel in losing the society and fellowship of our beloved brother. Our best wishes and prayers go with him to his newly appointed field of labor; and we will cordially welcome him to a place among us on his return.

Also resolved that a committee of two be appointed to represent this meeting on the occasion of the departure of Dr. Hurst from Hoboken.

R. B. Lockwood, of Stony Point, New York, says:

Brother Hurst was a close observer of the work of the Conference, but seldom speaking on the floor. He was highly esteemed for his brotherly sympathy, loving consideration, and interest in the general work. In his several appointments he was assiduous and painstaking. A faithful, kind pastor, he showed a profound conviction for the truth in his public utterances. Uncomplaining in his disposition, ruling his spirit well, he was highly esteemed by the brethren of the ministry and laity, and his integrity was above suspicion. He had no fads nor twists, and was a reliable all-round man.

CLASS OF 1858, NEWARK CONFERENCE. TAKEN 1862.

From left to right, standing—Samuel J. Morris, John F. Dodd, William E. Blakeslee, Sylvester H. Opdyke, Gilbert H. Winans.
Sitting—Alexander Craig, Stephen L. Baldwin, John F. Hurst, Henry A. Buttz, Solomon Parsons.

George H. Whitney wrote him two days before sailing:

PLAINFIELD, N. J., October 18.

Many kind and earnest words of farewell and well-wishing are spoken to you by the titled and the great. Suffer one of your humblest friends to add his hearty good-bye. Hurst, your friendship has always been a joy to me. Your kind words have ever blessed me. Knowing as I do your strong desire to be useful, you ought to be made glad when I tell you that your words, your companionship, your counsel, have been invaluable to me. I am a better, a stronger man for having had your fellowship and love. Many will miss you; but, it seems to me, none so much as I. There is so much of acquaintanceship that is merely external, so much friendship tainted with envy, jealousy, or indifference, that it is indeed a blessed experience to find a friend who is all over and over a friend. I had counted on many a pleasant and profitable hour with you in the coming years. My heart is very sad as I write. Memory of other days comes up—joys, sorrows, friendships, separations, all remind me of the blessedness of that bright world where we shall all have time to know one another, and where graves and seas can never separate bodies nor hearts.

George F. Dickinson says:

His was an attractive nature. In every appointment to which he was assigned success marked his administrations. In Trinity a great religious awakening came upon his congregations, spreading through the community and bringing into the church many converts. The work had the gospel mark of permanency. Its fruits remain. He was an example to his people of the truths he taught. His devotion to his companion and to his family was marked for its simplicity and reality. He was a favorite among the youth of his church, always ready to give counsel, encouragement, and sympathy.

George W. Treat says:

He filled a place in the hearts of his brethren of the Conference, and his influence was both an inspiration and a benediction.

Especially near to his heart were the members of his own class of 1858. The affectionate playfulness of a classmate who, after a life of exceeding usefulness at home and abroad, preceded him but by a little to the final home was treasured

in this postscript to a letter on a weighty matter connected with the mission in China, from Stephen L. Baldwin:

P. S.—The shaking of this train, on the West Shore Road, makes my chirography *almost* as bad as yours. If you consider that an impudent remark, inasmuch as I am about 400 miles out of your reach, just take that "Last-of-the-Hamilton-Amendment" gavel, and whack this letter, instead of the author. The letter will not *feel* the rap; the author might.

Hurrah for the class of '58—
The ever true, and always straight!
When it shall pass beyond the flood,
'Twill leave no other half as good!

From the heart and lips of another of his class, the one most intimately and continuously in personal association with him, President Henry A. Buttz, came these words at the memorial service of the Conference in 1904:

But some of us will recall Bishop Hurst as his classmates who were admitted to the Newark Conference at its first session, ten of whom stood side by side to be ordained to the office of deacon and afterward to the office of elder. Their names, in the order in which they appeared in the first Minutes of this Conference, are: Samuel J. Morris, Gilbert H. Winans, John F. Hurst, Solomon Parsons, Henry A. Buttz, John F. Dodd, Alexander Craig, William E. Blakeslee, Stephen L. Baldwin, Sylvester H. Opdyke. Four of that number, Opdyke, Parsons, Baldwin, and Hurst, are not, for God has taken them. Six of that number still remain to mourn his loss and honor his memory. We were ten then. Are we not still ten?

XXXI

The Teacher-Traveler

At Bremen and at Large

We had a most delightful voyage, the sea being almost as calm as New York Bay nearly the whole distance. We were ten days in reaching Southampton and three more Bremen. We were very kindly received by Dr. Jacoby and family, and after remaining there two days and nights we went into our house, which was partially furnished. We purchased our own carpets, china, and kitchen utensils.

Such is the brief account by Mrs. Hurst of the transfer from Staten Island to the teeming city on the Weser. Of the man who was Director of the Mission Institute and of the work out of which and for the development of which the school had grown, let Dr. Hurst tell in his own fascinating way:

In 1846 in a little mission hall in Cincinnati an undersized but keen-eyed German Methodist minister was preaching the gospel. On the very front seat was another young German, busily taking notes from the announcement of the text. After a time this young man couldn't guide his pencil, for it danced up and down the paper irregularly. He couldn't see the page, for his eyes had a strange dimness over them. He knew not why it was so, but he was weeping profusely. At the close of the sermon he went to the preacher, and told him that something was troubling him exceedingly, and it seemed to him that he was under the control of an unknown power. The preacher knew at once what it was. With tenderness he said, "I think God's Spirit is striving with you." Again and again the young inquirer came, and for him and with him the preacher prayed, till finally he came out into "the glorious liberty of the children of God." The preacher was Rev. William Nast, the founder of German Methodism in America. The young man was the secretary of an infidel club who had come to take down the sermon, and then, going back to his fellows, make merry as he riddled it to pieces. But God had other plans for him. Three years later we see him before the Missionary Committee in

New York, pleading with the brethren to send him to Germany. Only authorize him and he would go. So he went. His name is Ludwig S. Jacoby, the immortal founder of Methodism on the continent of Europe, and the first one to establish Sunday schools of any kind in Germany.

Wise advice came to him from his friend Dr. Agnew, who wrote him on December 1, 1866:

You must not forget to take sufficient outdoor exercise or to break your tasks of indoor study by occasional recreation.

His published letters in the Methodist, the Christian Advocate, and Zion's Herald, and his private correspondence kept him in vital and informing touch with affairs social and ecclesiastic in America. George H. Whitney wrote him on December 18:

Elder Hilliard says your Methodist letter is even better than the one in the Advocate. Next Sunday I go to Newton to help them raise $1,000 on parsonage; and I've got your "69 No-Yes" as one of my best illustrations. [His graphic reference to Signor Tecchio's diplomatic oral report of the result of the vote in Venetia on the union of that state with the kingdom of Italy and its removal from Austrian rule, only 69 negatives against 641,758 yeas.] So you see you'll speak in Newton next Sunday! Speak on, my dear brother! From across the broad Atlantic send your tropes and figures, your Yes, your No, your eloquence and zeal, send your soul, your burning truths; stir the church. Thirty thousand eyes are upon your printed thoughts; and, though thousands of miles away in old Bremen, yet are you present in the cis-Atlantic churches.

From H. B. Ridgaway, December 27:

With the time at your command you cannot fail to acquire rapidly and to be able to furnish not only interesting letters, but contributions to our permanent literature. Your letters strike the right note. We need facts—accounts of men, principles, things, movements; these will take and profit.

William Nast, whose interest in the mission was intense, greets him on January 22, 1867:

I am rejoiced to hear that you are so well pleased with your new and important field of labor, and that the prospects of the work in Germany are so bright. It is truly amazing, how exceeding abundantly God has blessed the labors of Brother Jacoby. Whatever he undertook, from the beginning, the Lord prospered. The foundations of the work seem to be as firm as the everlasting rocks, and the dimensions into which it is growing are indescribably grand. Truly, this is God's work. It seems as if our work in America was only preparatory to the greater one in Germany.

When it looked as if the new theological seminary which Daniel Drew had proposed to build and endow would be located at Carmel, New York, its president, Dr. McClintock, wrote Dr. Hurst on March 21, 1867:

The Drew Seminary is to begin in September. Faculty not yet chosen. I wish you were here to be one of them, but that must wait for a while. In the meantime I wish to get the fundamental books for the library. You can help in this. Tell me, (1) Can your Bremen House collect the books we may order, from all Germany, and pack and ship them to us, as cheaply or more so than an agent here can do it? (2) Can our periodicals (we shall get all that are worth taking) come in the same way, or better through agents here? (3) Can we secure any extra discounts by buying a larger order at once? Please answer me on these points, or any other you may think of for the library. In your Methodist correspondence put in abstracts of new books, when you can. We commence at Carmel in the building already erected, which will accommodate sixty students and is beautifully fitted up. Do you know any young preacher who has graduated at college, and gone through a theological course, who would be fit to work in Hebrew and Greek, and has good stuff in him? We shall all have work enough to do in preparing the ministry of the next generation. God help us to do it well! I heartily wish Warren could be with us at Carmel, but he seems to be a fixture at the new school to be built at Boston.

From George W. Childs, May 6:

I should be happy to receive from you, as frequently as you can supply them for the American Literary Gazette, notices of new and important literary matters and publications, which may happen to fall under your notice, and which would probably interest American readers or students.

To Dr. Nast, whom he loved and trusted as a father, he wrote on May 25:

I hope to make some headway soon on a History of Protestant Theology. I have many authorities already; some preliminary labors begun—outline. If I had room I could give you the synopsis and ask you for your judgment. I am as much pleased as ever with my position here. I think it is God's work that he makes me labor in Germany.

The position of theological tutor at the Missions-Anstalt involved his teaching candidates for the ministry in the first and second year classes in systematic theology, and those of the first class in exegesis, church history, logic, and English. His familiarity with both written and spoken German, his college and Conference studies, his broad reading and travel, and his ceaseless application to the work in hand made him from the first the easy master of the situation. He won his way into the hearts of his colleagues and fastened to himself the young Germans who in succession came under his stimulating tuition.

The quiet routine of the first year in Bremen was enlivened by a trip with Mrs. Hurst in middle April to the Exposition in Paris, taking in a brief visit to Cologne, with its growing cathedral and the house of Rubens, to Mainz, Strassburg, Bingen, and Bonn.

Mrs. Hurst writes April 20 to her sister, Mrs. Snow:

Mr. Hurst seems to enjoy it as much as if he had never been here in Paris before. He gets along nicely speaking French, and is understood very well indeed.

For about six weeks after their return to Bremen, April 27. he says:

Not much work done from this time until June. Suffered from eyes and a burning brain.

The leading question that came before the session of the Conference held in Zurich in June was that of the proposed removal of the Institute to a more central and southern city. He greatly favored such change of location, while Dr. Jacoby opposed. His letters throw light on the journey to the seat of Conference, the discussions there, and his travels after its close:

Basel, Switzerland, June 19.

To Mrs. Hurst:

How I would love to see the dear little children! Johnny might pull me off the sofa, and Clara might wear my spectacles all she pleases. I went to see my old rooms of ten years ago at Heidelberg.

Zurich, June 23.

To Mrs. Hurst:

The Mission-House will certainly go south, if things go as they look. Bishop Kingsley told me privately last night that Dr. Durbin wishes the Mission-House to go south by all means, if the brethren wish it. I think the Bishop wants it south. The debate will come up in a day or two.

Zurich, June 26.

To Mrs. Hurst:

Conference closed last night about 10 o'clock. The Institute goes to Frankfort. I am one of the committee to select a site. Only three preachers voted for Bremen, but a number for Heilbronn, though there was a large majority for Frankfort. But there will be some time before we can find out whether we can build there. The new building will not be commenced immediately, though I suppose we shall move to Frankfort in a year. Dr. Jacoby's son-in-law, Achard, is as independent as a wood-chopper. He was chairman of the committee that reported Frankfort, and he defended it the strongest of all. He doesn't let anybody do his thinking. The Conference has been very kind to me. Brother Jacoby proposed resolutions of welcome, and the Conference adopted them enthusiastically.

Dr. Wesley C. Sawyer says:

At Zurich his speeches in German on the Conference floor manifested at once his scholarship and his business discretion. I accompanied him to the museum of relics of the Lake Dwellers of the Swiss lakes. The curator of this collection was quite thoroughly informed

upon the probable character and history of the tribes that in early times fashioned the curious objects of domestic utility which are credited to the Lake Dwellers. I was struck by the eagerness with which all this information was gathered up and filed away for convenient reference by Dr. Hurst.

SAMADEN, SWITZ., June 30.

To Mrs. Hurst:

I left Zurich on Wednesday P. M. and, after a ride of four hours past beautiful lakes and grand mountains, I reached Ragatz, where I joined Rev. Mr. Wortman. I went to the Baths of Pfeffers, where a broad stream cuts its way through a mountain range. The mountains close over the chasm in some places, and only in the middle of the day does the sun come down. I walked through this narrow way about three hundred yards. Next morning we went to Chur; then by stage to Thusis, and up to see the Via Mala, or Bad Way, where the Rhine cuts its way through the Alps. It is grand beyond description. At Thusis we got our long Alpine sticks, and on Friday morning started on our tramp. We went through the Schyn Pass, where we saw historical old castles and had a miserable dinner. We walked about 5½ hours that day, slept at night in a hotel at Mühlen on the bank of a stream, the Albula, which at that spot is a waterfall. It was pretty noisy, but we slept splendidly. Yesterday we ascended the Julier Pass, walking up many thousand feet. We were above the region of trees. All was rock, scarce grass, but abundance of wild flowers—violets and many others. By and by we reached the snow and we had a little snowball scuffling—strange enough for the last of June. In ascending we saw the celebrated Engadine Valley, with beautiful green lakes stretching down it and neat villages, and the bathing place of Saint Moritz; we drank some of the water, and it was very much like Saratoga water. We stopped at Samaden at night, and each of us has a double room, well furnished and in every way very comfortable. We start to-morrow morning up a high mountain, the Piz (pronounced Pitts) Languard. No guides have yet become necessary, but whenever they do we shall employ them. You need not be afraid of my running any risk—I have long ago passed that business.

TRAFOI, TYROL, July 4.

To Mrs. Hurst:

We slept at night amid snow and ice, on top of the Bernina Pass. Of course, we had to wrap up warm. It freezes at night there. We had a splendid day altogether. Next morning we started down the Bernina Pass, passing some great glaciers and stopping to take some

milk at a little village. An old woman gave us a big loaf of hard bread. I saw an ax near by, and when I struck the bread with it and it did not crack the crust, it caused great merriment among the villagers. I got another ax, and it did not break then. So one man ran to his house and got another loaf which we managed to eat.

MUNICH, GERMANY, July 17.

To Mrs. Hurst:

I never uttered half my fears about my own health for many months before I left home. Now I have completely recovered, and owe it all to the goodness of my heavenly Father in so disposing my matters at home that I could get the mountain air and freedom from restraint which I needed. The vacation has done more for my eyes and my whole body than six months of inactivity at home could have done. I thank you much for your self-sacrificing willingness that I should stay so long from home. I finished up my vacation in the Tyrol very pleasantly, and yesterday P. M. got here.

The arrival in the cottage home at 3 Steffensweg of their second son, Carl Bailey, on August 16, 1867, one day prior to his father's own anniversary, was a joy to the happy family. From Philip Schaff came this bit of news written on June 29:

The Drew Seminary is to be located near Madison and Morristown, N. J. A splendid mansion with over one hundred acres of ground has just been bought for the purpose. I suppose you will be connected with this institution yet. They need just such men as you to build it up.

Gilbert Haven, from his editorial chair, wrote him spicily, July 17:

I ought to have acknowledged your very cordial and very acceptable note before, but somehow it seems more of a job to send a note across the Atlantic Ferry than it does Fulton; and so while I would have said "Thank you" long ago had you written from Staten Island, I have kept delaying it since the salutation came from the flats of Bremen. I know how refreshing to your far-off eyes are these American bonbons. I remember how the Advocate and Herald looked after I had crossed the Mediterranean and spent months without a sight of a Methodist face in flesh or type. The ocean affects papers as it does persons—gives them perhaps a flavor and a quality above their nature.

I trust you find the Herald thus improved and made acceptable above its real merit. We are trying to do something with it by the way of contributions and other outlays. I should be glad to see your face occasionally, I would say oftener, but that I have only six European Americans on its staff; yet there is always room for first-class things, and they will get the preference. When anything of especial note meets your eye or ear, you may let the Herald share it with the Advocate and Methodist.

Methodism is beginning a career of wealthy endowments. May it still be humble and faithful. The infidel hosts are upon us and we have many battles yet to fight for the Lord. May you be strengthened for your share in this service!

From H. B. Ridgaway, August 14:

So you have seen Fox and the Fosses. I suppose they will soon be home, when I hope to hear and *touch* somebody that has talked with and touched you.

He preached the dedicatory sermon of the new Methodist Episcopal chapel in Berlin on November 3, from Rom. 1. 16, of which a report was made by Fales H. Newhall in Zion's Herald of December 12. On this trip to Berlin he visited the celebrated Professor Hengstenberg, to whom he bore a letter of introduction from Dr. Philip Schaff. Many in America and Germany had supposed that Dr. Schaff would be elected to the chair of Church History at the University of Berlin. Hengstenberg had been opposed to his election. Dr. Hurst says:

What reason do you suppose he gave me for opposing Dr. Schaff? "Dr. Schaff had been born in free Switzerland and had lived in the United States!" He regarded these facts sufficient of themselves to unfit any man to be professor of theology in Berlin.

From his uncle, John Hurst, April 15, 1868:

Bishop Simpson stayed with us during our Conference. We enjoyed his company very much. He spoke of you frequently in the highest terms. I showed him your letter in which you alluded to him very kindly, and which he appreciated.

From G. H. Whitney, May 12:

Dr. Mattison has just written an article on "Decline of Romanism" for the Quarterly. He showed me MS. wherein he had made use of something from one of your letters, and he said to me, "By the way, that Hurst is a man."

From H. B. Ridgaway, August 4:

Dear Hurst, it sickens me to hear you complain of the little you accomplish. No man in the church is working harder and doing more. My fear is you are overworking and cutting short that better end of your life, when you could work with the grandest results. My sweet, precious brother, do let up; ease off, take care of yourself. The church and the world need too greatly just such men as you, for your days to be prematurely cut off.

From John A. Roche, August 10:

My dear Hurst, I can't tell how much social satisfaction you impart to the people about you in Germany, but your absence has proven the end of the meetings of P. D.'s. We have not had one since you and I had that good time with Fox at Carmel. He is still there. Ridgaway is back at Saint Paul's, Watkins is at Hanson Place, Sewall is at Pacific Street, and I am at First Place. But the meetings are *nowhere*. They have not been resumed since we bade you "Good-bye." From the amount and merit of your writing in our periodicals, you will not, if "out of sight, be out of mind." I read your letters in the Methodist with pleasure and profit, and wonder at your ability to keep yourself, amid your professional duties, so well posted in relation to matters that I should deem it difficult to reach.

In the summer of 1868, having nearly completed his preparations for removal of both family and school to Frankfort, Dr. Hurst in company with Dr. Abel Stevens took a trip to Heligoland for needed recuperation. From this place he writes Mrs. Hurst July 29:

I suppose you will be off for Frankfort on Thursday (to-morrow evening). Well, I hope and believe you will have a very good time, and that nothing will happen to you. I think we shall leave here next Monday, as we shall have by that time had all the advantages of bath-

ing and the fresh air. The Dr. is a splendid man, and is in every way companionable and delightful. We sleep half of the time. We take breakfast and then a nap. Then we sail over to the adjoining island (about a mile off), where we bathe. The surf is splendid. Then we sail back and take a good nap. Dinner comes at 3 P. M. and then we lounge about, read a little, and sleep until 7 P. M. I think we sleep about 10 hours in the day.

I am glad to know that the packing is getting on so splendidly; I shall have no care whatever. I shall write you next at Frankfort, though I shall not know any other address except Martin Mission Institute. If there is no need of my going to Frankfort to get the things delivered, perhaps we shall stay a few days in the Harz.

XXXII

At Frankfort-on-the-Main

The school reopened about October 1, 1868, in rented rooms in Frankfort-on-the-Main under its new name of the Martin Mission Institute. To Dr. Nast on September 25 he wrote of their temporary quarters:

The house in which we live stands in the rear and, though small, it is large enough and very neat in appearance. The Frankforters have a saw, "When you have built your house, first send your enemy to occupy it; then your friend; and then go yourself!" We have acted on this principle, for the new Institute is hardly far enough advanced to occupy *yourself*. So we have had to rent humble quarters elsewhere for the students, for a few months, and no doubt they will be just as comfortable, though in smaller rooms, as if they were already in the Institute proper.

Dr. Hurst, in the Missionary Advocate for February, 1873, says:

In the year 1866 John T. Martin, Esq., of Brooklyn, determined to direct his centennial benefaction to the reëstablishment of the Institute, and for that purpose gave $25,000, with the provision that the new school should commence without any debt. Frankfort is

the very center of German Methodism, and just then was passing from its traditional status as a free city, a member of the old Hanseatic League, into Prussian hands, this being one of the penalties resulting from the victory of Prussia over Austria at Sadowa. Frankfort had sympathized with Austria, and she was immediately absorbed. Property was cheap, many of the old families hastening off to find homes farther south. A beautiful site was found on what was called the Roederberg, an elevated suburb at the eastern end of the city, overlooking the Main, the historic and lovely valley, the Bavarian Mountains, and the Taunus Range, while the entire city of Frankfort lay below. The property was cheap and most desirable; yet it would not have been known that it was for sale but for an old gardener, who saw the committee on the street, asked them what they were after, and then why they did not buy that place, meaning the spot where he was standing and which he had cultivated for fifty years. It was bought.

The corner stone was laid March 15, 1868, and the institution was formally opened on January 17, 1869, when the Rev. E. Riemenschneider (father of the doctor) preached from Psa. 137. 5. The Rev. L. Nippert, the new Director, gave an historical account of the school. Addresses were made by Revs. C. H. Doering, G. F. Kettell, H. Nuelsen, Consul-General Murphy, G. P. Davies (of the English Congregational Church), Dr. Hurst, and others.

Rev. H. A. Buttz, his classmate, pastor at Morristown, writes on September 23, 1868:

> Drew Seminary has opened very favorably. We have about fifty students, some of them very superior young men. I am engaged there part of three days each week, which, in connection with my home work, keeps me very busy. I cannot, of course, be worked any harder than you are, with your literary and professorial duties.

William F. Warren, his predecessor at Bremen, sends him on October 17 this greeting:

> Many hearty congratulations on your transit to the new Institute. I have thought of you and of your enjoyment of the new unfoldment of your institution hundreds of times. Believe me, when I

say that I have been with you in spirit much, sharing your toils, discouragements, and triumphs. God bless the Martin Mission Institute!

Abel Stevens thus appreciates his contributions to the press:

November 21.

Your letters [in the Methodist] are read with eagerness by us all—no other paper in New York is kept so *au fait* in German affairs, literary and ecclesiastic.

In writing to her sister Mrs. Hurst says of the toast to which Dr. Hurst responded at the Thanksgiving dinner for Americans in Frankfort:

Mr. Hurst was cheered very much. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln had a headache and could not come, but "Tad" was there. He was very pleasant.

Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Anson Burlingame with other distinguished Americans temporarily in Frankfort gave frequent evidence of friendly feeling and social recognition to Dr. Hurst and his family. Dr. Hurst continued his teaching in Frankfort until the spring of 1871, though Mrs. Hurst taught his classes in English for several weeks while he was on his trip to the Holy Land. He thus rounded out his full five years in a work that has ever since been a blessing to the Methodists of Germany and Switzerland. The Rev. G. Hausser, who was a close observer of his developing career in its relation to the young Germans who came under his training, says:

From the very first he made a favorable impression on me, not only as a scholar, but especially as a Christian. His great aim in life seemed to be to acquire knowledge and to educate the young men intrusted to his care. Some of the most efficient and influential workers in our German Conference were his pupils. He used his talents and the knowledge he had acquired wholly in the service of his Master and for the benefit of his scholars.

He was a true friend; for even after he had become Chancellor and Bishop he did not forget his old friends, and at our last Conference in Rochester I found him to be the same modest, sincere, affectionate friend and brother he had been thirty years before.

Bishop Simpson writing to the Christian Advocate in July, 1870, says of the Institute:

It is ably managed by Rev. Dr. Hurst, who labors assiduously for the education of the young men.

In June, 1869, the darling daughter Clara, who had brought so much peace and joy to the home in Elizabeth, passed from their loving embrace. This shadow with its enswathement of light demands a special place in the story of the home now first broken, and, with the account of his journeys and translations of important treatises from the German during the first three years of his teaching in Europe, will be treated in specific form separate from the general narrative.

In addition to his other labors, Dr. Hurst for the most of the period of his residence in Frankfort preached on the first and third Sundays of each month at the American service in the chapel at No. 1 Grosser Hirschgraben, near the house where Goethe was born; and during the Franco-Prussian War he quartered German soldiers for a time at his house, while often the evening employment of his family was making lint for the wounded and he himself visited the great military hospital and ministered Christian consolation to the sick and dying.

XXXIII

Trips in Europe and the East.—Escape from a Bomb in Rome

Of his Easter vacation (1867), spent with Mrs. Hurst on a visit to the Paris Exposition, and other cities, brief mention has already been made. His trip to Zurich in June of the same year to attend Conference included a half day at Hanover with walk to Herrenhausen and return; a few hours at Göttingen, where a woman sold him some fruit and nuts and wrapped them in leaves of a Latin life of Saint Jerome; a night and a half day at Hesse-Cassel, taking in its world of art treasures; a half day at Wilhelmshöhe, with its palace and grottoes and chapel; two nights and a day in Marburg, giving him a view of the castle with its Knights' Hall, of Saint Elizabeth's Church, and of the University; a day and night in Frankfort, where Gutenberg's statue and the houses where Goethe and Rothschild were born were his chief attractions; a half day at Heidelberg, taking a run through the market and a peep at his old quarters of ten years previous; a few hours at Karlsruhe; two nights and a Sunday at Baden-Baden, attending Roman Catholic services in Cathedral and the Greek service, and getting an abhorrent view of the gambling there prevalent even on the Sabbath; four hours in Freiburg with walk to the Schlossberg; and two nights and a day and a half at Basel, including a visit to the haunts of Erasmus, a call upon Professor Riggenbach, a little while at the museum, and attendance at a lecture by Hagenbach on Zwingli.

Upon adjournment of Conference he hurries away from Zurich, and before he reaches home again he has added to his trophies of travel Bad Pfäffers, a night at Ragatz, on through Chur, to Thusis by stage and the Via Mala of Splügen Pass; over Schyn Pass along the Albula, through Alvaschein, to Tiefenkastel; thence by carriage to Mühlen, where he stayed

BISHOP HURST WITH GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK, 1870.

a night; a walk through Julier Pass to Silvaplana, to the Baths of Saint Moritz, and to Samaden in the lovely Engadine valley, where he spent a Sunday; up the Piz Languard, through Pontresina, and taking in the Morteratsch Glacier and Waterfall; by carriage to Bernina House and then on foot to Bernina Hospice at the top of Bernina Pass, where he stayed all night, having walked twenty-two miles that day, passing Palü Glacier to Poschiavo, Preso, and Tirano, one night; on foot through Boladore to Bormio, twenty-eight miles (night); over the Bormio, dining at Santa Maria; and down to Trafoi; a walk to Sponding, through Schlanders, and to Meran by omnibus; a walk to Botzen and ride back to Meran, where a Sunday was passed, his entry being: "Mr. Wortman and myself had a prayer meeting with reading of the Bible. God blessed us much;" a walk to Staben and to Unser Frau; across the Hoch Joch to Vent (night); walk of ten hours to Umhausen (night); to Roppen, ride to Landeck, stopping at Ried (night); to Finstermunz Pass; ride to Innsbruck (a Sunday); by cars to Jenbach; on foot to Lake Achen and Scholastica; by stage to Baths of Kreuth and village of same name (night); walk to Holzkirchen by Tegern Lake, and then to Munich, three days; thence to Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Bremen by rail.[1]

Another trip along the Neckar in April, 1868, gives him one of his favorite runs to Heilbronn, thence up the river to Tübingen, where for two days he revels in such sights as the house and tomb of the poet Uhland, the antiquarian bookstores, the prison, the castles, the great parish church, with the tombs of the dukes of Württemberg, the University, and an interview with Professor Wildermuth and his wife, Mrs. Ortillie Wildermuth, the writer.

[1] For a fascinating account of this excursion see his Life and Literature in the Fatherland, pp. 309, ff.

On his trip to Heligoland and the Harz Mountains in June following he wrote to Dr. Nast from Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 25:

Immediately after Conference I went with Dr. Stevens to Heligoland, and had a pleasant week there; afterward, I went to Harz; these little excursions helped me up again, for I was almost down. In fact, I had long been working too hard, but did not or would not know it.

In the summer of 1869, after dear Clara's death, he took a trip to the north. He writes to his son, John, from Copenhagen, August 1:

Yesterday A. M. at 8 o'clock we got here, and the custom house officers looked all through our baggage. There was one bundle they seemed to be suspicious of, and so I unrolled it very slowly for them. What do you think it was? Why, nothing but two or three poor little sandwiches that I had fixed at Lübeck. How the man laughed, and he was a little provoked to boot.

And again on steamboat Dagmar August 20:

I have a room with another man, or I should say three, for I have had a new chum every landing place we have made. My present roommate is a Russian officer, who used my toothbrush as if it had been his own. I did not know it until I heard one Englishman say a Russian had used his, and when I came down to my room I found mine had been used too.

Of this trip Mrs. Hurst writes a letter to her sister, Mrs. Snow, September 15:

Johnnie and I made the welcome wreath and put it over his picture with "Willkommen" written under it. Mr. Hurst came home ten days ago when everything was in readiness and we were so glad to see him. He was absent nearly six weeks. He saw thoroughly Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Poland. There will be an account of each country in his letters to the Methodist, one from Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Saint Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw.

An Easter excursion in April, 1870, from Frankfort to the Taunus Mountains regales the tired teacher with a sight of Soden-Höchst, a large laboratory, from Königstein Hill; the castle; a walk to Falkenstein; the ascent of Alt König; all night at the top of Feldberg, and descent the next day "on a brisk trot," with bath in the brooks, "one piece of Colgate's soap for us all," and walk to Homburg.

In May we find him in company of General Clinton B. Fisk, of whom he writes to Mrs. Hurst from Munich, May 7:

> The General is one of the most delightful men I ever traveled with, well informed, agreeable, not self-willed, religious, and has all the qualities of a Christian gentleman.

And again from Vienna, May 11:

> The General is perfectly prodigal of money, and will let me buy nothing, pictures or anything else. I attempted at first several times to pay for several little things myself, but he would not allow it, and I saw he would become offended if I did. He will have everything in the best style.

On this journey he visited Nuremberg, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Linz, Pardubitz, Königgrätz, Sadowa, Prague, and Berlin.

On July 4 with Mrs. Hurst and little John he left Frankfort for a two-months' tour through Holland and Belgium and a sojourn of several weeks by the seashore at Heyst, Belgium. This included a stop in Düsseldorf and at Utrecht, where they had an interview and took supper with Dr. and Mrs. Van Oosterzee. While he was at Heyst he says:

> Some men were knitting nets. I helped them, aided by early experience. Threaded a seine knitting needle. This pleased them.

The most extensive of these journeys was the one he took to Egypt and the Holy Land in 1871. He says:

On February 1 I started from Frankfort for a tour in the East. Had taken great pains with my money belt, having given a special order for it. But it grew so uncomfortable that I took it off before reaching the second station. At Munich met Mrs. Lincoln. She asked me to help her, which I did, her baggage being checked to Innsbruck and she wishing to go to Verona. Bade Mrs. Lincoln "Bon Voyage" on her Italian tour and then started on my way to Trieste.

He visited at Cairo the citadel, tombs of the Caliphs, Island of Roda, the Nilometer and the English burial ground; then to the Pyramids, Gizeh, and the palace of Ibrahim Pasha. On February 18 he is at the tombs of Ben Hassan and spends a night at Minieh with its sugar mills; on the 19th at Assiut, where he met Dr. Hogg, the successful Scotch missionary to the Copts. On the 23d we see him at Karnak and Luxor; and the 28th at Philæ. On March 6 he visits the governor of Minieh and returns to Cairo, and on the 7th the Gizeh Gardens. The 9th he visits Miss Whately's school, and on the 10th starts for Suez and Ismailia; and on the 11th goes from Port Said by steamer to Jaffa, where he lands the 12th and visits house of Simon the tanner and, being Sunday, attends service at American consulate. On the 13th he goes to Jerusalem. He makes an excursion to Hebron where, he says, "I was seized by the throat because I was simply going up the outer stairway of the inclosure of Abraham's cave of Machpelah, and I was ordered off at every door of the harem when I had paid five francs to see it." He made a side trip also to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea of five days. and left Jerusalem on March 24.

At Shiloh went off the road, neither dragoman nor muleteer knew the way; got a man from the field. Murray's warning might have deterred me, but fortunately had not read it. Met a shepherd boy with his reed pipe and looked at it; David's, perhaps, just like it.

On March 25 and 26 at Nablus, Sychar, Jacob's well,

Mount Gerizim, and Joseph's tomb. He saw the Samaritan copy of the Pentateuch in the sanctuary. Visited the high priest Amon—who gave him his autograph in Samaritan and Arabic. Passed Sebustieh (Sebaste), a ruin; Dothan and Jenin (night). On to Jezreel; past Nain, Shunem, Endor, to Nazareth (night); Tiberias (night); around Sea of Galilee, sleeping in a rush tent with fleas at Mellahah; to Banias; and Kefr Hawer. On April 1 he writes to Mrs. Hurst from Kefr Hawer:

On this journey I have been in considerable danger at times, but a show of fearlessness, and the appearance of having weapons belted around me, have brought me out all right. Esau, my dragoman, picked up a huge knife on the way, which he has on him. Then he got a big-headed club, which he swings now and then in great heroism. By my taking my lorgnette out of the case and unscrewing it fully, and belting it on, it looks very much, when partially concealed, like a double-barreled pistol. This inspires no little fear, as soon as seen, and that is all I want. Then my lunch knife, which I have at hand, does its part of keeping up appearances. My dragoman was to furnish me with eating and do the cooking. But what cooking! He gives me the towel that I have used and used again till it ought to be washed, for my tablecloth. He ties up some of my food in his dirty handkerchief, gives me fish in my rice, which he stirs with so many different dirty sticks that it has acquired a black look; my soup has no definite taste; he seems to be shedding his black hair all the time, from the quantity I find in everything. He picks and cooks the chickens himself, and how black! The cheese I peel fresh every time I use it. I beg for eggs and oranges, and get them. The tea I make myself, and the coffee I intrust to him. But I am so hungry I take anything, and am thankful! I have not seen him use a knife or fork in cooking yet—all by fingers! Neither have I seen him wash his hands but once since we left, and that was to-day. I begged him last night to jump in the headwaters of the Jordan with me; but no, it was bad for his eyes, and so he held my clothes. He gets mad sometimes and then beats his head. But he is getting sobered now, declares he is a Protestant, and is going to pray the Lord all the time that I may be President of the United States. I notice he turns his back toward me when he cooks. I sleep in about as good a room as can be found. But they are mud huts,

filth of all kinds in abundance around the doorway, and inside stenches indescribable! Fleas and —— —— will not even let me get to sleep before they begin. In one place, Banias, the Cæsarea Philippi of Scripture, Esau took me to such a filthy place to spend my night, and dream of you and the children, that my instinct of self-preservation rebelled, and I put off for the governor of the place. I dragged him with me and made him translate, though I am now picking up enough Arabic to tell what people are generally talking about. (Just here I must tell you that a tribe of little children are crowding around me and running their dirty fingers under my nose, and begging for backsheesh.)

I am no longer on the housetop, but down in the yard, near Esau, who is promising an early dinner. There are 3 horses, 3 cows, dogs, goats, saddles, babies, men, women, a flock of sheep, and Esau at his stove, all before me, and much else that I can't stop to enumerate. I simply asked the governor, who was holding audience, for the use of the government room for the night. Esau was so dumfounded by such impudence toward a high functionary that he refused at first to translate. But he had to come to it. At first a refusal—then consent—then coffee—then cigarette—then invitation to dinner—then cigarette and coffee—all this followed. Even Esau was invited to dinner after. The dinner was splendid—clean, savory, and unique. There was a whole young goat in the middle, with even its head on, from which each pulled as he wished—no forks—no knives—but wooden spoons, which were little used. The thin bread lay at our feet. I was the only one who occupied a seat (a low stool), the rest sitting on the floor. After this the sheik gave me a letter to the sheik of this place, for comfortable reception and hospitality, but the sheik is from home and my luck is poor.

DAMASCUS, April 2.

Here I am, you see. To-day I could not endure staying in such a hole, and rode through the desert, with glorious old Mount Hermon in view. I stopped my horse and made a big snowball for my dry lips, and wrote your initials—baby, John, Carl, and you in the snow, and trotted on. How glad I am to get here! I met at the very first at the hotel some delightful people (English), who were fellow passengers up the Nile. They think I have done grandly—came through in one day less than Cook's party and saw more too. One gentleman in it envied my success—and it has been a great success. My horse gave out, and I rode one of the mules into Damascus.

After three days in Damascus he goes on to Beirut. Of his

visit to Bishop Kingsley's grave, in a letter to Mrs. Hurst written on steamer Juno, off the Island of Patmos, April 15, he says:

I received your letter after my visit to Bishop Kingsley's grave and could not well have planted the seeds anyhow, for all around his grave people walk, and the grave itself is covered with brick masonry on which it is supposed there will be placed a slab if the remains are not sent to America. A Methodist preacher from the West (Dr. Fairall), the American consul, and one American, Mr. Hallock, and I visited the grave together, and I was charmed with its delightful situation. The lovely Lebanon Mountains look right down upon it. The graveyard belongs to the German Protestants, is in a retired but well-chosen place, and well cared for. You look out from it upon the bright blue Mediterranean. I hope his remains will stay just where they are. I plucked many flowers from about his grave, to press.

He landed at Cyprus, at Rhodes, and Smyrna, and proceeded to Constantinople, and thence homeward by Athens and Rome. A stop at Rome included a Sunday in early May when he attended in the evening a preaching and communion service conducted by the British Wesleyans in a large hall of an old palace. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Sciarelli, had been a soldier in Garibaldi's army. Just before the benediction was to be pronounced there was a loud, irregular hissing noise in the left-hand corner of the front entrance to the hall. The Bishop says:

I was sitting on the front seat just before the altar, and in turning around to look at the place whence this alarming noise emanated I saw a large oval-shaped vessel bounding up and down, caused by the partial but successful igniting of the fuse. So violent was the concussion that the gaslights were immediately extinguished, and we were left in total darkness. The people were wild with excitement. They sprang for their lives over one another, and over the seats—all hastening toward the doors. There seemed to be no ventilation, and the fumes of the gas, mingled with the odor of gunpowder, made the atmosphere intolerable. I saw that my best chance for escape was in sitting still until the doors and windows were opened and

the people went outside. This was a dangerous position, for I was nearly overcome by the wretched gases, and barely had strength enough to get near the fresh air. Lights were brought in; the pastor found me, and told me he would give me an attendant to my hotel, which he did, saying at the same time that there was danger of assassination, as the bomb indicated a plan to destroy the congregation. The bomb did not explode, the fuse failing to do its work.

The next day I called on our American painter, poet, and sculptor, T. Buchanan Read, and as I was still nervous it was but natural that I should describe the scene of the previous evening. He seemed to take full memoranda of the information, and as nearly as I can remember expressed a desire to make use of it.

I heard nothing more about the scene for several weeks, when I met in Frankfort a person who had just left Rome. He told me the attempt to destroy the congregation had been discussed by the Parliament; that the bomb had been examined and found to contain all manner of destructive objects, such as pieces of iron, glass, and what not; that a discussion had taken place, and that the result was the passage of the now historic act—the opening of all Italy to perfect freedom of worship for all confessions.

XXXIV

The Father Bereft

The Discipline of Sorrow

He who had been the messenger of comfort to hundreds in their hours of bereavement himself with his devoted wife passed into the clouds of affliction. Only a few weeks after their settlement in the new home in Frankfort little Clara suffered an attack of typhoid fever, from the first effects of which she partially recovered, but then gradually failed and after eight months of lingering sickness on June 20, 1869, she slept sweetly in Jesus. Writing in his own notebook a few weeks later he says:

> A great blow has come upon me. My dear daughter Clara has been borne from me by angel hands—herself an angel. God help me to preach and work aright, that I may meet her in heaven. I fully expect she will welcome me home at last. Heavenly recognition has been to me ever before a belief—now it is beyond that, a knowledge.

The story of that household in its united ministrations to the little sufferer, prolonged with its anxieties and vigils through the late autumn into and through the winter, with the alternations of fear and hope, far into the early spring, and the gradual predominance of the doubt and dread as the year grew green and bright with April showers and the flowers of May, cannot be told. On May 17 he made this record:

> Second consultation of physicians held on Clara; they pronounce that there is very little hope for her life. But she and her mamma believe that she will be spared—which God grant, but to his name's glory and honor.

Her condition was such in the middle of June as to warrant

hope that she would survive perhaps for many weeks, and Dr. Hurst, bearing a heavy heart, set out for Berlin to attend the annual session of the Conference. On Friday, June 18, Mrs. Hurst writes him:

MY OWN PRECIOUS HUSBAND: Darling Clara is sleeping a little. She is gradually failing, more rapidly, I fear, than the doctor thinks. She certainly will be with us but a very short time. She takes very little notice of things—does not seem to hear; yet, by getting very near, she will look up. About five o'clock this afternoon she kissed me and this morning early asked, "Where is papa?" That is the most rational sentence she has said to-day. She takes short naps and then lies looking at something very quietly, sometimes grasps after something in the air.

Amelia will stay with me to-night and every night until you come. O, my precious husband, how it pains me to write this to you. I had hoped her life would be spared, but God orders otherwise, and now I find I have not that strength of mind to bear the stroke as I thought I would have. I am praying constantly for resignation. I can hardly wait for you to come. I feel like telegraphing, but fear I may be in too much haste; for I wish you to have a little rest after such a long journey. I cannot bear to leave her a moment, even when she is sleeping. She lies on our bed and I sit on the bed by her side. I think she knows I am there, although she has not said "Mamma" to-day. This morning about 10 o'clock she recognized some roses that Mrs. Pètri brought her.

To the above Mrs. Hurst's own hand added the sad particulars of the last days:

June 23.—The above was written last Friday, but, as Clara grew worse, I was obliged to telegraph to her papa, who was in Berlin attending Conference. Late Friday evening she kissed me four times and patted me with her little slender hand, which was becoming stiff, upon my cheek, as much as to say, "Mamma, don't grieve for me." Saturday morning at 3 o'clock she kissed me again and at 6 o'clock. This was the last, I think, that she had conscious moments during Saturday. Dr. Andrea came in Saturday evening, she looked at him and her eyes followed him around, and he said he was sure that she was conscious and that she knew him. Her eyes were constantly directed to the door as if she were expecting every moment to see her papa.

Mrs. Murphy, wife of the consul-general, and a kind neighbor, Mrs. Pètri, sat up with her Saturday night. Her papa arrived at 9½ Sunday morning and she died about five minutes before 10 o'clock. He was with her a half an hour, but we doubt whether she was sensible of it.

The funeral was held on June 23, and the burial was made in the Friedhof of Frankfort, amid a great profusion of flowers brought both to the house and to the cemetery by Clara's schoolmates. Mr. John P. Jackson in the Evening Post, New York, of July 21, says:

This thought of being buried among flowers is a very pleasant one, even to matured persons, and we were not surprised on learning that the little one had become enchanted with it. She had thus obtained an almost poetic idea of death. A few months previously her mind had been busily engaged in planning excursions and picnics with her schoolmates to the beautiful summer-clad woods, but toward the end she forgot these, and began to talk, young as she was, about death, and to say how she would like to be buried. She had already seen a German burial. It had been the wish of her parents, in case of death, that her body should be taken back to America; but the little one, who knew of some persons being thus removed, had said that she would not like to cross the rough sea again, but, imbued with the beautiful idea of being buried amid flowers, asked that she might be left in Germany, and requested that her head might be surrounded by a beautiful wreath, with beautiful rosebuds in her hair, a flower-cross upon her breast; the coffin was to be filled up with flowers, and some real ones were to be planted on her grave. The idea of such a flowery resting place appeared to take away all fear of death.

The mother heart grieved deeply and long over the departure of their only daughter, and the father heart strove manfully and successfully to bring both to her and to himself the solaces of the Christian faith. During his trip made in August to the Scandinavian peninsula and Russia he poured out his heart in strong and yearning messages of comfort to his wife:

LILLEHAMMER, NORWAY, August 9.

How much I thought of dear angel Clara yesterday, Sunday! She seems a little guardian spirit to me, and sometimes we can almost talk together. What a joy, with all our grief, that she has no grief, no tears, nothing but joy! and is waiting for us, whom she loved so dearly!

STOCKHOLM, August 14.

MY DEAR KATE: I am afraid you are grieving too much for our dear angel Clara. I have seen so much wickedness since I have been gone that I have a peaceful satisfaction in knowing that our sweet angel *is* an angel and can never sin, and never know a pain. Now, have we not a great comfort? And why should you wish to have Clara by our side when she would not, if she had her choice, notwithstanding all her almost idolatry of us, leave her Saviour's side for ten thousand worlds? Let us love our sweet Clara's precious memory, and cherish her sweet, pure spirit, so as to imitate it, and love the Saviour more for her sake; for she loved him. Let us be happy in spite of all our sorrow, and remember that to mourn an erring child living is ten thousand times worse than a blest, immortal one. Do not, for the sake of dear John and Carl, who are left us, mourn longer over Clara's loss. We know her future, but we don't know John's or Carl's. Therefore spend the time in praying for and instructing them in the right way, instead of weeping selfishly over our angel spirit. If she knew that we ever shed a tear over her, what would her language be?—"Don't, dear papa and mamma, cry for me! You don't know how happy I am here, and what nice things the Saviour tells me and gives me all the time. Try and bear my absence just as you ought, and then come up here where I am!"

In a letter to her own sympathizing father and mother Mrs. Hurst partly discloses the deeps through which each sought to aid the other:

August 6.—Mr. Hurst bears it better than I do, but sometimes he feels like giving up entirely. She became such a pet of his through her sickness. . . . Nothing but time can soften this grief.

Again he writes to Mrs. Hurst:

ON STEAMER DAGMAR, August 20.

I know you still grieve for our precious angel Clara. I feel that heaven is doubly attractive to us, and that we should rather rejoice

to know that no power can take her from her high estate, and that our meeting her again, if we are faithful to Christ, is certain, when that would not have been the case if we had gone and left her to fight life's battle alone. I have seen so many tombs of children, and of princes, since I left home, that I feel that our lot has been the lot of parents ever since the world began; only we have the hope that multitudes of parents have not—of knowing that our dear one is with her Saviour.

SAINT PETERSBURG, August 23.

No grave was so touching as that of a little daughter of the present Emperor Alexander II, who was but six months younger than our angel in heaven. How her image stands before me! I gaze on little girls in the streets until I lose sight of them, and think of Clara, and that she is happy. Let us not weep, hard as it is to desist. She is above all suffering. Dr. Stevens's letter comes right home to me more than any we have received. He says our dear Clara hovers over us, and is a ministering spirit. It seems to me sometimes that I can almost hear our sweet Clara talking to me as she used to do. When we come to die we shall not have to be anxious about her future; it will sweeten our own death to know that we shall soon be with her.

XXXV

The Translator

The German Exegete.—The Swiss Historian.—The Dutch Defender

Parallel with and helpful to his work as teacher during his two years in Bremen and his first year in Frankfort was the congenial yet often difficult task of translating three important works from the German into English. These were the Commentary of Lange on the Epistle to the Romans, Hagenbach's History of the Christian Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, and Van Oosterzee's Apologetical Lectures on John's Gospel.

While still pastor at Staten Island he had agreed with Dr. Philip Schaff, the editor in chief of the translation of Lange's Commentary, to translate the Epistle to the Romans and to furnish the homiletical notes to be drawn from various sources. Soon after making this arrangement in the spring of 1866 he jotted down a comparative forecast for this new undertaking:

> From April 1 to August 1 I must translate 200 pages of Lange. There are 17 weeks and 85 working days. This would be 2½ pages for every working day. May God help me to complete my task!

More than three years later he added to the above:

> This enterprise was not finished until 1869. So much for plans.

He wrote at intervals, using the latest available editions of Lange's work and sending installments from time to time as they accumulated to the hand of the learned and able general editor. Dr. Schaff wrote him frequently on points where consultation became necessary and desirable. On November 20, 1867, he says:

I do not wonder that you call it the hardest work of your life. I find it very difficult myself to translate Lange. But I am sure we shall never regret the labor spent upon it. It will be a standard Commentary for a long time.

And again on September 12, 1868:

If I get through Romans and John (which has been thrown upon me by the sudden death of my friend Dr. Yeomans—a severe shock to me!) safe and sound, it will be almost a miracle. If I had nothing else to do, I might manage Lange, but I have to labor besides for the support of a large family. The printer is now working on the first chapter of Romans and complains dreadfully of the copy. But I cannot help it. It is a terrible job all around, which requires special grace to carry through.

On October 26 he says:

Your translation improves greatly as it goes on. You evidently have grown into the work. I find now little to correct, but much to add to Lange and occasionally by the way of dissent. If we carry the volume through as commenced, I think we will give to the public a Commentary full of valuable matter and not easily to be superseded. You may go on with your additions to the Homiletical Department, which I think are very valuable. Cull the richest fruits from the English and American fields of labor and make it exhaustive.

Dr. Hurst, with a sigh of relief that can almost be heard from the written lines, reaches the end of this work on Saturday, February 13, 1869:

At 12 minutes before 12 M. this day, I finished the last word of Lange's Commentary (Romans), on which I had been engaged just three years.

It came from Scribners' press late in 1869. From Dr. Schaff came in 1870 these words of comment and commendation:

The Commentary has been well received by the press except the Methodist Quarterly Review. You were no doubt as much surprised as I at the fierce attack of Dr. Whedon, which is as unfair as it is

unkind. I am sure my dear friend Dr. McClintock was grieved at it. I attended his funeral yesterday at Saint Paul's Church and was moved to tears. He was a loyal and true Methodist, and yet in hearty sympathy with all other branches and interests of Christ's kingdom. That is the style of man I admire and love. I deeply mourn over his departure, but God's holy will be done.

Romans is doing well, though none of the Epistles sell so extensively as the Gospels. Dr. Whedon's criticism may have interfered with its sale in the Methodist Church, but I trust not permanently. All the other reviewers spoke in high praise about it as being upon the whole the most valuable Commentary on Romans in existence. If you are anxious for more work, I am quite willing to let you take some Old Testament book not yet disposed of, which are 1 and 2 Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and six of the Minor Prophets. None of these have appeared yet in German.

His translation of Hagenbach's extensive and popular Church History dates for its inception as far back as January 1, 1864, when he consented to undertake it in joint labor with Dr. Bernard H. Nadal, then preaching in Philadelphia. Subsequently, after going to Europe and in view of Dr. Nadal's inability to fulfill his purpose of so large devotion of time to literary labor while engrossed in the cares of a large church, Dr. Hurst by a mutually satisfactory arrangement assumed the completion of the work. Dr. Nadal's portion of the work appears in Chapters I to VII inclusive, IX and a part of X in the first volume, and parts of XVI and XVII of the second. This long labor was finished in June, 1868, and the two octavo volumes appeared in 1869.

For several items of progress in this work his Journal can be consulted for 1864, January 1, 4, 9, 31 and February 20, the last-named entry announcing his discontinuance of the translating, because the Clarks of Edinburgh were printing another translation made by W. L. Gage and J. H. W. Stuckenberg under the title of German Rationalism. After his removal to Bremen he resumed the work of translation in harmony with the wishes of the distinguished author and

professor at Basel and under agreement for its publication by Charles Scribner. He wrote to Dr. William Nast, May 25, 1868:

> I can have Hagenbach ready for the press in two months, if necessary.

This work of a thousand pages is rounded out by a chapter from the hand of the translator called "Most Recent History and Present State of the Church in Europe," giving in the space of twenty pages a condensed view of the ten preceding years of European church life.

His translation of the Apologetical Lectures of J. J. Van Oosterzee on the Gospel of John from the German edition brought before the English and American public four of the strong and popular lectures of the scholarly and progressive, yet evangelical and conservative Professor of Utrecht in his masterly defense of the fourth gospel, delivered in the Odeon at Amsterdam in 1866. He completed this work in December, 1868, added some notes of his own, and it was published by the Clarks of Edinburgh in 1869. He had the pleasure of acquaintance with Dr. Van Oosterzee, with whom he carried on for several years an interesting correspondence.

A letter from Mrs. Hurst to her sister, Mrs. Snow, on November 9, 1869, refers to these three works of the busy man, her husband:

> I suppose you see by the papers that Romans of Lange's Commentary is out, and that Hagenbach's Church History is now being printed. You have no idea what a relief it is to have three large books, or the manuscript, out of the house. When I think it over I don't see how Mr. Hurst ever got through with it, and then that book, too, on John's Gospel, all crowded into three years. I don't believe he will ever undertake such an amount of work again. Romans was so very difficult, and also the homiletical additions which he made, but the New York papers are giving due credit and great praise for the scholarly manner in which he carried it

out. Hagenbach's Church History was stereotyped over here, and the plates sent to Mr. Scribner.

The History of Rationalism had been his passport into the world of letters. These three translations brought him into intimate relations with three leading theological minds of the Continent in exegesis, in history, and in biblical criticism, and bound him in the ties of lifelong affection to Dr. Philip Schaff. This long and wearing grapple with the German language, especially with the knotty type of Professor Lange's Romans, gave him a firm hold and an easy conquest in all his later frequent use of the literature of the Fatherland and in his conversation, his preaching, and presiding in their own tongue, among the Germans, who loved him as one of their own.

XXXVI

The Professor

At Drew

On December 13, 1869, John H. Vincent, then Secretary of the Sunday School Union, wrote Dr. Hurst:

> Will you come home at the close of the five years in Germany? To what will you come—a presidency? a professorship? an editorship? a pastorship? I think we must make you editor of the Quarterly Review. But God has led you and he still leads you.

The path which, upon the call of the church, he had entered when he left the local pastorate to engage in the broader pastorate of training young ministers in Germany for their lifework, was a straight one to a similar but higher and longer service in the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey. This institution was in its infancy, having first opened in the fall of 1867. The cultured, eloquent, mighty McClintock, with the help of a few strong associates, had given the young Seminary a worthy prestige, when on March 4, 1870, he dropped earth's toil and entered into rest, to be followed two months later by Professor Bernard H. Nadal. Midway between McClintock's crowning and his own, on April 2, Dr. Nadal wrote to Dr. Hurst:

> MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard of the death of our dear friend, Dr. McClintock. Indeed, you must know it while I write. We who are left in the Faculty of "Drew" are concerned as to who shall be our colleague in Dr. McClintock's place, not as president, but as professor. I have proposed you to the other members of the Faculty, and I think it quite probable they may agree with me; at least as probable as the contrary. Now, in confidence, how do you feel? What would

you do if the place were offered you? Would you be willing to take the chair of Practical Theology?

My plan is to have Foster made president. He has more influence with Mr. Drew than any other man in the church and can secure farther endowment as no one else could. Perhaps to accomplish certain ends it might be needful for me to take Foster's chair of Dogmatics, let him take the Practical, and give you my place (History). If need were, would that suit you? Of course, these things pledge nothing.

While pondering the question of duty as to the acceptance of a chair at Drew if it should be tendered him by the trustees, he received a message from one who had with keen and practiced eye taken the measure of his future service, General Fisk, at Paris, saying:

I cannot think it best for you to go to Drew just yet. You are No. 1 at Capua now. Rome will come in time.

His election to the chair of Historical Theology, for which he had named his friend, Charles W. Bennett, took place November 15, 1870, at a meeting of the trustees held in Jersey City, and was accepted six weeks later in a letter to Bishop Simpson. After finishing his fifth year in the German work and having made his trip to the Holy Land, he closed his relations to the school in Frankfort, packed his books and other earthly goods, and with his wife, his two sons and infant daughter Helen, crossed the Atlantic, leaving Bremen August 12, arriving in New York the 25th. On September 3 he preached at the corner stone laying of the new church in dear Passaic. In the early fall he was settled in his new home on the beautiful campus at Madison and on opening day spoke to the assembled friends and patrons of the Seminary. Here for nine years he directed and stimulated the students of Drew in their efforts to gain such a view of the development of the Christian church as should be a perpetual inspiration to patient

and successful labor and a safeguard from the errors which here and there have marred its record. His colaborer in the Faculty, and successor in the Presidency, Dr. Buttz, says:

His work in this important department was marked with great success. His professorial life was one of joy to him and of profit to all his students. There are those who will recall him with tenderness as their professor and president at Drew, unfolding to them in vivid language the story of the Christian church and stimulating them to higher ideals of scholarship and usefulness. They will acknowledge that the touch of Professor Hurst is still upon them and that his influence upon them for good is still abiding.

Hundreds of preachers felt his personal touch and cherish fond memories of his class room and more private talks and helps. A few expressions will show in some degree the spirit and method of his teaching and intercourse with his students. William McKendree Hammack, of the Baltimore Conference, who was at Drew when Dr. Hurst first came, says:

We found in him a kind and sympathizing friend, ever ready to listen and offer wise and kind counsel. His pleasant smile, genial spirit, and kind words have ever been a pleasant memory to me.

Dr. Daniel Halleron, of the Newark Conference, writes:

In May, 1872, I came to Madison for the purpose of entering Drew Seminary. A perfect and bewildered stranger, I left my wife at the hotel, where we did not wish to stay long, for financial reasons. I entered the campus not knowing whom to see. A man with spade in his hand, cowhide boots, trousers tucked in, an old coat and an older hat, approached and inquired whom I wanted. I told him my errand. I suppose I looked out of sorts. He smiled and patiently listened, then in a singularly sympathetic manner said, "Brother, don't be disturbed, matters will come out all right." What was my amazement in a few days to discover that the man was Dr. Hurst. He was patient, sympathetic, genial, scholarly, but could be as firm as Gibraltar.

Dr. John A. Gutteridge, of '77, says:

He was always ready to preach for the smallest congregations. The Sunday evenings he spent in our little home in Livingston after he had preached will never be forgotten. I can see him now take his shoes off on a cold winter's night and put his feet in the oven on a log of wood we had put there to warm for that purpose. He was so simple in his ways, so like one of the family, that I fear we shall never see his like again.

Dr. W. H. Rider, of Southern California Conference, tells of a walk with him, a habit which marked the beloved Tholuck in the days at old Halle:

He was to me one of the greatest helpers of my life. One day, after his lecture to the class in history, he invited me to take a walk with him. We started toward Morristown. Say what you will about distances and strides! We talked about specializing in study. He said he believed in it and mentioned exegesis as most inviting. In this connection he said, "I like language and history, but I do not believe the Lord ever intended that I should study mathematics."

Another similar incident is related by Professor W. W. Martin, of the New York East Conference:

My custom was to walk around the Triangle, one side of which was bordered by the Morristown Road. On this evening I was walking slowly and heard a kind voice say, "Good evening, Brother Martin!" Turning, I saw Dr. Hurst stepping up by my side. We walked on together, he going with me around the Triangle. I seemed to be talking a great deal to him all the way; but the fact was, for every word I uttered he spoke sentences. He made me companion with the great thinkers of the past, with the leading spirits of the German universities. They were made to appear very near to me, older friends pointing out the deeds of those who had among men, with fidelity and sacrifice, served our Lord the Christ. I have often thought how in that walk Bishop Hurst completely blotted out his own personality that he might surround me with the mighty workers of the past and present. The memory of the walk lives to-day.

He kept himself in constant touch with current thought bearing on his special themes, and in place of a regular lecture he would sometimes spring a pleasant surprise upon his class

by treating them to a delightful talk on some topic or book or author. Professor Faulkner, of Drew, speaks in the Methodist Review for May and June, 1904, of his "interesting lectures in the old northeast room in Mead Hall and the still more interesting excursions into the paths of history, biography, and literature." Dr. John D. Hammond, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, says:

> He was one of the most popular and beloved teachers I have ever known. His gentleness and strength combined not only to win to him all hearts, but also to give him dominion over all minds.

XXXVII

The President

At Drew

The election of President Randolph S. Foster to the office of bishop at the General Conference of 1872 took away from "Drew" its official head. Six months later, on November 29, Bishop Foster resigned both his professorship and the presidency. The trustees, already knowing his power as a teacher and confident also of his administrative ability, on May 14, 1873, elected Dr. Hurst president of the Seminary. The acceptance of this office added greatly to his labors, for he retained his professorship and performed the duties belonging to it to the full, save during the period when imminent financial peril, threatening the life of the institution, midway in his administration drove him to frequent and long journeys, and some one of his colleagues, usually Dr. Kidder, would act as his substitute.

Differing in temperament and method from the two presidents, the scholarly McClintock and the philosophical Foster, who had laid strong, broad, and deep foundations in the first six years of "Drew," he admirably united with his scholarly labors in this office for seven years the practical sagacity of the man of affairs coping successfully with each rising emergency; secured the preservation and perfecting of the harmony existing between the members of the Faculty; the steady advancement in the grade of scholarship among the ever-increasing body of students, both for entrance and during the courses; an effective junction of the interests of the school with the mind and heart of the adjacent Conferences of its patronizing

From photograph by Garber.

JOHN FLETCHER HURST,

While President of Drew Theological Seminary.

territory, intensified and extended to the whole church by his heroic restoration of the lost endowment; and a constant pastoral watchfulness over the physical, social, moral, and spiritual well-being of the young men who came from every part of the country and from lands beyond the seas. His representations of the Seminary before the Annual Conferences were invariably well received. In 1874 he said to the Newark Conference:

> Brethren, we earnestly ask your prayers. It may seem an easy task. Not so. I envy you your fields of labor. You are welcome to our homes at any time. Search out young men. Don't let them go out until they are fully ready. We want earnest men, converted men, called men, serious men—men who know what they are proposing.

Supplemental to his public addresses in behalf of the school he wrote and published a telling circular of sixteen pages entitled "Should a College Alumnus attend a Theological Seminary?" In this he gives five reasons why he should, and answers six fallacious objections. An incident which occurred while he was visiting the Baltimore Conference in 1874 is vividly described by Dr. George V. Leech:

> Bishop Ames occupied the chair. As the admission of a young man, even on trial, was always regarded as a vital matter, all the information possible was sought. Hence a custom had grown up of informally calling on the professors or presidents of the institutions in which the candidate had studied, if such were at hand. Such testimony, when accessible, was not only sought, but was a very dominant factor in the decision of the case. A young man, whose name was before the Conference, had been a student at Drew. Dr. Hurst, who happened to be present, had duly represented him. Bishop Ames, perhaps unaware of the custom prevailing in this Conference, and well known as insistent on exact regularity of procedure, as soon as Dr. Hurst had finished, made some remarks that seemed to reflect on such outside interference, as out of place in affairs that belonged to the Conference alone. He had scarcely finished when the Doctor rose again. I shall never forget his appearance. A man of medium stature, of usually gentle and benevolent

countenance, his eyelids drooping heavily over eyes that were pale blue, I anticipated a mild-mannered apology for his action as well intended, though thus publicly and officially disapproved. I heard nothing of the kind. He seemed to rise to a higher stature than before; those languid-looking eyes seemed to have a new and wide-awake expression. First came a few well-chosen words of explanation of his course, as suggested by others and as justified by the custom of the Conference as well as by the proprieties of the case; then those eyelids were lifted, a very fire seemed to blaze, and the speaker finished by informing the massive and dignified presiding officer that he understood his rights in such matters and that he allowed neither bishop nor anyone else to reflect on him for such action; he followed duty alone and was content. He then quietly took his seat. It was the end of the matter. A thrill of admiration for the mild-mannered man who had thus courageously confronted a bishop, who was rather feared by many ministers, ran through the Conference. Bishop Ames, though at times abrupt and combative, as is well known, looked quietly round as though the incident was satisfactorily closed, and proceeded to put the vote. The young man, if memory serves me aright, was unanimously admitted. It was a very easy matter, for one who did not know the real John F. Hurst, to misjudge his character for courage. He was utterly unassuming. His appearance and general manner of address gave no special indication of either great intellectual power and learning or of unusual courage. In reality he was the very embodiment of all of these.

On the last day of 1875 he served as one of the bearers at the funeral of the centenarian preacher, Henry Boehm, at Woodrow, Staten Island, and in September, 1876, he assisted at the funeral services of Bishop Janes, to whom he was devotedly attached.

His fraternal address, as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Triennial National Council of the Congregational Church at Detroit in 1877, was a most happy combination of good feeling with a scholarly and appreciative tracing of Congregational antecedents and history, and of parallels as well as contrasts in the honorable and successful growth of both Calvinistic and Arminian churches. Beginning with a blandness that bordered well on pleasantry, it closes

with an eloquent appeal of a clarion note for a solid union of forces for the battle to preserve the Sabbath, to defeat intemperance, to resist infidelity, and to check the political aggression of Roman Catholicism. He preached frequently during his entire connection with "Drew," visiting the camp meetings at seashore, in the forest, and in the mountains. Of the Wyoming, Pennsylvania, camp meeting of 1878 an eyewitness, Rev. E. W. Caswell, reports:

> Bishop Hurst and Bishop McCabe mingled among the multitude. The face of Bishop Hurst shone with the light of heaven. All who saw him on that occasion knew that his scholarly mind was illumined with the love of a great heart.

On December 18, 1878, he delivered a powerful address at the Educational Convention held in Syracuse. He found time to write and deliver an address on "Pastoral Habits" before the Newark District Conference, full of meaty suggestions and of fundamental principles for sermon-making. Here are two or three of its gems:

> The study should be as undisturbed by an intruder as was Galileo's tower in the moment of the discovery of a new planet, or the studio of Michelangelo when at work on his Moses. . . . A mechanical division of the hours, such as we sometimes find in the books on ministerial study, has about as much common sense in it as a man's laying down rules for the smiling of a child, the singing of a bird, the enjoyment of Niagara, or the absorbed looking at the Sistine Madonna. . . . We must remember that we are creatures of inspiration as well as habit, and when the fire is on one, or rather, in him, the timing of himself, the fixing an exact limit to his work, is like a Wellington ordering a halt in the hot midst of Waterloo, or Isaac Newton laying aside his calculation of the law of gravitation because, forsooth, his watch is telling him he is already four minutes beyond his allotted time.

From the impressions made on those who came near to him during his career as president of this school of the prophets we cull a few. Professor Faulkner writes:

When I came here [Drew] as a student and bashful boy, in 1878, I was told that I might find him somewhat severe and reserved, but, on the contrary, the first time I called on him I found him pleasant and friendly. . . . One time he made a great speech in the chapel on Ministerial Devotion. He said, "Bury yourselves in your work, and earthly honors will take care of themselves."

The Rev. N. L. Heroy, of '77, says:

Undecided what step next to take after my graduation from college, I wrote to Dr. Hurst for advice as to taking a course at Drew, suggesting that I was without means. His prompt reply was, "Come right on; the Lord will provide for all whom he calls to the ministry." I found out subsequently that this was the spirit in which he invited one and all of the impecunious candidates for the ministry.

The Rev. E. F. Barlow, of New York Conference, says:

The trait in Bishop Hurst which impressed me most was his attention to the individual. The few times I met him he gave me his thought as though I was the only man. So, it seemed to me, he did with any subject or matter. During the time of its consideration it absorbed all his thought—his soul.

From Dr. S. O. Royal, of the Cincinnati Conference:

As a young man, already consecrated to the work of the ministry, but undecided as yet whether I should dare to enter a theological seminary, to continue there the principle of self-support by which I had put myself through college, these words were an inspiration to my faith, and ended my inward debatings. In his first letter to me he said: "Do not remain away from here in order to teach. Come right along without any work in view, and trust in the Lord to open your way. I will see that you get the aid of a loan or an outright gift of enough to meet your board the first year. But leave all these things. Provide as well as you can, and leave the rest for the Lord and your friends here to manage." In a few weeks another letter from him announced that the aid suggested above had been secured, and I decided at once upon the path which changed the direction of my entire life. On another occasion at chapel exercise, when a peculiar temptation was haunting me, his words drove away the tempter, the air cleared, and courage came back. It was on this

wise. He said: "Some of you are here by the charities of strangers whose interest is in the cause, and not in you personally. Think none the less of yourselves on that account. Your Father in heaven has many children, and different ways of caring for them. Some are provided with abundant supplies for earning their own support, and others are for the time assisted by the generosities of those whom the Lord has made the stewards of his bounty. By whatever means our bread comes, it is from him." Such a spirit as those words manifested exerted an influence for which earthly measurements are utterly insufficient. Eternity alone can reveal and reward them.

The Rev. J. L. Gilder's description in 1877 is:

To the uninitiated President Hurst, from his very youthful appearance, would be the least likely to be regarded as at the head of the institution. We opine he is really older than his appearance indicates. He is rather under the medium size, but well proportioned and compacted. The face is oval, with symmetrical features; the countenance serene and placid—the very index of culture, piety, and benevolence. In manner Dr. Hurst is calm and undemonstrative; in speech, unimpassioned and deliberate, but perspicuous and impressive. He is a good organizer, exhibits executive ability of a high order, is free from all taint of egotism or dogmatism, and admirably well supports the dignity of his position.

XXXVIII

A Crisis, A Stand, A Victory

From the opening of the Seminary in November, 1867, until December, 1875, the salaries of the professors and other current expenses were quite amply provided for by the annual payment of $17,500, the interest on Mr. Daniel Drew's personal bond for $250,000. The purchase of the Gibbons estate, with its mansion and beautifully wooded ninety acres, the transformation of the buildings for the new purposes of the school, the erection of four houses for the homes of the pro-

fessors, and other improvements of the realty, were the gift of Mr. Drew, whose cash paid for all these, involving the outlay of about $250,000. In March, 1876, while the life at "Drew" was at the flood, the professors working with enthusiasm, the classes larger than at any previous time, and the prospect fair for steady growth in every department, suddenly Mr. Drew's securities or investments shrank to merely nominal values. The failure was complete and hopeless. President Hurst promptly visited the aged capitalist and generous giver. The pathos of that personal meeting between the strong and hopeful man and the tremulous, crushed, despairing financier can be easily imagined.

The result of his report of the situation to the Faculty and conference with them, and the resolute courage shared with him by every professor, formed the theme of his talk to the students one of those dark mornings in chapel. The Rev. W. H. York, of the Central New York Conference, reports the president on this occasion:

> I have recently had an interview with Mr. Drew. He told me he could no longer pay the interest on the bonds he had made for the endowment of Drew Theological Seminary. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "Mr. Drew, the report of such a failure as this will go around the world." "I know it, I have thought of it, but I can't help it." Now, I am glad to say that not one member of the Faculty is going to leave his post, though not one of us knows where his salary is coming from.

Early and most helpfully in this campaign for money came a princely gift from the president of the National Shoe and Leather Bank of New York, Mr. Andrew V. Stout, who endowed the Chair of Church History with $40,000. The writer remembers the gleam of joy that overspread the face of the president as one evening, in the midst of a busy hour of dictation and taking of notes for correspondence, he paused to tell some particulars of that banker's heart-cheering act:

I had made no direct personal appeal to Brother Stout. He knew the situation and our need. I was his guest for the night in my canvass for funds, and knew I was among friends. While we sat in his home, each quietly reading and resting, he turned toward me and taking his pencil wrote on the margin of the paper he had been reading the bare figures with the significant mark before them —$40,000.

It is doubtful whether the weary president slept as well or as long as usual that night, but it is absolutely sure that his rest was sweeter. While in the straits for money the professors for a time resorted to the plan of exchanging with one another their own promissory notes, which with some collateral security were honored by advances at the local banks.

Another professorship was secured through the agency of Professor Buttz from the heirs of the Honorable George T. Cobb, of Morristown, who endowed the Chair of New Testament Exegesis, by the gift of land in New York city on Tenth Avenue between Ninety-second and Ninety-third Streets, valued at $40,000. This was not immediately productive. On July 8, 1877, Dr. Hurst made this note on the back of the stubs of his bank-check book:

My salary due by the Seminary is chiefly paid up for the quarter ending June 1. Professor Buttz has $100 paid on his to that time. This week I propose to pay one or two hundred around to the professors. My salary is the only one warranted by an endowment, though I have intended to distribute it equally.

At the General Conference of 1876, where he led the delegation from Newark Conference, he let no time or opportunity pass without making it tell for his cause. To Mrs. Hurst he sent among many others these messages of hope, of humor, and of work:

BALTIMORE, April 30.

Mine is to be the immortality, if any, of making good the money that Wall Street has swallowed up.

May 8, Monday.—I preached yesterday in the Westminster Presbyterian Church in the A. M. and Goodsell there at night. That is the church where Poe is buried. There are many very old graves in the yard, and a man lives under the church among the old tombstones. I should not wonder if his table is a marble slab. He says he has a more quiet audience than the preacher in the church.

This relates to a banquet at the Carrollton given by Mr. John B. Cornell:

May 13.—Well, the good supper is gone. One hundred and thirteen guests present. Speeches by Bishop Simpson, General Fisk, Buckley, Bishop Peck, Dr. A. C. George, Professor Wells, and myself. A great and good time. No money was asked for, but I know it will come—at least one professorship—in the time to come.

Dr. Hurst's visitations and addresses to the Conferences took on a wider circle of travel and a more appealing tone as he strove to lay his burden on sympathizing hearts and helpful hands. In 1877 he said:

Ten years ago the Seminary was established. It did seem that if ever an institution was established to move on with ease and comfort and uniform success, this was one. But it was not so to be. God had wiser thoughts. The magnetic hand of McClintock was soon to be palsied in death; his ringing voice soon to be hushed in the silence of the past and the grave. Nadal, the earnest, the pure, the chaste, was soon to stand beside his brother in the ranks of the bloodwashed and redeemed. Thus the institution, in the early breath of its springtime, was compelled to pay the penalty of its rich and wealthy endowment of intellect by following its first princes to the grave, and to depend upon more moderate capacities for its subsequent development. But it had other penalties to pay. Mr. Drew gave his bond for the endowment fund, on which he paid interest, until December, 1875. From that time the Seminary has been the child of the whole Methodist Church.

On May 18, 1877, Professors Strong, Kidder, Buttz, and Miley sent him this written message of brotherly congratulation:

We, the Professors of Drew Theological Seminary, desire to express to you as its President, in this frank and simple manner, our high appreciation of your skill and perseverance in the task of securing the current support and the reëndowment of this institution. We hereby assure you of our best wishes and prayers for your success in the farther prosecution of the work that lies before you, and also of our hearty coöperation in your plans and efforts for placing this school for ministerial education on a solid financial basis.

A year later the story of "Drew's" birth and work, of its brief and almost tragic past, and of its possible future, was told in varying phrase but with unfailing faith and unflagging zeal; and this was the picture he drew:

There runs by Madison the old colonial road leading from New York to Morristown. Over the snows of this historical highway Washington's invincible little army passed with bare and bleeding feet many times. About forty-five years ago a gentleman and lady of large wealth and high social position, originally from Georgia, were riding over this road, and came to a magnificent forest of stately trees and winding roads of rare beauty. The lady, his wife, greatly admired the trees. Afterward she expressed her admiration many times, and her husband resolved to build a house upon it. He remembered a baronial estate in England, which he believed extremely tasteful and beautiful. That became his model. He erected a magnificent mansion. The work was all done by hand. The locks and hinges on the doors were of the most superb and lasting workmanship. The basement was so arranged as to be, one part a vast wine cellar, and the other rooms for his troop of servants. The floors were covered with the best carpets that Persian and French looms could produce. The walls were ornamented with the best pictures that wealth could gather from the Continental artists. The grounds were laid out with exquisite taste, and ornamented with rare flowers. He had two great buildings, additionally, erected—one for his full-blood horses, the other for his carriages. He finished his work and walked his marble halls, and could say, as he looked through the vistas of his beautiful grove, "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?"

He was a skeptic, and had builded much more wisely than he knew. He had no sympathy with any church, and would not give for great

charitable purposes. One day a plain Christian woman climbed up his palace steps and asked him for a subscription for the new Methodist church in the town. He refused. As she descended his palace steps she turned to him and said, "This house you have built will some day belong to our church and preachers of the gospel." She was as true a prophetess as Miriam, sister of Moses. In a few years the owner died; his wife died; no one lived in the place. All the furniture remained, but the spiders spun their webs and the bats began to seek shelter in its stately halls. In 1866 Bishop Janes visited it; went through it from cellar to garret; and on his recommendation, one May morning in 1867, at about 8 o'clock, it was bought by Mr. Drew, and was paid for in cash on the spot.

The building and grounds proved a perfect adaptation to their uses. The wine cellar is our storehouse for coal. The suite of bedrooms, some twelve in number, stretching from wing to wing, are the perfect alcoves of our magnificent library. The parlor happens to be my lecture room in Church History; the dancing hall is now the place where young men study the doctrines of our church; the dining hall, whose rich carpet required six men to pull it from the room, is now our chapel. The two outbuildings, once the stables and the carriage houses, were pulled down, all save the walls, and are now the beautiful and comfortable rooms where young Methodist full-bloods sleep, eat, and get ready for the work of spreading scriptural holiness over all these lands.

Precisely two years ago our endowment failed us. All pledges were broken because of the failure of Mr. Drew. It was a bitter hour. I have heard of vessels springing a leak, but I have never heard of one where the entire hull dropped apart and let the sea in and the cargo out, at the mandate of a single cruel wave like this. I was brought up on an old-fashioned Maryland farm. The dinner was cooked in what we called a Dutch oven. I have known the oven to get cracked, but I never had the experience of the whole bottom dropping out and letting the dinner into the fire. But, Mr. President, we were determined that Drew Seminary should not die. We had been placed in charge of that interest, and we felt that the church would hold us responsible. For one, I had no share in my connection with that interest. I was in Germany at the time, and no one knew less of my going than I did. It was no part of my plan. I went there; I believed in it; I loved its work; I believe in it now. I know its future. So when the crisis came we did not flinch.

An adaptation from Tennyson closes the story:

"Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of"—

Bankruptcy rode that Faculty and 120 students. They are coming out again. We have asked the church, not through the prints, but privately, for $300,000. We have succeeded in securing $170,000. There remains to be subscribed $130,000. For this we are making an appeal to the church.

Of this address, at the West Virginia Conference, Dr. George C. Wilding says:

He profoundly moved the Conference and made a host of new friends for Drew Seminary as well as for himself. All of us caught a new conception of the right and wrong uses of wealth.

As the new school year was beginning he sends this message to his loved and revered friend, Dr. William Nast:

September 17.—I have been very busy with the endowment plan. It is growing all the time, and I have little time for study. But the better day is coming.

He skillfully organized and wisely conducted a movement in Philadelphia in which Charles Scott was of great assistance and by which another professorship was more than amply endowed, although it cost him, as he afterward told the Preachers' Meeting, many a midnight walk on the streets of that city and a broken rest on his return trip to Madison. By letters numbering many hundreds and by appeals to the preachers at the Conferences he secured another professorship as a memorial to Bishop Edmund S. Janes. His large-minded and kind-hearted trustees subscribed and gave another professorship, and when other contributions from the Ladies'

Endowment Association, the alumni, and many other individual donors had been gathered in, and the president had been made bishop, this same Board, who had stood bravely with him through the four years of effort for the reëndowment, did this beautiful act at its meeting in the fall of 1880:

The Finance Committee reported an endowment of more than $310,000 secured, and with simple justice gave the credit of raising this vast sum, in a time of unprecedented business depression, chiefly to Dr. John F. Hurst. The endowment is a fact, and Dr. Hurst was the chief factor in its accumulation. The trustees, however, had not failed in their duty, and he would be the last to claim any credit due to others. The culmination of interest was reached when, on motion of General Fisk, the name of the Trustees' Professorship, founded by their gifts, was changed to the "Hurst Professorship." If Bishop Hurst had nothing to say, his genial smile was reinforced by a tear as he saw that the trustees added personal love to honor and respect.

Professor George R. Crooks, in his address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of "Drew," in 1892, said:

I think that everyone will admit that the President, John F. Hurst, was fully equal to the emergency. If other men were dismayed, he was not. It was proposed to mortgage the property to meet immediate expenses; to this he interposed a very decided negative. He believed it to be possible to reëndow the school, and to that devoted all his strength during a series of years, which, though not many when counted, must have seemed to him interminably long. It was pathetic to follow President Hurst in his journey from Conference to Conference, pleading wherever he went for a cause that had been lost but was to be won again. He was pleading with a church not too quick to respond to calls for help to maintain theological training. He was pleading for an institution which in all these years had been regarded as the creation of one man, in a certain sense as his property, and not, therefore, an object of church sympathy. A little slowly, but quite surely, the transfer of feeling was made. The church took Drew Seminary to its heart, adopted the school as its own child, and has ever since watched over it with a parent's solicitude. By that divine alchemy in which God never fails evil has been turned into good; the church has taken the

place of a single benefactor; and, while we gratefully cherish Mr. Drew's memory, we are satisfied that God has ordered these events for the best. The triumph of the heroic President was, however, followed by his separation from the Seminary. For as Saul, who went out to search for his father's lost property, found a kingdom, so he, traveling in much sorrow to recover a lost endowment, found a bishopric.

At the memorial service held at Meadville during the Bishops' meeting in May, 1903, Bishop Foss said of this achievement and of his presidency:

The forceful and persistent young president leaped at once into the arena to retrieve this great loss and to endow the institution. He first of all assumed the payment of all bills, and also the salaries of the professors in the Faculty, and went out and begged for money with these burdens on his back, and secured more by way of solid endowment than had been lost. In this office Bishop Hurst executed the various functions with conspicuous success and great intelligence.

His confrère, Dr. Buttz, who knows more of this period of his life than anyone else, bears this testimony:

His great work at Madison was as president of the institution and as the restorer of its endowment. He threw himself into the work of restoring the endowment with a heroism and energy that can scarcely be overestimated. Drew Theological Seminary was without funds. The trustees were to be informed and stimulated, the church was to be reached, private benefactions to be secured, and all these things were done by him with a master hand. It has been said by some, and not, I think, unwisely, that his work in the restoration of the endowment of Drew Theological Seminary was the great achievement of his life, and the success of that work his greatest monument.

Bishop McCabe says:

He did his work so deftly, so swiftly, so thoroughly, that the church scarcely felt the jar of that lost endowment, and many thousands of our members do not realize to this day that that grand institution of sacred learning was ever in peril at all.

XXXIX

The President-Professor

Vacation Glimpses

The summer months during his term at Drew were usually passed in quiet either at home in the lovely grove at Madison, or at some retreat like Martha's Vineyard, with his family; but always with some serious work on hand, either a new book about to be published or a series of contributions to the press, usually both. In 1873 he took charge of the pulpit of Pacific Street Church in Brooklyn for the summer, while its pastor, Dr. W. S. Studley, was in Europe, but managed in July to take one of his favorite pedestrian tours for a few weeks in the mountains of Virginia. His company were Dr. Edward Eggleston and Dr. James M. Buckley, then pastor of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, who says:

> The tour included a large part of Virginia. Cholera was raging in Greenville, Tennessee. Refugees from there came up to Glade Springs. Unfortunately I was attacked by it, and was nursed by Dr. Hurst and Dr. Eggleston for about two weeks. Subsequently, after Dr. Eggleston's engagements had required him to depart, President Hurst and myself continued our tour.

Dr. Eggleston wrote in semi-humorous vein:

> The pedestrian and mountain-climber *par excellence* of our company is Dr. Buckley. He is small, light, firmly built, and vigorous. Look at his shoes. They are almost large enough for a six-footer, broad-*souled*, like himself, loose on the feet, firm on the heel, heavy-bottomed, low-heeled, and lacing tight across the instep. Ornamental? Well, no. But handsome is that handsome does. These shoes have a piece of rubber in the shank, an English device to give them elasticity under the hollow of the foot. Dr. Hurst has quite a different pair of "shoemaker's ponies." Made in Germany, they are short, stout, heavy-

soled, and remarkable for the hobnails on the bottom. These homely hobnailed things have trodden the soil of every European country. My own shoes would make delicate music in an Irish shindy. For company, seek men congenial, unselfish, and with legs that fail not. And for country you want a mountainous one. "White Top," six thousand feet high, at the junction of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and commanding a wonderful landscape, is only fifteen miles away. It is time to lace our shoes and strap our knapsacks on our backs. I wish the admiring readers of that learned and stout octavo known as Hurst's History of Rationalism could have seen the illustrious author of it as he bade farewell to civilization, and, clad in brown shirt and pantaloons, with hob-nailed shoes and knapsack, plunged into the wilderness of Iron Mountain range.

The trio of tired travelers, including the temporary "invalid," who showed his usual marvelous powers of recuperation, rested that night in the mountain home of Bird Dinkens, their host for two days and guide to the summit of old White Top.

In the spring and early summer, 1874, he supplied with Professor Buttz the pulpit of Saint Paul's, New York, during the illness of Dr. Chapman, the pastor, and in July he took a brief respite at Mount Desert Island, Maine, in company again with Dr. Buckley and J. B. Faulks, of Newark Conference. From headquarters at Deacon Clark's, Southwest Harbor, he thus writes to Mrs. Hurst:

July 9.—I have about given up going toward Mount Katahdin. I would be five or six days away from telegraph, and I can't do that. You may expect this to be my address all the time. Here are walks and sails in abundance with great fishing. Buckley and Faulks don't want to give me up, but I fear you may be sick, or something may happen, while here I can get a telegram in an hour's time. This cool sea air is grand for my tired head. To-day we start on foot (three of us) for a fourteen miles' walk to the summit of the highest mountain.

12.—I am doing well, getting sea air and bathing every day, and am within telegraphic communication with you all the time. You have been kind to wish me to take a vacation, and I know I never

needed rest more in all my life. How much I love you, as I think over your sweet nature and beautiful character, and always developing mind. You are always growing more lovely and attractive to me. There are many days of joy before us here, and an eternity of happiness beyond them. Well, this is poetical, and yet it is the language of my heart. I know it is just as much that of yours. The morning I wrote you last, Faulks, Buckley, and I started off to visit the highest mountain (Green Mountain) on the Island, which we reached nearly at night, and where we slept that night. The mountain lies on the other side of the Island, so we made half the circuit. On the next day we completed the circuit of the Island, making in all about 35 miles in the two days. On this day we visited the overhanging cliffs above the sea, where the sea birds build their nests; the caves which the sea makes in the rocks, and other points of interest, with the finale of a rain and fog, and a sail home of five miles, with a young man as captain who was courting a farmer's daughter and was willing to interrupt his love tryst for a $5 bill.

The family group in the Madison home gave a glad welcome to the third daughter, Blanche, who was born in September, 1874, and to their third son, Paul, about a year later.

A common practice with him was to visit the colleges and universities during the Commencement season, making addresses and preaching baccalaureate sermons. Invitations for this service were far more numerous than his time and strength would permit him to accept. One of these was to the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1876, of which he writes to Mrs. Hurst from Columbus, June 17:

Left Delaware this A. M. The place was wild with joy that Hayes is nominated. He was born there. Dr. McCabe married him and his wife, and says she is a devoted, open Methodist; and they always go to the Methodist church. Good! I had a most delightful time at Dr. McCabe's. Talked three quarters of an hour with the students. Reached here at 8:30 and followed a little company to the capitol, where I was introduced to Governor Hayes, and congratulated him. He is a plain, genial man. I am much pleased with him.

In 1879, in need of rest as usual from his toilsome year of professorial and literary work, and closing his triumphant

canvass for reëndowment, he spent about four months in Europe. With Edward S. Ferry and Olin B. Coit as companions, he sailed from New York on the Bothnia on May 21 and landed at Queenstown the 31st. A trip through Ireland, Scotland, and England gave him a chance to see Cork, Blarney Castle, Killarney (three days), Muckross Abbey, Gap of Drenloe, the three Lakes, Innisfallen Abbey, the home of Spenser, Dublin, Londonderry, Giant's Causeway, Belfast, Glasgow, Ayr, Edinburgh, Lochs Lomond and Katrine, the Trossach valley, the Highlands, Abbotsford, Melrose Abbey, the Lake Country, Westmoreland, York, and London. He spent a few days in London from June 15 to the 25th. This absence from home gave opportunity for more letters to Mrs. Hurst, which tell of his summer's wanderings and breathe the spirit of this busy but helpful outing:

June 20.—I have seen here the inside of the Bank of England, the Abbey, South Kensington Museum, the Tower, and the *book-stores*. To-day we go to the National Gallery. Yesterday we walked through Hyde Park, and saw the homely aristocracy in their gay equipages. The only good-looking people we saw were the coachmen.

22.—This A. M. we went to hear Dean Stanley preach. Immense crowd. We got in and had excellent seats, right before him. The Dean preached about half an hour on the Prince Imperial's death.

No. 3 STEFFENSWEG, BREMEN, June 28.

I had a tedious ride to Bremen from England. On a map you will see my course: Vlissingen, Breda, Venlo, Crefeld, Osnabrück, Münster, Bremen. I reached here 11 P. M. and came to Hilmann's Hotel. It fairly drew tears to my eyes as I thought of the past. After I took breakfast I walked along the old Wall. It was just like Paradise itself. The Conference adopted very complimentary resolutions, resolved that I take part in their deliberations, and that I have a seat beside the Bishop, in the pulpit. All this is very pleasant, and makes me think I am not forgotten. Sulzberger said he had been long dreaming about me; and all the preachers were just as kind as they could be. I am assigned lodgings with Doering, 3 Steffensweg. We all take dinner in a Restauration in the Stadt, near Ansgar's

church. As I came up for tea to Doering's, I knew every foot of the old way. I came through the Faulenstrasse, stopped at Wilhelmi's, where we bought the clock. He was out, but his wife remembered me. Vogt has the grocery store just the same; Stoecker has the same dry-goods store yet. Then I came out to the Wall again and walked up across the railroad to Steffensweg. How nice everything looks here! Very different from what we were permitted to have. The sitting room is to the right as you go in. Our bedroom is now the dining room. On the left the front room is my sleeping room, and back, in the little Jackson room, is Bishop Wiley's room. He chose it, because it was away from the street and more quiet. I send you a leaf from one of the old five hollies. Two leaves from Sulzberger, from dear sweet Clara's grave.

ROEDERBERG 88, FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN, July 4.

On reaching the Friedhof I went directly to the grave. I looked at it with such an interest as I have no language to express. Dear child! She is far beyond us all as yet! I bought the prettiest wreath I could find from one of the wreath women who sit on the benches to sell them, and laid it on the grave. It touched the rosebush and knocked off some fading roses, and I send you some of the leaves.

July 6.—I am in Frankfort still, you see. I see so much that interests me, catching up with all the books at Alt's that have appeared in the last eight years, and walking the streets and alleys, that I may stay here several days yet. I have consulted a physician here, and he recommends me to go to Schwalbach, where I shall go in a few days more, and spend two or three weeks. Then I shall go to Switzerland, on my tramp there. I have been out to see the grave of Clara each of the three days I have been here, and taken a wreath. Yesterday I put on a beautiful basket of flowers. The monument is very pretty, and the inscription perfect still. Carl Schurz called on me, and I am going to dine with him to-day, with the consul, Mr. Lee.

9.—I start this A. M. for Berlin, and will take Halle and Leipzig on the way. Last night the consul, Mr. Lee, President Hayes's particular friend, gave a dinner party for me, at the new hotel, Frankforter Hof, in the new Kaisersstrasse, which runs off from left of Hotel d'Angleterre to the depots.

LEIPZIG, July 10.

Here I am in Leipzig, having come on yesterday from Frankfort, and reached here at 11:30 last night. I visited the Wartburg, where Luther translated the Bible and threw the inkstand at the devil's head. I shall call on Mr. Gregory here, and get some information

about the University. He is an American from Princeton. Then I shall hear three or four of the lectures; and to-morrow A. M. call at Halle and hear three or four more, and go to Berlin, getting there Saturday night. I shall stay in Berlin two days and then return to Frankfort, and go at once to Schwalbach, and take the Kur. . . . Night of July 10.—I have reveled in the old Bookstores. I write them in capital initial because of my reverence for them. But I buy few books. Don't give yourself much trouble on that score. I have heard some of the best lecturers here, and have had a real treat: Kahnis, Fricke, Lechler, Delitzsch (son), Luthardt, Delitzsch (father), and I have had a wonderful time hearing them. I called on Delitzsch, Sr., and had a delightful interview with him. I had some talk about the Samaritans, one of my hobbies. He gave me much information, and had many books I had not seen. In the A. M. I heard lectures and saw the library, and in the afternoon I went around among the Paradises (Bookstores). At Brockhaus's I saw a wonderful place, and went through their different departments. To-morrow I start for Halle, and maybe I shall get to Berlin by night, as I shall have less to hear and see than in dear old Halle. It will make me sad to be there without seeing Tholuck and Julius Müller.

During a short tarry in Berlin at Hotel Rome he met Mr. J. B. Cornell and Dr. Charles S. Harrower, of New York. After a three weeks' stay at Schwalbach, drinking its famous water and writing his Basel address, he writes Mrs. Hurst from Rigi, Switzerland:

August 12.—Well, great changes here, a magnificent hotel, no competition, big prices, and much impudence.

Meyringen, Switzerland, August 15.

I am pretty tired to-night, having walked eight hours, with knapsack. But I will not go to bed without dropping you a few lines. I am very well, and my journey is doing me a world of good. You can follow me with a map, from Zurich: Zug, Arth, Rigi, Wäggis, Lucerne, Flüelen, Altorf, Amsteg, Andermatt, Furka, Rhone Glacier, Grimsel, Haudeck Falls, Guttannen, and here, in Meyringen. This place calls up our delightful visit. They lighted up the Reichenbach Falls to-night, and it was a very pretty sight from balcony of hotel. We crossed the Furka Pass yesterday, and slept last night at Grimsel Hospice, right among the snowdrifts. We snowballed each other yesterday, and ate snowballs, too. The inclosed flowers Olin asked

me to send to you. He pulled them from right alongside of the snow. To-morrow we start for the Grindelwald, and to Interlaken—just exactly our route over again.

MARTIGNY, August 24.

I am now in Martigny, having reached here after a long 9 hours' walk. We came to the same hotel (de la Poste) where we once stopped. You remember how old and quaint-looking it was. It was an old convent three centuries ago. I think the same people have charge of it now as then.

GENEVA, August 29.

Yesterday we saw the city well. Dr. Stevens was our cicerone. He is looking as well as I ever saw him, and has his book on Madame de Staël nearly ready.

From Basel, after his able address in German at the Evangelical Alliance, he hastens to Clugny, spends a few days at Paris (Sorbonne), is at Rouen September 15, in London the 16th, visits Windsor Castle, and the Chubbs at Chislehurst, goes to Cambridge the 22d, and to Oxford and Stratford on the 26th.

Rev. Edward S. Ferry says:

He always had his plans thoroughly perfected. He knew where and how and when each step was to be taken. When we returned to London, after a pleasant evening at the home of our minister, Mr. Welch, of Philadelphia (an old companion of the Bishop on a Nile journey), we went for a night visit to Whitechapel, the workhouse, the cheap lodging houses, a famous opium joint, and other scenes which gave us an idea of London wretchedness and wickedness. By Mr. Welch's kindness, we were provided with an official escort. An official investigation of conditions could not have been more searching than the Bishop's. He questioned anybody and everybody about all sorts of things. He knew about things, because he sought knowledge at first hand. In all our journeys he found time for extensive correspondence and reading. No matter how early the hour appointed for the day's start—he had already had an hour or more for writing. Much of his work was accomplished before others rose.

On his arrival in New York, October 6, he sent a telegram to Mrs. Hurst, stating that he would arrive at Madison that

morning by the 11:43 train. This information was immediately conveyed to the students, who had appointed a committee to arrange for his reception. This committee requested the students to march to the station in a body. Eighty-two of the students complied with the request and took a position in the procession, according to the class to which they belonged. When they arrived at the depot they formed themselves in two columns extending from the car platform where the Doctor would get off the train, to his carriage. He passed between the columns, amid the waving of hats and great applause. Though the Doctor was greatly fatigued from his journey, he manifested his appreciation of the unexpected ovation by walking in front of the procession, with three of his colleagues, Drs. Strong, Miley, and Buttz, from the depot to his home, where he thanked the students for their attention, and they dispersed. At eight o'clock in the evening the committee called the students together again for the purpose of giving the President a surprise party. They repaired to his house and formed themselves into three columns, around the piazza and in front of the hall door. After the singing by the students of

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,"

Dr. Hurst came to the door and invited them in to spend a social hour.

XL

The Delegate

His Address at Basel

Set like an apple of gold in a picture of silver is his address in German on Christian Union at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Basel, Switzerland. Its composition and delivery furnish a fine illustration of his power of isolating himself from the easy-going environment of a much-needed vacation, and applying himself to the preparation of a special literary and oratorical endeavor on a vital theme to be presented to the highest council of Protestant Christendom. To his wife he wrote from Frankfort on July 6, 1879:

I must be somewhere where I can write my paper for the Alliance, and I could not do it here, for I would be interrupted by the neighbors.

On the ninth he had reached his decision:

I shall write up my Evangelical Alliance paper at Schwalbach.

On the eighteenth he was at Schwalbach, and there on the twentieth he writes of his new workshop and how he steeled himself for the effort which as we shall see by no means lacked the knightly spirit:

I am delightfully situated in the Hotel "Vier Jahreszeiten." I have a large front room, three windows, that let in the blaze of the sun all day. I have a good bed, a big table for writing, two nice rugs, a rustic armchair (not so big as the one at home), and always a good appetite. I can do my share of sleeping, too. My first P. M. nap stopped at 5½ and to-day at 5; so you see I am doing well in that respect. I take my "coffee" in my room—which means a pot of chocolate, bread and butter, and two eggs. At dinner, which is at 1, I have table d'hote at a hotel. In the evening I take anything

I please and where I please. I must get up at 6 and go to the Steel Spring and drink, then walk a half hour. At 11 I must drink more steel. Then at 12 I must take a fifteen-minute bath in steel water. So I am getting toned up. I think by this time I have swallowed and soaked up enough to make several knives and files. And this for nearly three weeks! I shall be a whole cutlery by the time I get through.

August 3.—I have finished my address, and copied it. It makes 42 pages large letter size. I am going to reduce it very much, say 10 pages, and Ferry and Coit will then copy it.

Mr. Ferry says:

As Dr. Coit and I were amanuenses we learned something about his methods of composition. His words were chosen with what seemed to me painful deliberation—but the sentence once formed needed no revision, and for simple and comprehensive expressiveness could hardly have been bettered. He walked through his address as he did through the mountain paths. He was an ideal pedestrian.

Dr. Olin B. Coit, now of the Northern New York Conference, writes:

I heard his great speech, which all said was easily the master oration of the evening. He wrote it in English, translated it into German, had Sulzberger correct it, and then committed it to memory; spoke it easily and had faultless accent.

His presence and address at Basel on September 6 are described by Rev. Marcus L. Taft in the Christian Advocate:

That genial American, with manly bearing, walking under the long avenue of trees, and greeted now and then by acquaintances, foreign and native, is Dr. Hurst, president of Drew Theological Seminary. On his recent pedestrian tour over the snowy Alps, the sun and the glaciers have tanned his features somewhat. He looks remarkably fresh and strong, as if he never knew pressure of work at Madison. Dr. Hurst's theme was concerning "True Christian Unity." His touching allusion to the sainted spirits—Tholuck, Krummacher, Emile Cook, Hodge, and others—who had departed from earth since the last session of the Alliance in New York, and who are now celebrating true Christian Union on high, produced a marked effect upon the attentive audience.

His full topic was Christian Union as a Necessary Factor for Religious Progress and Defense, the closing event of the session. Dr. Plitt, of Prussia, and Pastor Talbot, of France, were the preceding speakers on the general theme of Christian Union. He characterized the spiritual unity of the primitive or apostolic church as an ideal for modern effort. But this unity is compatible with great diversity of form. Attempts at enforced uniformity have always been failures. Denominational standards and independence need not be sacrificed. The growing spirit of Christian unity in our own time is showing itself in an irenic theology, in the approaches and reunions of the divided churches, the revision of our English Bible, the international Sunday school lessons, and the work of the Evangelical Alliance and Young Men's Christian Association. The church has more in common—its Bible, its fundamental doctrines, its hymnology, its heroes, its memories—than it has to sunder it. It has no time nor energy to lose in fruitless controversy.

In writing to Dr. William Nast, October 16, Dr. Hurst says of his address:

> I took pains with it, and intended by it to do the best service I could to our German brethren in the Fatherland by showing the oneness of the church of Christ, and the claim of all believers to membership and work and recognition as members of the one church.

XLI

The Author

Writing at Drew.—Life and Literature in the Fatherland.—Outlines of Bible and Church History.—Launching of the Biblical and Theological Library with George R. Crooks

The heavy tasks and daily routine of the professor in the class room and lectures to the groups of young men, and the cares of administration of the president in superintending and executing all details involved in his relations to the Faculty, the trustees, the body of students, and the Conferences, did not seem to interfere with the constant production of books, and the entrance upon ever-broadening schemes for farther literary work. Even the extraordinary drafts upon his time and energies made by the loss and necessary retrievement of the endowment, though they retarded the rate of progress, did not stifle the execution of his plans.

His first book after taking the chair at "Drew" was Martyrs to the Tract Cause: A Contribution to the History of the Reformation, issued by the Methodist Book Concern in 1872, but prepared for the press partly during his last year in Frankfort and completed during his first year in Madison. While resting one day in 1870 from his work at the Institute by indulging in his favorite pastime—rummaging in a secondhand bookstore—he purchased a copy of Otto Thelemann's Martyrer der Traktatsache, published in 1864 by the Wupperthal Tract Society, at the celebration of the Jubilee anniversary of its organization at Barmen in 1814. This work he translated and to it added important portions of his own. Dr. Faulkner's estimate of this book is a high one:

> One of our most interesting brief contributions to church history.

From the same press and in the same year came the first of his series of most useful little compends on the Outline of Bible History, which in its circulation of upward of 30,000 copies in English, and of many in Italian, has been to multitudes at once a guide and an incentive to the systematic and analytic study of the Scriptures. The Rev. J. C. Garritt, Presbyterian, says:

> I used the work in the course of instructing two classes for the ministry, at Han-kau, China, and found it very useful.

His next book was, more than any other he ever wrote, the outgrowth of his own personal experience and history and of a persuasion deeply felt that the German people deserved and the American people needed the mutual advantage which his Life and Literature in the Fatherland brought to both. It was brought out by Scribners in 1875 and immediately captured the attention and favor of the public press and won its way to a fine distinction among works treating of our Teutonic cousins. The character of this volume and the warmth of its reception appear in the opinions which have been given by competent reviewers. Professor Faulkner says:

> Few books equal it in breadth of view and accuracy; racy, interesting as a novel, full of keen and genial observations of one who had the true instincts of a traveler.

Professor George Prentice says:

> The author attempts nothing like wit, yet he often attains the effect of it. When he has some marvelous legend to relate the tale slips from his pen with such entire gravity that one might easily suppose a Bollandist were reciting it for the edification of the faithful. Rarely does a careless word betray the smile that lurks around the author's lips as he narrates these wonders of tradition. Instances of this are the legend of the planting of Christianity at Heilbronn, and also that of the Chapel at Bottigen. The humorous effect is quiet, but irresistible.

The Chicago Inter Ocean says:

When a man can take up a book of travel, read a few chapters, become absorbed, forget that the cuckoo-clock in the hall beyond has long since cooed the hour when honest folks, and they who value their immortal complexions, are abed, it is a pretty tolerable indication that that book has been written by a master hand, and that its contents are of no common order. It is pleasant to meet with a companion like Mr. Hurst, a man so observant, so sensible, so full of sympathy, so genial, and withal the possessor of so captivating a style, that one feels loath to part with him. From beginning to end Mr. Hurst's book is a model of descriptive power.

The sober and solid Sunday School Times expresses its wonder:

It seems almost incredible that any human being, naturally constituted, could throw himself so completely with German modes of thought and action, and at the same time exhibit such perfect ease and mastery in English composition.

The Independent praises its usefulness, but adds:

We have read its pages, from the first to the last, with so much interest and pleasure that we are inclined first of all to commend the book for the innocent and enjoyable satisfaction it has in store for its readers.

It must have been with peculiar pleasure that the editor of the Ladies' Repository, Dr. Erastus Wentworth, his old preceptor at Carlisle, penned this testimony to this new success of one of his pupils:

His pictures of life in Germany, his descriptions of the universities, his characterization of learned professors, his accurate delineation of their manners, lives, and philosophies, his facts about university education, its value and usefulness to American students, his memories of the Franco-Germanic War, and his excursions into the Tyrol are all so intensely interesting that when we take up the volume we do not lay it down till we have devoured its contents as we would a romance.

The Christian at Work discriminates finely:

> His style, which is very pure, is characterized alike by simplicity and strength. He says what he wants to without putting on the airs of a fine writer. His pen does not separate him from the humanities. His thoughts are linked with the moving and breathing world. With an inherited instinct he finds poetry in familiar objects, and epic power in the lowly and even vulgar botherations and trials one meets with in the jolting cars which carry him over rough places.

His Outline of Church History followed in 1875, by Methodist Book Concern (revised edition, 1879), and has had a circulation of more than 20,000 copies. Around this germinal brief, it may be said, clustered all his subsequent and larger works of church history, as in ever-enlarging form they came from either his producing or shaping hand. It has helped thousands to their initial grasp upon the progress of the church of Christ and to an harmonious view of the ecclesiastical development of the kingdom of God among men as an integral fact of supreme importance in human affairs. A Spanish translation was published in Mexico in 1878. Like its predecessor, Outline of Bible History, it was translated into Italian by Dr. (now Bishop) William Burt. The second edition of each came from the press at Rome in 1904.

In the centennial year of the republic Randolph (New York, 1876) published his Our Theological Century, a discourse suited to the time. Its delivery on a few public occasions, once in the Methodist Episcopal church of Madison, occupied ninety-five minutes, usually divided between two services. With some additions and annotations he put it in its published form, a neat duodecimo of 70 pages. Of it Dr. Faulkner says:

> The pivotal matters of our history are touched on with skill.

While in the very vortex of travel and travail for reëndowment there comes from the Harpers' press (New York, 1877) one of their Greek and Latin Texts, prepared conjointly with

Dr. Henry C. Whiting, his Seneca's Moral Essays, with Notes. In it may be found a learned disquisition on Seneca's personal history, his philosophy, his character, his works in their several editions, and his hypothetical relations with Saint Paul. Seneca's On Tranquillity of Mind was always a favorite theme of Dr. Hurst in dealing with difficult problems in practical life and one which he illustrated by his own great calmness of mind when in circumstances ordinarily most perturbing. The book has had wide use in schools and colleges and is still in steady demand, having reached its seventh thousand. It was the fulfillment of a desire and purpose which possessed him as early as 1858, when, in his first year's pastorate, he wrote in his Journal:

> October 4.—Bought a translation of Seneca at Reeves's Antiquarian Store, New York.

and again:

> November 1.—Wrote to J. B. Paton, of Sheffield [an English Congregationalist minister and friend made in Italy]. Detailed to him plans of writing an edition of Seneca.

Among several side strokes of his helpful pen were the introductions he wrote to Dr. James H. Rigg's The Living Wesley as He Was in His Youth and Prime (London and New York, 1875); Mrs. E. J. Knowles's Christmas Chimes (New York, 1877); and Dr. L. D. McCabe's Foreknowledge of God and Cognate Themes (Cincinnati, 1878).

His address at Basel in its English form was prepared separately and enlarged for the press and published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1880 under the title, Christian Union Necessary for Religious Progress and Defense; "a satisfying paper," says Professor Faulkner, "illuminated with lights from his wide reading and softened by the catholicity of his large spirit."

During the first two years of his presidency he found time to enter into a dual alliance with Dr. George R. Crooks to create under a joint editorial supervision a Biblical and Theological Library. Within a few months they had arranged for a schedule of books to be prepared which embraced nine treatises, and as early as June, 1874, ten names of Methodist scholars were announced to write them: Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology, Luther T. Townsend; Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, Henry M. Harman; Biblical Hermeneutics, Henry Bannister; Biblical and Christian Archæology, Charles W. Bennett and George H. Whitney; Systematic Theology (two volumes), Randolph S. Foster; Evidences of Christianity, Henry B. Ridgaway; Christian Theism and Modern Science, Alexander Winchell; History of Christian Doctrine (two volumes), George R. Crooks; History of the Christian Church (two volumes), John F. Hurst.

Such was the dream of two of the foremost scholars of American Methodism in 1874, and so early was the beginning of its fulfillment that Dr. Harman's Introduction was published in 1878. To trace the changes of plan made necessary by death, preoccupation, and other sufficient causes would furnish an interesting chapter in the history of Methodist literature; a paragraph here must suffice. The second of the series to appear was Hermeneutics, from the hand, not of Bannister the beloved and beatified, of Garrett, but of Dr. Milton S. Terry, then in the pastorate in New York, and later of the same institution, published in 1883 (revised edition, 1892). In the same year it was announced that the Systematic Theology would be written by James E. Latimer instead of Bishop Foster; that Christian Theism and Modern Thought would be prepared by Professor Charles J. Little; and that the work on Encyclopædia and Methodology would be written by Drs. Crooks and Hurst. This last-named work appeared in 1884,

and in a revised edition ten years later. Dean Latimer, of Boston School of Theology, having died, it was announced in January, 1886, that Bishop Foster would write the Systematic Theology, but in April a reconsideration left the name of the writer of this important work blank. In July of the same year Dr. Bennett's name appeared alone in connection with the announcement concerning Archæology, which was published in 1888, and, in a new edition, revised by Professor Amos W. Patten, in 1898. Systematic Theology, which had been assigned to Professor John Miley, of Drew, came out in 1892 (vol. i) and 1894 (vol. ii). The History of the Christian Church by Bishop Hurst appeared in 1897 (vol. i) and 1900 (vol. ii). The Foundations of the Christian Faith, by Professor Charles W. Rishell, of Boston School of Theology, published in 1900, was substituted for the Evidences of Christianity first planned for Dr. Ridgaway. The volume on Christian Theism has not yet (1905) appeared, and, alas! the History of Christian Doctrine had never been written when the hand of the scholarly Crooks dropped the pen to grasp the palm.

One of his last friendly acts for young authors before leaving the dear oaks and cheery firesides of Drew for the new home in Des Moines, bearing date of December 10, 1880, was his four-page introduction to Mary Sparkes Wheeler's book, First Decade of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Sketches of Its Missionaries (New York, 1881). It is a sprightly and cordial recognition of the noble work of God's elect women in sending and carrying the gospel to those who had never seen its light or heard its story of love.

XLII

The Delegate

Two General Conferences.—Elected Bishop

While the clouds of financial disaster hung heavy in their first gloom over his loved school of the prophets at Madison, his brethren of the Newark Conference, to which he had been transferred from Germany and Switzerland in 1873, placed him at the head of their clerical delegation to the General Conference of 1876, meeting in Baltimore. Note has already been made of his earnest private work there for putting the Seminary on a firm foundation. On the election of Secretary the first day he served as one of the four tellers; he was also a member of the standing Committees on Episcopacy and Education and of the special Committee on Pastoral Address. On the tenth day he presented the action of the Newark Conference against the election of presiding elders, and the fourteenth day a resolution to exempt theological students from examination in certain studies, and also his report on Drew Theological Seminary, announcing that the preparatory department had been discontinued, and that vigorous measures were already in successful operation for reëndowing the institution.

As the quadrennium from 1876 to 1880 advanced and the preparations for the next General Conference were in progress the opinion prevailed that several bishops would be elected. Bishops Janes, Ames, and Gilbert Haven had died. Among the names canvassed in a hundred circles of interested friends of the church frequent mention was made of President Hurst as one of the few who would receive the call to that exalted

office and station in the church. Many of his friends were not slow to make known to him their desire and expectation. In writing to his son, John La Monte Hurst, on March 9, 1880, he said:

> It is much better for me to remain where I am. If I am elected, I shall have nothing to say, but the chances are not favorable.

He led the Newark Conference delegation again in 1880 at the General Conference, held in Cincinnati. He was as before a member of the standing Committees on Episcopacy and on Education and presented two petitions from the Newark Conference on Church Extension and on temperance. Writing to his son John from Cincinnati, May 3, he says:

> If I am defeated it will be all right, and you must not be disappointed. The Lord will take care of us just as well without it as with it, and perhaps it is best that there be no change in my work.

And on May 7 to Mrs. Hurst:

> I shall take it very quietly, and believe all will be well in the end. I will telegraph you immediately after the election, let me be in or not. Pray that it may turn out best for us all. I shall be happy in any event, whatever that may be.

On Wednesday, May 12, the tenth day of the Conference, he was on the first ballot elected one of three bishops—Henry W. Warren and Cyrus D. Foss being the other two. Dr. Hurst voted "nay" on a proposition to postpone indefinitely the election of another bishop, and on a third ballot Erastus O. Haven was elected. On May 18 he requested to be relieved from further duty as a delegate, and J. B. Faulks was admitted to his seat. On May 19 Dr. Hurst was consecrated Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Bishop Simpson presiding and conducting the examination of each bishop-elect. The house was filled to

overflowing. He was presented by James N. FitzGerald and William Nast, who united with Bishops Wiley and Scott in the laying on of hands. He received the charge from Bishop Merrill, and with the three other bishops-elect his parchment from Bishop Harris. Mrs. Hurst and her two elder sons were present in the proscenium box of General Fisk. Wednesday, May 26, Bishop Hurst presented his report on Drew Theological Seminary, in which he says:

> The Endowment Fund has been restored, and now amounts to $311,000. This has been brought to pass without the employment of a financial agent or the mortgaging of any of the property. All the five departments of instruction in the Seminary have been sustained during the financial reverses of the past four years.

He presided over the General Conference for the first time on Thursday morning, May 27, and chose Des Moines as his residence for four years. Immediately after his election an observant reporter thus describes Bishop Hurst:

> The features of this gentleman are very marked. He has large, lustrous eyes, a Grecian nose, overarching eyebrows, a mouth which indicates lofty and well-established character, and a high, rounding forehead in which the reflective faculties preponderate over the perceptive. His hair is rather thin, inclined to be a little sandy in color, and generally looks as if the gentleman had run his hands through it. His only facial adornment is a small, sandy goatee. When Bishop Hurst smiles there is such an illumination of his countenance, especially of his eyes, that he looks positively bewitching. Such a smile is better than a fortune of gold. In walking, Bishop Hurst stoops a little in the shoulders and holds his head forward, giving the chin a slight upward inclination. But he dresses immaculately—the regulation white cravat and Prince Albert dress-coat, closely buttoned, and looks in all respects like a man of distinction in the world.

The alumni of Drew Theological Seminary held a reception a few evenings after the election at the Hotel Emery in honor of the President, Dr. Hurst. Bishop Foster presided, and the Board of Trustees was represented by Dr. Curry, Dr.

Ridgaway, and Mr. George J. Ferry. Dr. Hurst spoke of his regret at the thought that his connection with the Seminary must now close. Dr. S. M. Vernon, on behalf of the alumni, expressed the regret felt at losing Dr. Hurst from the presidency. Dr. Curry, on behalf of the Board of Trustees, said that he had felt it an honor and a pleasure, not unmingled with pain, to have an immediate interest in the Drew Seminary. The institution was now in excellent condition. It had seemed once that it was on the very brink of ruin, but it had proved otherwise. The munificence of Daniel Drew was not to be lost, though he was unable to perfect it. Mr. Ferry remarked that he had regretted the election of Bishop Foster to the Episcopacy, and he now felt regret because Dr. Hurst was to leave the Seminary. The work which Dr. Hurst had performed in raising the endowment of Drew Seminary was of the greatest value, a work that would deserve gratitude through all future time. Bishop Foster said that he cherished very tenderly the memories of his life in connection with Drew Seminary; that Dr. Hurst had seen the happiest days of his life and would never be able to carry on anything like continuous literary labor.

The preachers and laity of the Newark Conference united on June 10 to give Bishop Hurst a very hearty and largely attended reception in the Central Church at Newark, under the general conduct of its pastor, William V. Kelley. Bishop Harris made the main address. Another popular reception was given him at the Arlington House, Ocean Grove, on July 5. His alma mater conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him in June, 1880, and De Pauw (Indiana Asbury) University in July conferred the same honor.

At a meeting of the students of Drew Theological Seminary, held Wednesday evening, December 15, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Bishop Hurst, our former President, is about to leave us to assume the wider responsibilities of his present office; and,

Whereas, During his presidency the Seminary suffered the loss of its entire income through the failure of Daniel Drew and thus reached a financial crisis unprecedented in the history of literary institutions; and,

Whereas, Relinquishing plans for literary labor which were dear to him and giving himself to the sole object of building up the financial interests of the Seminary, he has in conjunction with his colleagues succeeded so signally, and now leaves the Seminary on a firmer basis than it has possessed at any time during the past; and,

Whereas, His devotion to the personal interests of the students has been both warm and constant; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the students of Drew Theological Seminary, do express our deep sense of our deprivation, by his departure, of the instruction and counsel of a faithful Professor and do thank him for those advantages which are due to his untiring efforts in restoring the institution to a prosperous condition, and do extend to him our heartiest Godspeed in his new and broader relations to the work of the church.

At the following session of the Newark Conference a paper was adopted by his Conference class. It reads as found in this letter:

JERSEY CITY, April 6, 1881.

REV. BISHOP J. F. HURST—DEAR BROTHER: At a meeting of the class of 1858, held at this city last evening, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our beloved classmate, John F. Hurst, has been elected and ordained a bishop of our church; therefore,

Resolved, That our sincere and hearty congratulations are hereby presented to our esteemed classmate; and that we assure him of a cheerful toleration on the part of his classmates whenever he comes to exercise episcopal authority over us.

JOHN F. DODD, Class Secretary.

XLIII

The Bishop

At Des Moines.—1880–81.—Fifteen Conferences in Five Central States

This prophecy was made in one of the local prints of New Jersey in the fall of 1880:

Rev. Dr. Hurst is to move soon to Des Moines, Iowa. If any degree of arrogance is needed for a bishop, then Dr. Hurst will fail; but if a man full of "sweetness and light," whose simple presence seems a benediction, is wanted, Dr. Hurst will be found to be the right man.

A few weeks later his welcome to Iowa was reported:

Des Moines Methodism extended her warm hand of greeting last evening (December 30) to Bishop John F. Hurst. The hand was as warmly received as it was warmly proffered. As the Bishop and his family had taken temporary quarters at the Kirkwood, and the proprietors of the excellent house had offered their parlors for the occasion, the reception was given there. The parlors were crowded with a bright, intelligent, joyous assemblage. If anyone came expecting cold ceremonies and restraint, he was happily disappointed. The genial faces of the Bishop and his good lady and their cordial manner won every heart to them. A short and hearty address of welcome was given by the Hon. George G. Wright. He referred to the 85,000 Methodists standing back of him who welcomed the Bishop to their hearts and homes. The Bishop then followed with a most impressive and eloquent reply, touched up with occasional flashes of genuine humor and pathos. This address left all who heard it his friends, and proved that he will very amply cover the footprints of his illustrious predecessor.

In a letter from Centerville, September 8, 1880, the first day of his first Conference, the Iowa, he tells Mrs. Hurst about his experiences at Allerton, where he dedicated a church on his way to Conference:

I had a great experience at Allerton. I was invited to a hotel to stop with a Mr. Meekins. He proved to have been a tailor boy in Cambridge, whom I used to like, and he never forgot me. White Hurst's name (a cousin, brother of John E.) was on the register. He had come 25 miles from Leon, where he lives, to be with me and hear me preach. I spent the night in two sleeping cars and one hotel—so I slept by sections. After breakfast came the dedication. Sam Hurst (another cousin) and his wife came into the church, and also Frank Swiggett, still another cousin, whom I had loved like a brother, and had not seen for 25 years. Here were children of three brothers and one sister! Well, I begged and dedicated. All the cousins gave. As I went into the church the painters were at work ornamenting the spire. And what do you think they were painting as the name of the church? The "Hurst Methodist Episcopal Church." It just took my breath. We got all the money. The officers named it after me as their Iowa bishop and his first dedication. I had a good time in my first session. How these preachers *stared* at me!

On the second night at the educational anniversary, after an excellent address by S. S. Murphy on the Iowa Wesleyan University, Bishop Hurst followed with what a correspondent describes as "one of the grandest addresses I ever listened to, keeping the whole audience in rapt attention, and inspiring all to a far deeper interest in the education of our youth." E. L. Schreiner, the youngest of the six presiding elders at that session, gives this interesting account of Bishop Hurst's first presidency:

What impressed me first was his insight into the situation, and helpfulness in my ignorance, by permitting none of the older and more experienced members of the Cabinet to take advantage of my lack to the detriment of my district. His manner was affable and deferential to the older members of the Cabinet, but in a way that left no doubt that he was the Bishop. In several crises that arose in making the appointments, he showed that he had the courage of his convictions and took the responsibility of the situation. The most marked of these was his appointment of a man to one of the districts, against the protest and vote of five of the six presiding elders, the sixth being indifferent. Subsequent events justified his decision. As

a presiding officer in the Conference he was firm and dignified, dispatching business with promptness and method, making a favorable impression on the members, who eyed him critically at the beginning of the session, but at the close said, "He will do." "He is a Bishop." His Sunday sermon made a profound impression, not so much for its oratorical qualities as its depth of thought and breadth of scholarship. His address to the class for admission was fresh and inspiring. He talked to the young men like one accustomed to deal with them, and who knew what most they needed.

From Wyandotte, Kansas, at his second Conference, the West German, he writes to Mrs. Hurst, September 16:

I am getting along nicely with the Conference here. They adjourned for 10 minutes this A. M. to shake hands *mit dem Bischof*.

Rev. J. Tanner says:

We were very glad to have him in 1880 and also in 1883; yes, proud, as he was able to preach to us in German, and the proceedings of the Conference were at his request mostly in German. In Cabinet work and also in open Conference he was kind and brotherly. We called him the German Bishop, and in reality he was. We would have been much pleased if we had been permitted to have him more as our Bishop.

Of his third Conference, the Central Illinois, at Fairbury, Rev. C. Springer says:

He showed the deepest interest in every question pertaining to the church or the pastor. His sermon was a scholarly and able effort. All felt that he was a man with a message—a great message, a message which he profoundly believed. His style of delivery was easy and natural. Indeed, it seemed to be the simplicity of eloquence and the eloquence of simplicity.

Of his fourth Conference, the Chicago German, at Watertown, Wisconsin, Jacob Bletsch says:

As the Bishop understood and spoke the German language, he gave us the privilege to speak in German, and so we had the first German-speaking Conference. This gave the brethren present great

pleasure. The sermon of the Bishop on Sunday was also in German, to the great joy of the preachers and people in general. The sermon was powerful and a great blessing to all. We were so pleased with Bishop Hurst that we expressed the desire that he would preside at all our sessions in future.

On his way to the fifth Conference, Rock River, Rockford, Illinois, he stopped at Chicago, where he writes Mrs. Hurst:

I had a pleasant time, but there is no fun going round among the bookstores here.

At the Rock River, when presenting W. H. Smith in the name of the brethren of his district a silver service, he said:

These are not to be put away in flannel bags, but are for everyday use.

His second group of Conferences included the South Kansas, at Wellington, the Kansas at Concordia, the Missouri at Cameron, and the Saint Louis at Carthage. On his way to the first he stops at Pleasanton, and sends this message on February 28, 1881, to his wife:

Had to sleep with Creager. He took up more than half of the bed, but did not snore. Your books are in the library at Pleasanton, and a lady, where I took dinner, had read them, and that was about all she knew of the Hurst family. Such is fame.

The session at Wellington was a stormy one. C. R. Rice says:

Charges had been preferred against two of the most prominent and active men in the Conference. They had been most intimate friends, but now they were arrayed against each other, and the preachers were divided. The young bishop groaned and travailed in pain over the condition. He was cautious, and gained the confidence of nearly every preacher by his transparent impartiality. He bravely and prayerfully faced the difficulties. I never met a better leader than Bishop Hurst.

The third day of his stay at Concordia brought out this note of discomfort, if not of discord:

March 12.

To Mrs. Hurst:

No fire in my room—have to sit in the family room, where I can't write, or even say my prayers. Misery!

But the day following matters had changed greatly to his liking:

My host has got a stove in the room, and now at last I have some heat and heart and comfort.

P. T. Rhodes writes:

The town was flooded with rain, mud prevailed on the streets. Without sidewalk or carriage the Bishop had to plunge and wade through as best he could. He lost one of his shoes in the mud. But he came into the Conference and Cabinet as calm and serene as though he had been brought by a coach and four.

Richard Wake says:

We were impressed chiefly by the modesty of his bearing, amounting almost to timidity at times.

From Cameron he wrote to Mrs. Hurst, March 22:

I have for the first time a fire in my room. I wrote to the preacher here to provide me such a place, and but for that I should be freezing here. I have just finished an article for Advocate on "Our Kansas Field," the first I have written since leaving home, and because of my first fire.

March 24.—This Bishop business is a wonderful thing—everybody wanting to do something for you, and some against you. But a queer business, after all—biggest man in a small town for a week, and then off to another!

O. M. Stewart says of him at the Saint Louis Conference:

His spirit was kind and tender, but his purpose granite. I learned early in our session that he would appoint me presiding elder, and I resisted it with all the assistance I could command, but without avail —I now see he was correct.

B. F. Thomas joined this Conference that year and dreaded to meet the Bishop; but he says:

> I was really amazed at the fatherly, or, perhaps better, the brotherly, spirit he showed me. What had been painful suspense became admiration, reverence, and almost devotion. My trepidation had been much intensified by days of waiting, but Bishop Hurst's gentle hand and kindly smile dissipated all my fears and I felt I had found a friend.

F. S. Beggs says:

> He was greatly admired for his urbanity and gentlemanly bearing toward the humblest preacher as well as those of greater prominence.

He was elected president of the trustees of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, in 1881.

On August 28 he preached in the evening at First Church, Des Moines, at the union of Fifth Street and Centenary Churches.

His fall Conferences in 1881 were the Southern Illinois at Greenville, Saint Louis German at Burlington, Iowa, Des Moines at Indianola, Upper Iowa at Waterloo, Northwest Iowa at Algona, and the Dakota Mission at Sioux Falls. His sermon on Sunday at Greenville, one of great power and beauty, was preached in a grove to an immense congregation. Of his work at the Upper Iowa, J. T. Crippen says:

> He seemed to know everything in history, philosophy, and current events.

Of his dedication of the First Church in Ottawa, Iowa, in December, 1881, C. R. Rice says:

> At the close he made an extemporary prayer that will never be forgotten. He prayed the heavens down upon the throng of people.

XLIV

1882.—Eleven Conferences.—East and West.—The Accident Insurance Man

His assignments for the spring of 1882 were Wilmington at Middletown, Delaware; Central Pennsylvania at Lock Haven; his own dear Newark at Newark; and the Wyoming at Carbondale, Pennsylvania. Just before starting on his eastern trip he received this friendly note from Schuyler Colfax:

I write to say how disappointed I shall be not to meet you at Des Moines next week. What was in my mind was to have a chat with you. I wanted to have my memory brightened up on one of those funny stories you told us marines on the briny deep.

Dr. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate, thus reports a part of Bishop Hurst's opening remarks at the Wilmington Conference:

Brethren, I come to the Wilmington Conference with emotions such as I cannot feel in visiting any other Conference, and will not attempt to describe. I was born within the bounds of the Conference; here both my parents died, and in this Conference I was left a lonely orphan. Brethren, I see here to-day the minister who, when I had no thought of becoming a Christian, as I was returning from a little debating society in the Academy in Cambridge, asked me if I did not wish to meet my parents in heaven. I told him I did. That man, brethren, who led me to the altar I see here to-day. I well remember the first New Testament I ever owned. I see the minister here to-day who gave it to me, and in all my wanderings I have preserved that little Testament, and have it here with me in Middletown now.

Dr. Buckley adds:

This was eloquence, not of voice or manner, but of penetrating fact, and it reached every heart. No wonder tears filled all eyes. I have never heard anything equaling the simplicity and pathos of this account of his conversion. As a brother afterward said in the cars, "It is one of the things that grow on one the longer he thinks of it."

From Wilmington he wrote to Mrs. Hurst:

Went out after getting here to Bishop Scott's. He lives five miles from here, on a farm. He told me about taking my mother into the church. Says he feels differently toward me from anybody else, and was so happy when I was elected.

March 10.—It was very affecting this afternoon that Rev. J. A. Brindle, who received me into the church, came to talk with me about his appointment.

Dr. Robert W. Todd writes:

In the Cabinet meetings at Middletown he showed great anxiety to be just and kind to all concerned, advising us to confer freely with pastors where changes were deemed necessary, so as to avoid, if possible, the friction of disagreeable surprise, and secure loyal acquiescence all around. His presidency was both dignified and kindly, and his general official demeanor was that of a man dominated by the consciousness of a Heaven-imposed responsibility. While Bishop Hurst was a greater scholar than orator, there were times when his fire-touched lips poured forth a message of exquisite sweetness and wonderful power.

Before holding the Newark Conference he spent Sunday at Elizabethport with his former congregation in Fulton Street Church. It was a special occasion, and they raised sixteen hundred dollars to pay all their debts. From Newark on March 30 he writes Mrs. Hurst:

Dr. Locke, of Illinois, writes me he has sent a copy of Reynolds's Life and Times, of Illinois. Did it get to you? If so, it is a great *find,* and worth $13—old as it looks, long out of print, and has matter no other book has about the Suckers of Illinois.

D. B. F. Randolph writes:

The urbane and scholarly manner in which, at the Newark Conference of 1882, he received the visiting East German Conference then assembled in the same city, speaking both in German and in English, excited universal comment and admiration on the part of both bodies.

At the close of the Wyoming Conference, says Dr. J. E. Smith:

He came to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where I was then stationed. He was to take the midnight train for the West. As my guest for a few hours, I hoped for a good long chat with him. But he was then at work on his Bibliography. As soon as he entered my library he began to examine my books. I could get nothing out of him. Flat on the floor, he pulled down volume after volume until it was time to start for the train. After the work of the Conference he seemed to be as fresh as a boy.

On April 16 he preached by invitation before the Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, and on May 7 at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois.

A jotting of his now infrequent entries in his Journal is that of June 15, 1882:

On train, on my way to Mount Pleasant to lecture on the Revenges of History at the College commencement. I have finished Froude's Carlyle—first forty years. I could have voted against him for a scullion in a nobleman's kitchen because of his treatment of his wife. But now, after some days of ruminating, he comes up again, and I ask: Did not Jenny Welsh know him well? Was she not free, and did not he say so—not to marry, even after the engagement? What better could she have done had she married crazy Edward Irving, whom she loved? "Had I married Irving there would have been no tongues," she said. How do you know, dear Jennie? So thinks always the woman who finds herself chained for life to a brute or a donkey.

He spent two days at Berea, Ohio, during commencement in June, preaching the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, visiting the orphan asylum in the afternoon, and in the evening giving an address in German on education. On Monday he spoke to the trustees on the importance of the work among the Germans. He always maintained a deep personal interest in the success of the German Wallace College.

A group of seven Missions and Conferences called him to

the Pacific Coast in the summer and fall of 1882. These embraced Utah Mission at Salt Lake City, Montana Mission at Bozeman, Columbia River at Baker City, Oregon, the Oregon at Albany, Southern California at San Luis Obispo, the California at Oakland, and the Nevada at Reno. Mrs. Hurst accompanied him to California, and Carl was with him on his trip to the Northwest. F. A. Riggin says of him in Montana:

> Imagine the scholarly Bishop Hurst, unaccustomed to pioneer life, plunging into the wilderness and amid the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, traveling over the valleys and the ranges, and eating, sleeping, and living in the most primitive style. So thoroughly was he equipped for his work that in every detail he measured up to its requirements. We met him accompanied by Secretary (now Bishop) Fowler at the terminus of the railroad, and drove hundreds of miles by private conveyance. Conference over, they visited the Yellowstone National Park. They scaled the rugged peaks, cooked their food, slept upon the ground, and traversed the mysterious regions of wonderland. Bishop Hurst was the first of our Bishops to traverse these trails. He was careful, considerate, farseeing, and wise in planning. Montana will never cease to feel the effects of his prudent administration.

W. S. Turner says:

> The Columbia River Conference tested his mettle because of an exciting debate over an unfortunate brother who was under a strong fire through serious rumors affecting his moral character. Bishop Hurst did himself great credit because of his manly and wise bearing through the protracted discussion which occupied two sessions under closed doors. Myself and a few others were threatened with violence by an outside mob, such was the excitement awakened by this case during the session; but Bishop Hurst under God by his wise course averted such a catastrophe.

In selecting from the preachers of the Oregon Conference those whom he wished to read the ritual for the ordination of elders he fell upon Secretary Wolfe, whose voice and manner he liked, for the gospel lesson. But the incongruity of a man of that name reading, "the wolf catcheth them," caused the

secretary to decline, and the Bishop kindly made a change. At the California Conference he was confronted by a state of the public mind bordering on frenzy in the wild reign of intemperance, Sabbath desecration, hatred of the Chinese, sand-lot oratory, and mob violence. Dr. H. B. Heacock says:

His address at the opening session was one of rare power, which showed the true philanthropist, the farseeing Christian statesman, and the defender of the oppressed. I never sat in the Cabinet with a Bishop who seemed more desirous to get all the facts in every case.

To the Independent Bishop Hurst recounts his conversation with the accident insurance man near Los Angeles:

"Why should I insure?"

"Reason enough. You have a bandaged face. You have had a misfortune, and may meet with another pretty soon."

"I cannot see it just as you do. Six weeks ago I had a runaway accident up in the Yellowstone Park, and yesterday in Los Angeles I came in contact with a piece of redwood lumber, which was either in the wrong place or I was, and I am to be home in two weeks more. Don't you think now, as an experienced insurance man, that I shall get along safely the rest of the way? Haven't I had my average, considering the time?"

He dropped into a profound meditation, and for a moment was lost in the ecstasy of his profession. Then, looking up in a way truly merciful and encouraging, he replied: "You are right. I think you have run your risks." Then he released me, and I thanked him for his solicitude. If I ever do insure against accidents, that is the man who should, if I only knew his name, have the business.

While in attendance at the General Committee meetings in New York he writes to Mrs. Hurst, November 9:

How I want to get at my Church History! It is needed, and I think I shall satisfy the public. You are a very great inspiration in all my work. But for my encouragement from you, I could not work as I do.

XLV

1883-84.—Thirteen Conferences in Ten States, South, Central, and East. —Impress on Iowa

His first Conferences in the South came in the early months of 1883. They were the Mississippi at Meridian, Louisiana at Alexandria, Little Rock at Pine Bluff, and Arkansas at Little Rock. From Meridian he writes to his wife on January 21:

> I have had a great time to-day. My first sermon to the colored people. They shouted and cried out, and we had a good time.

On his way to Alexandria to hold the Louisiana Conference as he passed through the little village of Plaquemine, where there were but two or three members of our church living, one of the number, "Sister Cheney Nelson," boarded the train and rode a few miles with him. She pleaded so well for a preacher to be sent to them that he appointed a pastor who built the house of worship that bears the name of Hurst Methodist Episcopal Church. Pierre Landry says:

> Two of the young preachers, who had dropped out, one to the overseership of a rice plantation, and the other to a government contract in the mail service, sought to return on trial. Though it was shown that they had carried on special missionary work in their respective localities, they were met with the positive opposition of some of our leaders. Having patiently listened to the objectors in a special conference, the Bishop said, "Brethren, your opposition to the readmission of these young men has disclosed to me their excellence of character. I see in them those qualities of leadership of which, if you live long enough, you will be proud. Give them a chance." In both cases his prediction was fulfilled.

Of his address at the funeral of Bishop Peck in May, 1883, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Copeland, who was present, says:

How vividly he portrayed a scene at a camp meeting held on the "old neck" of Maryland, where, under the light of burning pine stumps, he first saw and heard Bishop Peck. It was a most beautiful tribute that he paid that real Episcopos and shepherd of souls, and in language which seemed chiseled like the marbles of the Parthenon, both strong and ornate. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, Dr. Dan Huntington, sat near me in the crowded auditorium, and seemed much impressed by what he saw and heard.

Seven Conferences claimed his oversight in the fall of 1883; The Black Hills Mission at Rapid City, West German at Saint Joseph, the Illinois at Danville, West Wisconsin at Baraboo, Wisconsin at Milwaukee, Tennessee at Murfreesboro, and Central Tennessee at Hollow Rock. At Danville he says, in a letter to Mrs. Hurst:

September 20.—Lewis Janes thanked me for my address to the preachers yesterday. I told them if they had any burdens or trouble about appointment, and wished to speak with me, to come to my lodgings and do so; if I could not help them, it would be at least a gratification to have tried. It seems it struck fire, and they have come.

Dr. E. L. Eaton says:

He was both lovable and approachable. A little shy about courting the personal attention of those in official position, I was therefore much surprised when he put his arm in mine one day at the Baraboo Conference and proposed a walk in the grove. I had in my pocket at that time an official request to transfer to another Conference and take an important appointment. Naturally I had set my heart on going. But I did not go. When that walk was ended I was willing to go to the ends of the earth if Bishop Hurst desired it. And yet he seemed to say little or nothing to dissuade me.

He visited the University at Madison on his way to Milwaukee, whence he writes Mrs. Hurst:

October 2.—The library is a perfect wonder of treasures. They seem to have searched the country and the century in order to find the books they have. The librarian had the kindness to show me some duplicates which he will exchange for some of mine.

While in attendance upon the Committee meetings in New York in November he stole away and on the 15th wrote Mrs. Hurst:

On the Chesapeake, to Baltimore.—From a station on the railroad I could see the place, I think the very house, where I was born. I walked about the farm (Sallie's) where I used to live later, looked at the old trees I used to climb and gather cherries from in a tin bucket. The trees that were young and strong are now old and rotting away. I went to the creek where I used to swim and fish—how changed! I came into town and Sallie with me, and we went to the graveyard, and saw our parents' graves.

Ten days after adjournment from Murfreesboro he is in Nashville, whence he writes Mrs. Hurst:

November 27.—To-day Young [E. K.] and I went out ten miles to Hermitage, President Jackson's home. We had a lovely ride and saw his furniture, carriage, room he died in, grave—a splendid old Southern mansion in ruins. We visited afterward the Fisk University, and went upon the Capitol, and overlooked the whole city. We called on the widow of ex-President Polk; she was too feeble to see us, but we saw her house. No lady ever left a finer name in the White House than she.

HOLLOW ROCK, November 28.

I was put into a room which was pretty cold—Young and I were together. Had a fireplace fire—four men in room above us. About 5 this A. M. two other men came into our room to warm up, and I had to ask them to stop talking, so I could sleep more. Later they left, and came back while I was dressing. Breakfast was in an open hall—no fire. It is a poor hotel, kept by a dentist, whose big chair and *buzz-saw* are in the room. I think I will begin dentistry on Young.

His assignments in this country for the spring of 1884 were two Conferences: New York East at Brooklyn, and New Hampshire at Manchester. William T. Hill, of the former body, says:

I recall his assiduous devotion to his task of studying how to serve the best interests of the churches and the members of the

Conference, not only the effective, but also the ineffective, and the dignity, without assumption of superiority, with which he was wont to preside. His sermon at that session was of such worth that the Conference unanimously requested a copy for publication. Its subject was "The Gospel a Sword."

During his residence in Des Moines, at 618 Third Street, he won the love of the people and of all workers in the cause of righteousness. He was abundant in his labors for temperance and education. His presidency and addresses at the second Methodist State Educational Convention in June, 1881, together with a reception to the four hundred delegates at his house, were of signal service. W. F. Harned says:

On the night of the great temperance victory in Iowa (June 27, 1882), when the state went overwhelmingly for Prohibition, he and I were on the streets about midnight when the first reports came in. I remember the Bishop's remark. He said, "That is glorious."

He immediately published a congratulatory address to the Methodist ministers of the state for their help in the campaign and the triumph. C. W. Blodgett, who knew him intimately, writes:

He was a busy man. His library room was a workshop often for ten or twelve hours in a day. He was, however, never too busy to hear the voice of the humblest of preachers. His tender heart always responded to the appeal for help—either of sympathy or money. He was one who never indulged in criticism of his brethren. I saw him at one time—when a less masterful man would have compromised the high position he occupied. By a very prominent layman in public the Bishop's motives were impugned and his word questioned. The following speech the Bishop was to make. Not in the most remote degree did he refer to the unkind, unjust, and inconsiderate remarks of his assailant. Nor did he ever permit himself to reply. He did, however, excuse the brother and say he was under a pressure that few men could endure without irritation. His life in the West was a constant inspiration to the younger men. They were through him profoundly impressed with the importance and necessity of sanctified scholarship.

E. L. Schreiner writes:

While with us in the state he was in "labors more abundant," dedicating churches, speaking on great public occasions, and participating in functions both within and without the church that added new luster to the name of Methodism in the great Methodist state of Iowa.

F. W. Vinson says:

I knew Bishop Hurst as one of the noblest, truest of men, and one of the most faithful of friends and brave in doing what he believed right.

Upon leaving Des Moines to go to General Conference and thence to Europe, a magnificent reception, combined with their silver wedding anniversary, a little anticipated, was tendered Bishop and Mrs. Hurst in the First Church. Dr. Young presided, Dr. Ryman prayed, Bishop Foss, present from Minneapolis, and Bishop Hurst spoke. At the banquet which followed, Judge George G. Wright was toastmaster, and Governor Sherman, Hon. C. F. Clarkson, Rev. Dr. J. B. Stewart of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Pomeroy of Callanan College, Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Frisbie, Colonel Gatch, Judge Nourse, and Bishop Hurst made fitting responses to a variety of toasts in which flashes of wit vied with affectionate tenderness to make the occasion memorable and happy. A message which greeted him shortly before he sailed for Europe was this one from Mrs. Hurst:

Don't spend money on books—wait until you return from Europe. You know you are easily tempted.

XLVI

1884–85.—Abroad.—Twelve Conferences in Eight Countries of Europe and Asia

Prior to his sailing for Europe in June, the General Conference at Philadelphia claimed his service. He presided on three days, May 8, 17, and 26. On the 22d he joined with Bishops Simpson, Bowman, and Foss in the laying on of hands in the consecration of Bishops Fowler and William Taylor, and made the presentation of the Scriptures to the same. On the 26th the question having arisen in connection with the report of the Committee on Coöperation in Church Work as to Bishop Wiley's right, as chairman, to close the debate, Bishop Hurst decided that he had such a right. Dr. Buckley appealed from the decision on the ground that the rule applied solely to members of the Conference, and the appeal was sustained. Bishop Hurst gave as the grounds of his decision:

> The Committee on Coöperation in Church Work is a creature of the General Conference. This body appointed a member from each General Conference District, and directed that the Board of Bishops should designate one of their number besides, who proved to be Bishop Wiley. All these together should constitute the Committee. It would seem that Bishop Wiley is as much a member of the Committee as any other man on it, because he was designated by order of the General Conference. If he were not, it would be clear that the conclusions which the Committee reached, and this report, would be of no legal force. To this opinion I must still adhere.

Buffalo having been designated as one of the episcopal residences, Bishop Hurst chose this city as his home for the ensuing four years, but was a traveler abroad for more than a year. His first episcopal tour of fourteen months in foreign lands covered the European Conferences, four of them twice, and the two in India: Germany and Switzerland at Zurich, Sweden at Upsala, Norway at Bergen, Denmark

Mission at Frederikshavn, Bulgaria Mission at Sistova, South India at Hyderabad, North India at Bareilly, Italy at Bologna, Sweden at Motala, Norway at Trondhjem, Denmark Mission at Copenhagen, and the Germany and Switzerland at Ludwigsburg.

His seventh trans-Atlantic trip together with his family, excepting John, having been accomplished and having presided as a brother over his own loved Conference in Zurich, conducting the business and the ritual service and speaking and preaching in German, he leaves Mrs. Hurst and the three younger children in Berlin and starts with Carl for his Scandinavian work. A pleasantry in her letter of July 9 to the Bishop contains a true prophecy in interrogative form:

> Who knows what "Mother" can do or can't do? Mrs. Trollope didn't begin to write until she was fifty. Younger than that is this child. Who knows but my grandchildren will read *their* grandmother's productions with the same interest that they will the works of their Bishop grandfather!!!

Of his presidency at Upsala J. M. Erikson says:

> We were all delightfully surprised when he opened the Conference by reading the Twenty-third Psalm in Swedish. The manner in which he led the proceedings of the Conference and the interest he showed in the welfare of all the brethren—old and young—won the hearts of all. He was kind, yet strong and firm, sincere, and had nothing of phariseeism or bigotry in him.

The journey from Upsala to Bergen was by Christiania, and thence by water over the Skagerak and North Sea. Dr. Buckley says:

> The Bishop, accompanied by the resident and neighboring ministers, took passage on a steamer for Bergen, 224 English miles, as the vessels go, northwest. The entire membership of our churches in Christiania accompanied them to the pier, and there remained, filling the available space, singing hymns and spiritual songs, led by the excellent choir, till the boat started. Hundreds of the people of the

city, attracted by the singing, came down to the shore and swelled the concourse. Not only so: the brethren and sisters, to show their affection for their pastors, brought beautiful bouquets and wreaths of flowers in profusion to present to them. As the ship sailed the music of their songs followed it as far as their voices could reach, and still they could be seen waving their adieus. The vessel stopped long enough to receive and discharge cargo at several ports, sometimes remaining some hours. Arrangements had been made by telegraph to hold services, and as soon as the boat landed the preachers, accompanied by the Bishop, went to the church, where the people were assembled, and a regular service was held. A scene similar to that in Christiania was enacted on the departure from each place, where the resident pastor joined his brethren on shipboard. During the Sabbath of Conference *five* Methodist services were held at one time in the city. When the last day came a supper was held in a hall that would contain 1,200 people. A crown, equal to 27 cents of our money, was charged for admission. Such was the crowd that the refreshments gave out. The pastor offered to give back the money to any who were dissatisfied. None asked its return. Supper being ended, they began to sing and relate what God had done for them. Bishop Hurst and others spoke to the unconverted, and, to crown all, when the invitation was given, upward of *seventy* rose for prayers.

From Bergen he writes to Helen, July 28:

I am very glad that you and mamma and Paul and Blanche, all, are well, and that you run out in the Thiergarten. It must be real fun to get caught in the rain, just like rabbits, and then have to run under a fruit-stand, and have a good excuse to buy some cherries and strawberries.

Carl F. Eltzholtz says:

When Bishop Hurst visited our Denmark Mission he and our superintendent, Rev. Karl Schou, were invited to tea by a prominent Lutheran clergyman, who also was interested in the work of the Evangelical Alliance; there was also a learned professor present who tried to draw the Bishop out and to sound the depths of his knowledge. He went through the ordeal in a magnificent manner; he told them about old Bible manuscripts and other things which they seemed to know very little about.

Bishop Hurst also preached from manuscript in Danish in our church in Copenhagen. To Mrs. Hurst he writes from Frederikshavn, August 3:

Carl and I get along first-rate. We have very loving times—and pillow fights, and our own fun.

From Consul-General James R. Weaver at Vienna he receives a message which must have given him a quiet laugh upon his fellow traveler on many a journey, for whom he had recently interpreted an address in Berlin and who had just recovered from a severe illness in the first-named city:

Dr. Buckley dined with us last evening and made final adieus, to our great regret; as for the last five or six weeks he has been an inexhaustible source of good cheer. Last evening in the bank he told me a story for the second time. I said, "Doctor, I am sorry you told me that, for it is the only one you have repeated during your stay."

A month later he holds an interview with Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, cheers the brave little band of workers in the Mission meeting at Sistova, and is off for the Orient. Through the mysteries and pressure of quarantine he decides to make the trip to Constantinople over the Balkans. As was his habit, he takes a side excursion to Bucharest at the close of the Conference. His letter to Paul of October 6 from Bucharest says:

I had a busy day yesterday, as I had to preach, and was at three services. This A. M. I got up at a quarter before 5, and had a little cup of tea and some bread, and a carriage took me down to the river. Mr. and Mrs. Thomoff were along. We crossed the Danube in three quarters of an hour in a little bit of a steamboat. On reaching the other side of the river we took another carriage, and rode through Guirgevo to the station for Bucharest. At the station we waited until 8:10 for the train. It took us two hours to ride to B. Bucharest is a big city. They speak the Roumanian language, which is really the old Latin. The people are descended from a colony planted by Adrian, the Roman emperor, whom he placed there after he had conquered the tribes living there, and this colony blotted out

the old language, and planted the Roman instead. This *learning* (?) is for mamma. Now comes something for you. Candy is sold along the streets, but it is dirty-looking. I saw a boy with two doves in a little basket, with a net over it. How he did love them! They were pretty doves, nearly white. You shall have some, dear Paul, when we get to Buffalo, and Blanche shall have a cat, or a silk dress, whichever she wants, and Helen shall have *two* silk dresses, any color she likes, and mamma—well, what shall we give her? To-night I go back to Guirgevo, and in the morning will be in Rustchuk, and then start across the mountains. I think this is better than by boat and quarantine. But mamma will not hear much from me now for a week.

The same day he writes Carl:

On Saturday I had a private audience with the Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander I, and was fully satisfied with his assurance concerning the future of our mission in that country. . . . To-morrow A. M. I start by wagon across the Balkan Mountains. I do it to avoid quarantine. The journey will take six days. I shall be in the track of the Russian army, and pass through places where the Bulgarian atrocities took place.

Riding in a cart drawn by buffaloes, he makes safely the passage of the mountain roads, passing Tirnova, Gabrova, Shipka Pass, and Kazanlik, goes through Philippopolis and Adrianople, and in a week is at the home of his dear friend, Professor Albert L. Long, of Robert College in Constantinople. Dr. Long tells of this visit and of their joint excursion to the plains of Troy in an article for the Pittsburg Advocate:

Quarantine is after all not an unmitigated evil. It has recently done very well by me. It has prevented Bishop Hurst from rushing through this place on his way to India without giving me the visit to which I had so long looked forward.

The two days and nights of their delightful companionship on this classic outing furnished the theme which under Dr. Long's polished pen grew into nearly a page of the aforesaid paper. In it he tells of a trip in a caique up the Golden Horn

to the Convent of the Holy Sepulcher at Fanar; a look at the manuscript of the "Teaching of the Twelve" granted by the Archimandrite Polycarp; a call at the Home School for girls at Scutari; a drive to the Convent of the Howling Dervishes; then on the Austrian steamer gliding out of the harbor and down toward the Hellespont; a night of good rest on the Marmora; a short halt at Gallipoli; then on to the Dardanelles; the landing in a crushing crowd; a cordial welcome and a good breakfast from Consul Calvert; the hiring of a Jewish guide, a Turkish muleteer and four good horses for the two days' riding; the arrival at Hissarlik at evening; the prospect of sleeping in the same room with a dozen armed ruffians, and the acceptance of the hospitality of the imam's house, with blanket and pillow on the earthen floor; his own wakefulness, but the Bishop's sound sleep; his fear of capture and demand for ransom by the brigands; the outbreak of the expected row among the rough men at the coffeehouse, but without harm save the nervous shock of pistol shots and loud shouts near their window; the early ride to the ruins of Troy, and the sunrise while viewing the excavations made by Schliemann and reveling in the scenes before their eyes; a ride across the plain to the river Scamander, and the fountains of Forty Eyes; a halt and dinner at Bonnar Cashi; a view of the plain from this high point of vantage; the return to the Dardanelles, where they arrived at sundown; a repast, a pleasant evening, and a night of rest at the home of the Calverts; and then the parting, Dr. Long returning to his home and Bishop Hurst taking the Russian steamer the next day, October 20, for Alexandria. He writes Mrs. Hurst from the Dardanelles, October 19:

We had a wonderfully interesting time. I would take no price for this tour. It has been the dream of my life . . . and now I have seen it at last! We had a Homer with us, and read it. Near here is

where Leander swam across the Hellespont to Hero (and so would I to you); also where Byron swam over. The house in which he stopped is near here.

Of his few days in Egypt and his trip to Cheops, his letter to Helen, from Cairo, October 28, will tell:

Yesterday I went to see the ruins of Memphis and also the great Pyramid of Cheops. Two gentlemen were with me. We took cars for fifteen miles, and each of us had a donkey, which rode on the cars until we reached the place near Memphis. Each donkey had a name: Flying Dutchman, Champagne Charley, and Yankee Doodle. The first was mine. He is a stumbler, and fell sprawling with me when in full gallop. But neither of us (donkey nor I) hurt ourselves. We all took lunch in a hut in the desert which now covers Memphis. Then we rode fifteen miles toward home, off one side of Cairo, to the great Pyramid. That was a big job. But it was a bigger one to go up it. One man lifted at one side and the other pushed. It was a grand view when we reached the top. Then we rode twelve miles home, and reached here just at dark. To-morrow I leave for Suez, and next day, 30th, go on board the steamer.

To Mrs. Hurst from Suez, October 30.—I am in my new quarters. I had a hard time getting a berth. Last night I reached Suez, after a ride of eight hours, including an accident of two hours on the way, in the desert, to the engine, and saw the agent before going to bed. He said he would try to get a good room for me, but the boat was crowded. I left land this A. M. at nine, and came out to the steamer (Sutlej, just arrived from London) in a little steam tugboat, with the agent, and found that there were but two vacant berths, two people landing here. They were very poor, and two or three people in each room. So I began to negotiate to buy out an officer. The second mate and the doctor had sold out. The third mate would not sell, at £8 to Bombay. So I at last bargained with the carpenter for £6. I have drawers, writing table, and a nice hair mattress, and a good square window, high up, and every way nice. It is awfully dirty and greasy. My steward's name is "Light," and I said to him, "Now, Light, if you want to earn an extra shilling, get your soap and water and scrub out everything, wash out the grease, put the toilet fixings in shipshape." "I'll do it, sir," said Light, and he is at it with a vengeance. It is getting into good order now. He has only a white powder that he scrubs with, and he says, "That brings the paint and dirt both off." When he gets

through I shall have a beautiful room. The carpenter has taken his things out, and I have my books in the little rack, and my things in the drawers, and am in nice shape. I can write every day and be entirely alone.

To Mrs. Hurst, November 12.—I am in Bombay at last. Arrived two days ago, Monday, at four P. M., and went ashore in captain's launch. Presiding Elder Fox met me on the dock, and took me, bag and baggage, to a home in the second, or as we would say third, story of a building, the first floor of which is used as a cotton warehouse. The family is called F——, Eurasians, children of English father and native mother. It is a large family, children in abundance. My room is in the rear part of the great dining room, and shut off from the rest by boards only a little higher than my head. All the racket of the family went on about me—piano, and rattle of kitchen things. Early in the morning, say at five, rattle again, perpetual agony of noises, and then at last breakfast. I was in agony all the time, slept but little, good old lady coughing all night. Dined out at Missionary Hard's last night, and after dinner an elderly lady, widow, called to take me along the sea, the great drive, the "Queen's Road." She finally asked me if I was comfortable. I told her at last how things were. She immediately said, "You ought to go to a hotel. You can't stand it." "Well," said I, "I'll try it another night." She replied, "You ought to go now." After getting back again I went upstairs, and about eight went to bed. Rattle to bang! Rolled and pitched! Clatter, clatter! Got up, packed every rag I had, and went out—about nine P. M. "Where is Mr. F——, children?" "Gone to church!" "Mrs. F.——?" "Gone to church!" "Well, tell your parents I am nervous and have lost sleep, and have gone to Watson's Hotel." Children amazed! Grandmother, poor soul, who did the coughing, amazed. I called a "vici" (carriage), put in my "yaller bag," and was off in a jiffy. Bang at my door now—two missionaries! They say Cleveland is elected. Bang again! Coolie has come for the wash. Now back to F——'s. Sent for rest of my baggage, with beautiful note, if I do say it myself, explaining. Beautiful note in reply from Mrs. F——. All serene. It was providential—that ride with the old English lady, who gave me good advice, and, if I meet her again, I shall thank her.

J. A. Northrup, secretary of the South India Conference, writes:

We were deeply impressed with the beautiful spirit of fraternity

and brotherly kindness which he manifested constantly toward all the members of our Conference, both American and native. The idea of his superiority never seemed to enter his noble mind and heart. He treated us all as brethren beloved with such perfect ease and naturalness that we saw in him a striking exemplification of our Saviour's humility. No evening meeting or Sunday service during that session of the Conference ever closed without an earnest appeal from the Bishop to the unconverted to turn to Christ. Even the ordination services were crowned with seekers of salvation responding to his loving invitation. Bishop Hurst, without the aid of an interpreter, conducted the ordination of the native candidates in the Hindustani language, reading the ritual himself from a Roman Urdu copy with such correctness that his native auditors perfectly understood the reading. The marvel was that such a stranger to the language could so well prepare himself for that feat in only a few hours of study and practice.

Between the sessions of the South and North India Conferences he spends Christmas at Cawnpore, then on to Lucknow for a few days, then to Shahjehanpore and Bareilly. Rev. (now Bishop) J. E. Robinson writes:

How glad I was to see the dear man, whom I found as approachable and affable as ever! Elevation to the episcopacy had not spoiled him in the least.

After adjournment at Bareilly he held the Central Conference—the joint delegated body of the North and South India. Then he visited the Punjab in company with Dennis Osborne and Professor Frank W. Foote, of Cawnpore, taking in Lahore and Agra. Next in order was a trip over the district of the Central Provinces, 800 miles long, with the presiding elder, Clark P. Hard, who writes of the affection of his people for the Bishop, and quotes from a letter written by one of these, "O, how we love him!" To Mrs. Hurst he writes on train to Lahore:

January 17, 1885.—Everything is going on in the same old way—banging about on cars, in wagons, and every way. I have been well

ever since I have been here, except a few days' overwork in Calcutta. But I soon got over it. I was at five services, preaching twice and speaking besides three times. But I am now all right again, and hope to have no farther trouble. I am sure this Indian trip will be a great advantage to me—the perpetual sun-bath is splendid. The nights are now cold. I have to take all my bedding with me. Cars furnish nothing except the water. You find everything yourself—every stitch of towels and bedding. But the parcels! Think of what a roll one has to travel with! My bedding is as big as a barrel!

How he filled the interstices of this network of travel from the time he landed at Bombay early in November, 1884, to his departure in early February, 1885, he tells in that informing book, Indika, the fruit of his journey and after-reflections. A slow trip on the Siam up the Arabian and Red Seas in February and a short excursion to review a few points in Palestine in early March bring him to Syria. March 9 he is at Beirut, where he pens these lines to Mrs. Hurst:

We went to Damascus last Tuesday, the 3d, 60 miles, by diligence in one night. Stayed two days and went to the ruins of Baalbec. This whole journeying is a splendid experience, everything helping me in my Church History. Martin met me on my return. Dr. Bliss made me promise to come to his house—splendid home—on a promontory overlooking the sea. I sail to-night for Smyrna, and shall be there a week, in the region of Ephesus, and Seven Churches of Asia. I preached here yesterday—read every word.

The meeting with Dr. Bliss is thus described by Professor W. W. Martin, then teaching in the college with Dr. Bliss:

This veteran missionary of the Presbyterian Church and the real builder of that noble college was immediately won by Bishop Hurst's simple and pleasant manner. The two talked together as if old-time friends. The Druse massacre in the Lebanon, the strange complex of the Mohammedan, making him possessor of the noblest faith in one God, yet blighted in all the best traits of our common humanity through a false and narrow civil code, and all that varied life of the Orient, as it was lived under the shadows of Lebanon, were grouped in the panorama of their mutual conversation. As we returned to

the college Dr. Bliss remarked upon the fullness of the information possessed by Bishop Hurst, and said, "One would have thought that the good Bishop had lived among us and had shared our experiences. Your Bishop is a great man."

His letters give us hints of his routes of travel and his anxiety for little Blanche in her illness during the summer of 1885, after he again struck European soil. To Rev. J. M. Erikson, Stockholm, from Naples, April 13:

I am delighted to hear of the revivals in various parts of Sweden. I sympathize deeply with you in the loss of your child. I know just what that great sorrow is. The Lord comfort and bless you and your wife in your hours of trial!

To Mrs. Hurst from Copenhagen, May 18.—I have an article in the Pittsburg Advocate—Mediterranean Log Book—like the others you have seen. I leave here to-day for Motala.

Motala, May 25.—I have just finished an article of 33 pages this size (note), for Chautauquan, on Athens.

Stockholm, May 29.—Gothland has a wonderful history: used to be a Hanse island, and its chief city, Wisby, was very wealthy, like Lübeck and Hamburg. Now it is a city of ruins, and the new town is coming up again. I intend to make a Harper article on it, and have the photos for it.

Göteborg, June 5.—Should anything happen to Blanche telegraph me immediately at one of those Conférences as named in the letter. I could meet the Cabinet and fix appointments and appoint a President and leave. How I wish I could carry the dear sweet child up and down stairs!

Christiania, June 8.—Perhaps the Lord means to test our faith, and will save dear Blanche, and so make us better Christians.

On train coming from Norway Conference, June 15.—Yesterday was a great day at Conference (Trondhjem). In the afternoon we had a real revival service in the large Industrial Hall—said to be the largest hall in Norway. About 100 came to the altar, and there were about 20 conversions.

Copenhagen, June 20.—I hope to preach a Danish sermon to-morrow.

Chemnitz, Germany, July 1.—I reached here this A. M. at 8, from Conference. Our church in Saxony has always been troubled with imprisonments and arrests, and, as I had some success with the

Prince in Bulgaria, and, I think, in Denmark, I made up my mind to make a trial. I heard that the Mayor of this city was friendly to us; and he is also a member of the Saxon Parliament. So, on my way to Dresden, I got out at Chemnitz, and have had a delightful visit with him. He is on very close terms with the Minister of Public Worship, and intimate with the King. He gave me very important information, and directions as to what to do. I am to go to Dresden, call on the Minister, and present our request, and then, when Parliament meets in the fall, present a formal application by letter to this gentleman, and he will send it on its course. Nothing may come, but if our preachers can be saved from arrest it will be a great end gained.

Dresden, July 2.—Last night, at 10, I got the permission of the Minister of Public Worship for an interview to-day at 12. I had telegraphed here from Ludwigsburg to know if he was at home, and the answer was "No." But he was, and I came on the venture. I also saw the U. S. Consul, who is greatly interested. He is going to help get things in shape. He advises me to go to Berlin and see Pendleton, the new U. S. Minister.

Berlin, July 4.—I reached here last night from Dresden, and went to see Mr. Pendleton. He became greatly interested in our matters, gave me considerable help, and told me to depend upon him. The Consul in Dresden has taken the matter up with great vigor. Think of their arresting our preachers, and not allowing our preachers to read the service over a dead child in a graveyard, and trying to stop our services! I think there is an end of this, and that the United States government will have something to say.

Having spent ten days in Frankfort and Kaiserslautern for a little rest, he joins his family in Paris. Soon they cross the Channel, and he spends the most of August in travel to different points. They attended the funeral service of General Grant in Westminster Abbey, then he hurried away to Newcastle to attend the Wesleyan Conference, where he made an address August 6, "one of the most deeply interesting of the entire Conference—has never been excelled by any speaker to the Conference from the other side of the Atlantic," says the correspondent of the Daily Chronicle; the next day to Epworth, where he was welcomed by the rector, Dr. Overton, and

saw all the relics of the Wesleys; joined his family again in London; dined with his family at Sir William McArthur's, the ex-Lord Mayor; attended City Road Chapel; reveled a few hours in the antiquarian collection of George John Stevenson; then away to Oxford, to Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, and Stratford-on-Avon; then on to Edinburgh and other points in Scotland, whence he retraces his steps in time to get the steamer of August 27 from Liverpool to New York.

XLVII

A Bold Stretch of Faith and Authority

The story of the founding of Singapore Mission, the greatest stroke of his entire foreign tour, is thus told by the Bishop himself in a letter (1891) to Secretary (now Bishop) McCabe:

In the autumn of 1884 I took a miserable Russian steamer at Dardanelles, Asia Minor, for Alexandria. It was called The Tsar, and was used for carrying horses. I had just finished my tour to Troy, and had to pay the penalty for the privilege of visiting the scene of the Iliad by a three days' sail in that wretched boat across the eastern end of the Mediterranean. There were but two passengers besides myself. I wondered there was anyone. One was a German connected with the German consular service at Cairo. The other was a young German on his way to Singapore. I conversed much with this latter young man. He described Singapore as I had never heard it described before—a meeting place of languages, nations, faiths, and a stopping point for vessels in the Oriental trade of many nations. The thought occurred to me, "Have we ever had a Methodist missionary there?" Then it appeared to me that we never had, but that from South India it would be most convenient to send one.

On reaching Bombay, I think it was the first question I asked Dr. (now Bishop) Thoburn: "Why don't we have a missionary in Singapore?"

"Can't send one," he answered; "we have no man and no money."

"Let's send one when our Conference meets in a fortnight in Hyderabad," I replied.

I saw he wanted it badly, but how to find the man was the question. When the appointments of the South India Conference were read off, I announced: "Singapore, W. F. Oldham."

Who and where was Oldham? He was on his way to India to take charge of our press at Rangoon, in Burma. Dr. Thoburn met him and told him where he had been appointed. Imagine his surprise to "be on his way to Burma," and to be "shot off one thousand five hundred miles beyond India"! But Dr. Thoburn told him he would go with him and see what could be done.

Now, not a dollar was appropriated for Oldham, or for a school, or for any beginning. It was a matter of faith and works only. During the winter Dr. Thoburn and Brother Oldham went to Singapore, began meetings, received a gift for a school from a Chinaman, and organized a little society. From that hour to this the Mission has grown. It is as fully a child of Providence as any work our church has undertaken.

The General Missionary Committee, in November, 1887, refused to make of Singapore a Mission, but after a long and earnest debate referred the whole subject to the approaching General Conference.

What did the General Conference do? It not only established the Mission, but elected that same Dr. James M. Thoburn Bishop of India and Malaysia. Singapore was thus made not only a part of Bishop Thoburn's official territory, but, under the name of Malaysia, was made the point of central work and departure for the thirty Malaysian millions.

To this appointment of Dr. (now Bishop) Oldham Bishop McCabe made eloquent reference at Bishop Hurst's funeral in 1903:

Bishop Hurst seemed to have a sort of inspiration in opening new work. When he went to hold the Conferences in India he learned upon the steamer before reaching Alexandria, from a perfect stranger who showed him a map of Malaysia, of the commercial importance of Singapore. He immediately resolved to occupy it. Even in his dreams Bishop Hurst saw a kingdom of God coextensive with all the earth. There was a young man coming from the United States to take charge of our work in Rangoon. His name was W. F. Oldham. Bishop Hurst immediately determined to send Oldham

to Singapore, and when the young man arrived at Calcutta, where he thought his journey was ended, Dr. Thoburn told him that his appointment was 1,500 miles farther on. Brother Oldham obeyed promptly, and went to Singapore and planted that Mission, which is now one of the most successful in all Methodism. It has connected with it a self-supporting boys' school, and the latest statistics show that that school has in it twenty-three instructors and 705 (later 1,000) scholars, and is a center of religious and intellectual power for all that country and for Siam and Borneo. The Bishop created that Mission with the stroke of his pen.

There is one incident connected with this school that used to make tears rush down Bishop Hurst's cheeks.

Brother Oldham needed a helper, and we sent C. A. Gray there, from Zanesville, Ohio. As Brother Oldham saw him get off the steamer, and looked upon his stalwart form and noted his quick step, he said, "That is the very man for me." Mr. Gray took charge of the school, and in ten weeks he was taken ill. As a surprise to himself, and a great surprise to his friends, he was told by his physician that he must die. He thought about it a little, and then gravitation shifting turned the other way, and he wanted to go home to his Father, young and strong as he was. He said to Brother Oldham: "Call in the boys," and they came in—forty boys, from Malaysia and Siam. "Boys," he said, "I have sent for you to let you see how a Christian can die. I want you to pass by and let me grasp each of you by the hand." And while those boys were going by him he began to sing, all alone:

"Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to his name!"

Nobody could sing but the dying man. When the vacation came Brother Oldham went up into Java to get some new students, and he took dinner at the house of an old man. At the table one of his boys was sitting. The lad, who was the oldest son of the host, told the story of how the man sang when he was dying. Greatly agitated, the boy's grandfather took Brother Oldham by the coat, and said to him in the presence of the assembled company: "Do you see that boy? That is my grandson. He is the light of these old eyes. Take him and fill him full of that religion that makes a man sing when he dies."

The fame of that wonderful song went all over that country. If Bishop Hurst could have known what was to happen, if he could have known about the Spanish war and its results, he could not have done a wiser thing than to plant that Mission at Singapore. That filled up the gap. That made a chain of Methodist missions clear around this globe. Now you can sail around the earth and not be very far at any time from a Methodist mission, and it was the farsighted wisdom of Bishop Hurst that did that.

In a letter from Madras to The Christian Advocate of March 5, 1885, Bishop Hurst says:

Fifty years ago, when Bishop Emory stood before the British Wesleyan Conference with a flush of prophecy upon him, he exhorted its ministers to go East, while the young American daughter would go West, and the two would grasp hands somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. Little he thought the time would come when the daughter herself would send one force East and another West, and that the two would meet, in the Malay world, at the equator. Yet that is what she does. The Methodism of China and that of India have met, and now look each other in the face. The westernmost missionary in China can drop down the coast, while the Singapore pastor can go up to meet him; and together they can sing doxologies over the fact that the church which has sent them out from its warm heart has put its zone around the earth.

Bishop Oldham writes:

Bishop Hurst did me the high honor to appoint me to the opening of our Mission in Singapore, though he knew there was no missionary apportionment to sustain the enterprise. His quiet confidence in my ability to meet the strange situation was one of my chief assets, for it would have required more courage to disappoint such cheerful confidence than to achieve success in the face of almost any difficulty. When, after a few months, I was greatly beset with the unexpected emergencies with which neither experience nor resource gave me much fitting to cope, I was again greatly helped by kind personal letters, which were better for me at that time than any missionary subsidy that could have come. I found him ever after eagerly interested in all the affairs of that Mission, and so urbane and considerate in his treatment of me personally that it was to me always a matter for congratulation to be thrown into his company.

To have a man of his massive attainments so continually at work with the details of the church has always impressed me with the feeling for the necessity of us smaller men to be untiring in our own efforts.

On the steamer Siam when fairly out of sight of India on the Arabian Sea and he had turned his face toward his family, who were spending the winter in Paris, he wrote again on February 10 to the Advocate of April 30:

If from all the lands where our people are now singing their Centennial psalms our church were suddenly blotted out, there is aggressive force enough in India Methodism alone to sail to all the continents and islands and plant it over again. I have no regrets at the appointment of Dr. Thoburn as Conference evangelist. It means an evangelist for all India. He is just now in Singapore, away down on the equator, and within sight of China. Dr. Thoburn and the new pastor for Singapore, the Rev. W. F. Oldham, went down together to organize our church there. All honor to Allegheny College for sending out the first man for the Malay millions, and to complete the connection between India and China! Think of the joy which the heroic Bishop Wiley would have had had he been a witness to the arrival of these men there! But who knows how much he did see? The map of his sublime faith was very broad.

When in 1888, on the day of Dr. Thoburn's election as Missionary Bishop, the presiding Bishop announced that fact, and used the words "for India," Bishop Hurst instantly rose, walked rapidly to the chairman, and told him to give the full title—"for India and Malaysia." The correction was made, and when, a few months later, an attempt was made to close the Malaysia Mission, a reference to the General Conference action sufficed to end the controversy. How fitting was the election of Dr. Oldham by the General Conference of 1904 as Missionary Bishop and his assignment to Southeastern Asia with headquarters at Singapore!

XLVIII

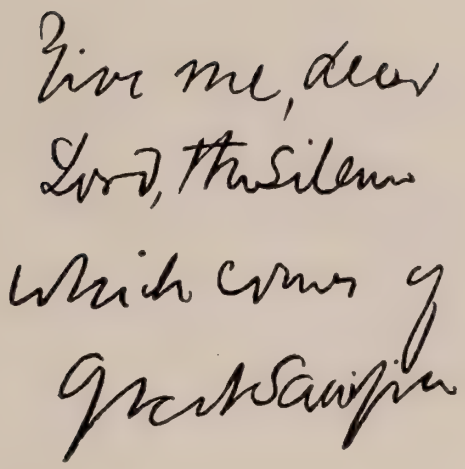
1885-87.—At Buffalo.—Blanche's Death.—Fifteen Conferences in Eight States, East, Central, and South

The arrival of Bishop Hurst and his family in America in September was soon followed by a most hearty and successful public reception at Buffalo in the auditorium and parlors of the Delaware Avenue Church. Presiding Elder Albert N. Fisher presided, Dr. W. S. Studley, of Lockport, offered prayer, Dr. John B. Wentworth spoke in behalf of the ministers, and Mr. F. H. Root spoke for the laity. Greetings were read also from the preachers and laymen of Rochester. The church was thronged with people not only from the city, but from many of the adjoining towns in Western New York. Bishop Hurst replied informally but heartily to these various kindly expressions of regard, thanking all for the pleasing warmth of his reception. He felt for the first time that he lived here, though he had lately been giving his residence as Buffalo.

He rounds out 1885 with three Conferences: Genesee at Lima, New York (his new home Conference), the Holston at Johnson City, Tennessee, and the East Tennessee at Knoxville. A line jotted down by the writer at Lima on October 1 was: "Bishop Hurst presides easily." At the Educational Anniversary in College Hall (of old Genesee College) he spoke and neatly opened the way for a generous subscription in behalf of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. On Sunday besides preaching he spoke with his usual effectiveness at two missionary anniversaries. On his way to Tennessee he takes in a brief visit to Cambridge, Maryland, where he revives early memories:

To Mrs. Hurst, October 11:

The pastor met me at the boat, and invited me to preach, which



FACSIMILE OF FOUR LINES OF BISHOP HURST'S WRITING IN PENCIL ON PAGE 23 OF A SMALL MEMORANDUM BOOK OF 58 PAGES, ALL OTHERS BEING BLANK.

I did. The church is greatly improved, and is handsome. A fine congregation present. Leader of the choir was an old schoolmate; another sat in the front seat; another, when I was only nine years old, and attended school in the woods, was present. We had fought many a time. One fine-looking but very aged lady told me this: She nursed me when I was sick and in infancy. One night I was supposed to be dead, and gave no sign of life. My father and mother thought I was dead, took leave of me, and went upstairs. About midnight I roused up, and called for water. My father and mother came rushing downstairs. The old lady said, "I reckon you never saw a prouder set in your life." To make the story more remarkable, her mother nursed my mother in her final illness.

October 12.—I saw the old house where I used to leave my horse when I first rode "into town" to school.

On his way from the Holston to the East Tennessee he writes to Paul:

Morristown, October 20.—Three Presidents were from Tennessee —Jackson, Polk, and Johnson. Johnson was a tailor, from Greenville, and his sign is still over the little shop where he used to sit cross-legged, and sew clothes.

Returning from Philadelphia, he finishes settling in the new home at the recently purchased episcopal residence, 455 Franklin Street, preaches to the Germans of Mortimer Street Church in his facile and happy use of their language, and addresses the District Conference, November 24, on the New South. Here, just as the family were rejoicing to find the quiet harbor after eighteen months of travel and broken plans, a new, yet not unknown, and sore sorrow broke upon his home and heart in the sudden illness and death of the sweet and loving Blanche from diphtheria. For ten days they battled bravely and patiently, and, from the nature of the disease, well-nigh alone. On December 7 her gentle spirit took its flight to the bosom of her Saviour, leaving her father and mother, twice-stricken, with empty arms. After a very private funeral on the 10th, conducted by Drs. Iglehart, J. E. Smith, and Fisher, her

precious dust was deposited in beautiful Forest Lawn. While bowing in humble and hopeful resignation both Bishop and Mrs. Hurst felt most keenly the loss of the child who even beyond her years took a knowing interest in the affairs of the home, and by her natural trend to domesticity had become, though only in her twelfth year, in no small measure the helpful adviser and close companion of her mother. Mrs. Hurst never fully recovered her buoyancy of spirit, and thereafter her interest in the labors, cares, and joys of life with her loved ones and numerous friends on earth seemed divided with a longing for the coming joys of reunion with those gone before. Of his own sorrows Bishop Hurst once wrote:

> The most unpleasant element in the most of my severe disciplines is that each stands largely alone, and there cannot, in most instances, come an opportunity when the special wisdom learned from the dark experience can ever be applied again.

Not thus was it in this repeated sorrow of a lovely daughter taken from his side. For he wrote again:

> What are our griefs but wishes? Every tear of sorrow is the language to a desire that the case were otherwise. Folly indescribable! If my two daughters were living within a block of me in all joy and comfort, every hour a song and every year a chain of delights, could I wish them to come into my cold and dreary hut, where the table is scanty and the language that of toil and pain? No, not for a moment. My happiness would be to know their happiness. Neither can I wish them back upon the earth. Their mansions are the homes inscrutable—fair, suited to their taste, prepared for them by the Hand which never makes an unloving stroke.

Being under engagement to speak at a mass meeting in New York in the interests of the effort to raise a million dollars a year for missions, he sought release in this note of mingled grief and faith to Secretary McCabe:

> December 14.—The great sorrow which has fallen upon my home will prevent my participating in the missionary meeting at the Acad-

emy of Music on the evening of the 17th. I had made all my preparations, but if I were with you I could not, with my present terrible burden, do justice to you, or the occasion, or myself. My bleeding heart would be more in the immediate past, I fear, than in the future. My duty, just now, is with my stricken family. Having seen our work in Europe and India the last, I should have been glad to give what picture I could of our great field. I sympathize fully with the effort for the million. It is as certain as the rising sun. No better or more sure battle cry has been heard upon our front line.

But in response to repeated and urgent invitations he finally consented to go to this sixty-fifth anniversary of the Missionary Society and, smothering his sorrow as best he could, took his part in the prepared programme. Bishop Harris presided, Dr. William Butler offered prayer, Dr. John M. Reid, General Clinton B. Fisk, and Dr. James M. Buckley all spoke in characteristic vein. Dr. O. H. Warren says:

All the addresses were interesting and impressive, while that of Bishop Hurst is especially commended, not only for its character, but its adaptation to the needs of the hour.

With what vivid and heart-capturing pictures did he show the obligation to missionary effort growing out of international kinship! Here is one:

If any should say that there is no parental bond uniting us with India, it may be replied that long before the civilization of Greece and Rome, or even before Pelasgic times, the Teutonic family was on the high table-lands of Asia. When William Butler was in India he was an Aryan boy carrying the gospel to the old home. If Paul could say, "I am debtor to the Jew and the Greek," much more may the American say he is debtor to each of the lands whence his national life is drawn. We are only visiting our Aryan relatives there.

The writer was at this time pastor of the Colden, Boston, and West Falls Circuit on Buffalo District. Bishop Hurst spent a part of March 6, 7, and 8, 1886, with him, preaching and conducting the communion service at Boston on Sunday

morning in the Baptist church, which was opened for us, to accommodate the large congregation, more than filling the modest Methodist church. The Baptist brethren were present and communed with us—in spirit—in their own house of worship, really in the Lord's house. In the evening he gave an inspiring address on missions in the Colden church. This service he rendered to the hard-worked presiding elder, A. N. Fisher, in lieu of the same promised three months before just at the time of dear Blanche's fatal illness. It lingers a pleasant memory of the people.

His official duties called him in the spring of 1886 to the presidency of the New Jersey Conference at Bridgeton (at the close of which he visited his sister in her final illness and was with her at her death, on March 18, at Cambridge), the East German and the New York both in New York, and the Vermont at Chelsea. The session of the New York Conference was one to test his powers, his patience, and his judgment to the utmost. Three trials of preachers were a part of the severe ordeal. Dr. A. K. Sanford writes:

> By the skill and prudence which characterized his presidency he carried the Conference wisely and safely through the storm.

While attending the semiannual meeting of the Bishops in Minneapolis, in May, 1886, he dedicated the Central German Church. G. E. Hiller, their pastor, says:

> On Sunday morning he arrived very early before the opening of our Sunday school, which took place at nine o'clock. He first went to the Norwegian Sunday school, two blocks away, and made an address in Norwegian, then he went to our Thirteenth Avenue Church (one block away) and spoke in English, and at 10:30 he preached the dedicatory sermon of our church, in German. He spoke with remarkable correctness and fluency.

While traveling through Ohio he writes on train, Monday, July 26, to Mrs. Hurst:

Saturday evening went to a lecture in Mount Union College, by Mr. McKinley, Congressman, on Civil Service.

Ocean Grove was among the places he visited in August, and his sermon there on the 18th, on "Christ the Liberator," made a profound impression. The reporter for the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

For correctness and beauty of style, for scientific accuracy in delineation and argument, for adherence to the rules of rhetorical address, for elegance of diction and classical taste, for close observance of the principles of scriptural exegesis, the sermon evoked great attention, and was closed with a most fervent appeal to the people to accept Christ as their liberator from the bondage of sin.

His fall Conferences, 1886, called him to the Detroit at Adrian, the Michigan at Kalamazoo, then, after the General Committees, during which he took time to make the dedicatory address of the New Hall of Theology at Boston University on November 10, his theme being the "Theology of the Twentieth Century," away to the Texas group: Austin at Dallas, Southern German at Perry, Texas at Huntsville, and the West Texas at Victoria. Of his address at Boston, when Professor Buell introduced him as our "Methodist Melanchthon," Dr. Louis A. Banks says:

The ninety minutes sped by as if they were oiled. Every listener felt the inspiration to do grander work for Christ.

Having finished his work in Texas, he goes to inspect the work and preside over the Conference in Mexico, held at Puebla, in January, 1887. The importance of his Mexican tour justifies a separate treatment under another caption. His return from Mexico was early enough to permit him to preside in the spring at the North Indiana Conference at Marion, and the Delaware at Chestertown, Maryland, and to assist Bishop Harris at Troy Conference by presiding and preaching

for him. He spent a few days at home in June, during which he writes on the 28th to Mrs. Hurst in Philadelphia:

> Mail small; no calls. Flowers all watered—pigeons happy—plenty of light in windows—no flies—plenty to eat—Osborn here—clocks wound up—busy all the time.

He served in 1887 with Dr. J. M. Buckley and General Clinton B. Fisk as a committee of correspondence with the pastor of City Road, Wesley Chapel, London, on the design for the memorial window to Bishop Simpson. In a letter of August 4 to C. C. McCabe he said:

> The saloon will be as complete an antiquity as a slave block or the fuming laboratory of a mediæval adept in the Black Art.

His service as a member of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church began in December, 1886, when he was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by Bishop Harris's death, and continued to his life's end.

XLIX

Official Tour in Mexico

After completing at Victoria his presidency of the four Conferences in Texas, and having been joined by Mrs. Hurst, Helen, and Paul, he traveled easily and reached Mexico city on New Year's morning, 1887. For the first time in its history the annual session of the Conference was held outside of the capital, this year at Puebla, in the school building of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. He devoted about two months to visiting the more important places—nearly two weeks before and about six weeks after the five days at Puebla. Besides several days of inspection, preaching, and reconnoiter-

ing in the city of Mexico, he made an excursion to several places in the state of Hidalgo. Of the ride from Pachuca to El Chico he says:

One after another the horses came in from the street and sauntered about the *patio*. Once on the upper hills, the great valley stretches out about us. We are climbing up the mountains beyond Pachuca, which is 8,150 feet above the level of the gulf. Here are mines, and mines and mines again—no less than 150 in this neighborhood in activity. One mine out of twenty-five pays expenses. The rest are successful only in raising expectations. The conclusion is, "Keep out of them all."

But our horses have struck the cobble stones of the old town of El Chico. Dr. Rule, an English gentleman, has presented to our church a new edifice, which cost eighteen hundred dollars, and I am to dedicate it to-night. He comes out to bid us welcome and stands at the gateway of his *hacienda*. Our horses file into his large court and are evidently glad to get rid of their riders. Faithful they have been, for not one has fallen with his rider. The four hours have been a short bit of Mexican enchantment. On our return from El Chico to Pachuca we made a side excursion by wagon from Velasco to Regla Hacienda and back by way of the famous mines of Real del Monte.

Dr. S. P. Craver says of his supervision of the Conference at Puebla:

The routine business was dispatched with rapidity, the Bishop having acquired such acquaintance with the Spanish language that he understood a large part of the discussions and motions without interpreting. The Mexican brethren were surprised and pleased to hear him read the Scripture and the prayer of consecration in the celebration of the Lord's Supper in their own language. Some of the brethren were surprised to find what a grasp he had upon the situation, the conditions and needs of the work, and of special phases of it, since he appeared to have given little or no attention to those aspects of it when he had been spoken to about them. He would go out for a walk with some brother who desired to lay before him a case, and would listen with apparently little concern, but would be sure to find his way to some old bookstall and pick up some odd volume which seemed to attract his attention more than the particular subject-matter in hand. But the next day he would ask a question

that showed he had not lost a word of what had been told him, and that he had pondered the whole case carefully. He showed great interest in any literary work the missionaries might be doing, and stimulated them to make good use of the pen, laying special stress upon the broader influence they could thereby wield.

After the Conference was over he made a trip to the work in Orizaba and Cordova on the Vera Cruz Railway, and another on horseback into the mountain region of Puebla. At Xochiapulco he dedicated another new church. Of this trip and dedication he says:

My riding, of some weeks before, to the Regla Hacienda had been on a Mexican saddle, and I never want anything better, for a fixed condition. You get twisted, and braced, and curved, and involved, and then packed far down into your rawhide compress, and after three or four hours the thing becomes a part of you, and then it is easier to stay there the rest of the day than to get out. The machine never turns. A girth, which makes it easier for a horse to turn a somersault without itself moving an inch, is an outcome of a long and combined Toltec, Aztec, and Spanish civilization. Whatever goes wrong with one here in Mexico, he must be sure of two things —a perfect girth for his saddle and a revolver. With one day's exception, I have had no revolver. A trusty weapon was offered me, with the belt full of bristling cartridges; but the machinery would not fit me, and I handed it back. So my whole defensive outfit has been only a pocketknife, a bunch of keys, and a pocketful of small money.

Range after range we crossed. Up and down and along great barrancas lay our bridle path. Often it was a mere narrow groove, scooped out of precipitous mountain sides. Now and then we reached a lofty point, where new teeth of the Sierras, or combs, came into view. In two hours we arrived at a crest where great Orizaba, with its beautiful hood of everlasting snow, stood before us, as if to say, "I am more than a picture." By and by we came in sight of Xochiapulco, perched on a hilltop. For miles we saw the tower of our beautiful new church, the highest object in the old Aztec town. Flags, bearing the Mexican colors of red, white, and green, fluttered from both the outer and inner walls of the church. The floor was covered with a carpet of pine spires, gathered from the surrounding groves. The aroma from them was sweeter than any incense which ever

arose from a silver censer in silvery Mexico. The town bell rang out glad peals, which reverberated along the mountain sides and down the far-reaching barrancas.

The people were Indians, descendants of the very Aztecs whom Cortez found here three centuries and a half ago, and whose offspring has occupied these mountains ever since. The old Aztec tongue, which in literature is commonly called here *Lengua Mejicana,* is the language of the home and of business. Many understand Spanish, but the most do not, and all prefer to use the dear old speech of Montezuma's day, when no Cortez had caught sight of the sandy dunes where Vera Cruz now stands.

My address was interpreted from English into Spanish by the Rev. Dr. Greenman. But how could we get the Spanish into Aztec? We had taken with us from Tetela the Rev. Mr. Aguilar, who is part Aztec himself, and knows the language; but he knows no English, though a good Spanish scholar. He, therefore, translated the Spanish interpretation into Aztec, and so the audience had in their own language all that was said. It was a strange scene—three men standing on a platform, and filtering a dedicatory address from English into Aztec! There were mothers in the audience, having their small children with them. Some of these little bronze creatures had been brought for baptism, but were impatient; and it was the strongest piece of public competition on which I ever entered when I endeavored to raise my voice to a key higher than the combined voices of twenty juvenile Aztecs. The dedicatory address lasted just thirty minutes; that is, ten minutes each for the three languages. I baptized ten of the children.

After the close of the services I was informed that it was now in order to receive the salutations of the audience. Ignorance was my misfortune. An Aztec salutation is a most absorbing and consuming process, but a high art. The chief men of Xochiapulco came up first, each one embracing me, letting the hands meet, and patting me on the back. Of course, it was my duty to do the same thing. After the embrace, there came a grasp of hands. My inexperience made me a little awkward at first, but by the time I reached the fifth or sixth Indian the process became easier. But when I had gone through about fifteen such embraces, and the audience moving forward seemed about as large as at the beginning, I saw only utter defeat in view, and finally escaped by getting out of the church, leaving my two companions to make amends for my want of farther decorum.

As the sun gilded the hills stretching far out from Xochiapulco,

we took a walk to the old graveyard of the place. On returning to our lodgings we rolled ourselves up in our wraps and lay down to a perfect night's rest. Our next day's ride was through the ancient town of Xacapoaxtla to Mazapa, a distance of forty miles, where we spent the night with our familiar saddles, bridles, and blankets piled up about us.

Again returning to Mexico, after a few days he took his third extended trip, this time through the western district, having in the meanwhile dedicated a third chapel to Christian worship in Ixtaculco, a small Indian village near Mexico city, and made a two days' visit to the flourishing work at Miraflores.

Another mountain excursion of two brisk hours on horseback takes him to Amecameca, at the base of Popocatepetl, where are the shrines of Saint Helena and others of the Monte Sacro.

His trip to the northern part of the field embraced an all-night's journey from Mexico to Leon; thence to Guanajuato, where a day was spent in sight-seeing, and the Sabbath in addressing two large congregations and the Sunday school; thence to Salamanca; the next day to Cortazar; then in the evening, a dark and somewhat risky coach ride to the night train for Queretaro, where he arrived at midnight. The next day was spent in visiting the historical spots in this historic city, followed by preaching again in the evening to an interested congregation as he had at the four places just named. He took the midnight train for the capital, where, on the Sabbath following, he preached his farewell sermon in Mexico, and on Monday night was off with his family for the north.

L

1887-88.—Ten Conferences in Seven States, West, East, and South.—Leaving Buffalo

His official travels in the fall of 1887 were to the Saint Louis German at Warrenton, Missouri, North Nebraska at Fremont, West Nebraska at Broken Bow, the Nebraska at Lincoln, Pittsburg at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, and Central New York at Elmira. After adjournment at Fremont he hastened to Omaha, where he writes Mrs. Hurst, September 13:

Last night we had a union meeting and took $18,000 subscription for a new church.

Of his presidency at West Nebraska Dr. P. C. Johnson says:

Marked by a careful, easy, courteous manner. His bearing was modest, kind—nothing obtrusive or excessive. Without losing for a moment the dignity of his place, office, or person, he was easy and brotherly. He could be firm, even commanding.

Here is a bit of newspaper comment in Lincoln, Nebraska:

Bishop Hurst is dignified and learned, but happy, natural, and companionable. He enjoys the little asides that keep men young. Monday at Broken Bow he engaged in a chicken hunt—not failing, either, in practical results.

In many churches he gave addresses on Mexico, illuminating and stimulating to missionary zeal and gifts. One of these was in Summerfield Church, Brooklyn, on November 7, while the General Committees were in session. "The Estrangement of the Masses from the Church" was the subject of his able and useful address before the General Christian Conference held by the Evangelical Alliance in Washington, D. C., in December, 1887. The anniversary of sweet Blanche's decease did not pass without messages to the lonely one in Buffalo:

WASHINGTON, December 6.

To Mrs. Hurst:

You will receive this on the 7th. My heart will be with you all the time.

December 7.—I think much of our dear Blanche. Let us be watchful and patient and we shall see her, and dear, sweet Clara, in the heaven above and beyond.

On December 15 he read a liturgical form prepared by himself especially for the occasion at the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn. It was printed in The Christian Advocate of the following week. On introducing him to the assembly Dr. Buckley, the President of the Board of Trustees, said:

Years ago I was an inmate of a hospital midway between London and Constantinople, one of the best in the world, but its management was utterly devoid of sympathy with Christianity. During those five weeks I did not once hear the name of Jesus spoken by those about me, and no minister's hand was extended to me in Christian brotherhood beneath that roof, except the hand of Bishop Hurst, who happened to visit me while there. You can understand, therefore, the satisfaction which I felt when the committee selected him to perform the dedicatory service of an institution which will carry in one hand medicine for the body, and in the other the Balm of Gilead for the soul.

From San Gabriel, California, came to him from Dr. Abel Stevens these strong words of appreciation and cheer as the New Year broke:

Mrs. Stevens wishes me to beg you and their mother to kiss the little folks of the household for us. We fell in love with them at Geneva, and often talk about them here, in the ends of the world. God bless them and the good mother who is so worthy of such blessed maternity. God bless you also, my dear old friend, and spare you long for his people!

The South Carolina at Charleston, the Virginia at Berryville, the Baltimore at First Church, Baltimore, and the Phila-

delphia at Twelfth Street Church, Philadelphia, were his Conferences for the first half of 1888. Prior to the session in Charleston he fulfilled a long-cherished desire to visit Savannah and vicinity. He writes Mrs. Hurst:

Near Washington, on way to Savannah, January 26.—In the night I woke, and had some good aphorisms come to me, and I wrote them down.

And Helen, Savannah, January 31:

Savannah is a most curious place. There are many little squares, and very old little buildings and walls which date from Colonial times. There is a fine monument to Pulaski (read him up). I spent yesterday in visiting old and new Ebenezer—where the Salzburgers had their home in America. Some of their descendants are still here, and one of them drove me across the country and back—a distance of 30 miles. Whitefield and Wesley both visited their home. You find Wesley's Works, and in his Journal you will see, early in first volume, his account of his visit to the Salzburgers. Read it up—examine you when I come home! See if I don't.

At the South Carolina Conference, J. B. Middleton says:

He referred to the session of the first Methodist Conference held in this city just 101 years before, and briefly compared the numerical and spiritual strength of Methodism of that time with the present day. The address did not consist in mere statistical forms or rhetorical flourishes; but rather in a scholarly presentation of important truths in such a way that the most untutored mind could grasp and hold the great central thought—the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom and the ultimate triumph of the Cross.

When he opened the Baltimore Conference he said with great feeling:

I thank God for the brotherhood of Methodist ministers. I remember down on Eastern Shore, where I was born, that my highest honor in boyhood was to open the gates for the preacher who came to visit our home. I have been trying to open gates for the preachers ever since. I am only too thankful when I can help a minister into a better place.

Dr. W. S. Edwards says:

In council and in the chair he was careful and courteous, dignified without stiffness, and kind without running over with gush.

Of his work at Philadelphia, Dr. W. L. McDowell writes:

The Conference was delightfully impressed with his geniality and brotherliness. His addresses to the classes for admission into full membership and his sermons were characterized by clearness, thoughtfulness, scholarliness, and spirituality.

The tender memory of his mother thus mingled with an assuring message to his wife sent from New York at the beginning of the General Conference of 1888:

May 3.—This is one of the few anniversaries I can remember—the day of my mother's death. I sometimes think she is looking on me, and her good spirit is with me.

In the new adjustment of episcopal residences at the close of the General Conference, he chose Washington, succeeding Bishop Andrews, who went to New York, and being followed at Buffalo by Bishop Vincent. The people of Buffalo signalized his departure by giving him and his family a farewell reception at the Delaware Avenue parsonage. One of the most pleasing and fitting features of this occasion was the reading by Benjamin Copeland of his parting tribute:

Farewell, beloved Bishop Hurst,
In scholarship and kindness, first!
The saintly name befits him well,
On whom the Madeley mantle fell.
A bishop? Yes; and more,—a man!
Magnanimous in deed and plan,
A Brother of the Common Life,
A chieftain in Thought's sternest strife.
With every noble cause allied,
Niagara's flood, Potomac's tide
Shall tell unto the utmost sea
His seerlike faith and chivalry.

God grant that many years be given,
Ere Bishop Hurst goes home to heaven.
Watch over him by day and night,
Ye angels, excellent in might!
But when the church laments him, dead,
This to his praise shall then be said:
Close to the weak he ever stood;
In goodness, great;—in greatness, good.

The value of these appreciative lines to Bishop and Mrs. Hurst may be inferred from his letter of July 20, from Cottage City, to Mr. Copeland:

I wish the subject were worthier—but if he strives to become more worthy of the tribute, that may be one end gained. Kind words generally come too late, but such as have come to me have done me more good than harm.

Mrs. Hurst wrote Mr. Copeland from Washington, April 26, 1889:

Your beautiful lines on Bishop Hurst are still ringing in my ears —"Niagara's flood—Potomac's tide."

Many will be glad that the exhortation which Bishop Hurst sent from Shelter Island in July, 1889, to the author of these verses has been obeyed: "Keep on touching the harp." His uniform helpfulness to the preachers and churches of Buffalo whenever he could aid has been expressed by Thomas Cardus as "his unvarying kindness and the urbanity of manner with which he received my requests for his presence and services sometimes rendered at the cost of self-sacrifice." Dr. (now Bishop) James W. Bashford says:

During my two years' pastorate at the Delaware Avenue Church, Mrs. Hurst was a constant attendant at the services, and at the prayer meetings, and Bishop Hurst was a regular attendant at the church when he was not engaged elsewhere in episcopal duties. I yet marvel at the appreciation with which he listened to my preaching. I shall never be able to express his helpfulness to me in those

early days. Nor shall I ever forget the courtesy with which he always received me and his kindness in coming often to the parsonage and inviting me to walk with him in the afternoon. We had many delightful walks together, in which we discussed many problems of church and state. He was unusually full of information gleaned from the best books in theology and ecclesiology. I often said to him, after one of these walks, that I thought he ought to write more, because he seemed to me to have a message for the church which he had not fully expressed.

LI

The Author

Books of Two Quadrenniums

His literary instinct and habit, which had not surrendered to the pressure of executive labors and administrative cares at Drew, not only survived amid the jostling of two prolonged removals of his family, his household effects, and his library, with all the interruptions incident to a proper adjustment to the new social environment, but took on new forms of productiveness as his new office, with its extensive travel and innumerable contacts with men, brought him to the practical survey of new fields; yet still clung tenaciously to the themes and departments of theological study which had earlier won a firm place in his thought and purpose. The stream of his numerous contributions over his own name to the periodical press, by no means confined to those of his own denomination, seemed to broaden with the ever-widening circles of his journeys to and fro in the earth and became the living nerves for the transmission of inspiring information to the church from the points of its impact upon the world, while the volume of his anonymous writing which for years had been flowing into the editorial columns of The Christian Advocate and a few other journals, both religious and secular, continued with but slight if any diminution.

A brief survey of his books and pamphlets, issued during the first two quadrenniums of his episcopal residence at Des Moines and Buffalo, brings to our view an interesting group.

Bibliotheca Theologica, a Bibliography of Theology and General Religious Literature, was published by Scribners in

1883. This book, like several others of his writing, appeared in a form which was the resultant of an original and broad purpose, in this case dating as early as 1867, during his residence in Bremen, to make a general thesaurus, but later modified to bring it into a more compact compass more suited to the actual needs of preachers and theological students. Of his first scheme he says:

> The titles of foreign books multiplied rapidly and my interest in the undertaking steadily increased. But the material became unwieldy and, after two years of such labor as could be bestowed upon it, the completion seemed farther in the future than at the outset. I reached a point where it seemed best to sacrifice a cherished plan to a public want.

The book was prepared in "mere fragments of time" saved "during the stress and pressure of graver duties; somewhat," he says, "after the fashion of that choice piece of work, Bethune's edition of good Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, of which, when completed, the editor said: 'I have lost no time by it, for it was the occupation of moments when others would have been looking out of the windows.'" In the compilation of titles and other ways he was aided successively in the progress of the work, in Germany by John P. Jackson; at Madison by the writer, by George B. Smyth, and by George J. Coombes; and at Des Moines by J. C. W. Coxe. The book contains about 5,300 titles, giving size, pages, publishers, date and place of publication, with an index each of authors and subjects, on 431 clear open octavo pages. It formed the basis of his later and larger work entitled Literature of Theology.

Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology, a joint product with Dr. George R. Crooks, came from the press of the Methodist Book Concern in 1884, being the third in the series of the Biblical and Theological Library to appear, though it was the second on which the printing was begun. This work

was on the general plan of Professor Hagenbach, of Basel, but many modifications and adaptations to English students were introduced. Of this pioneer volume in English Professor Philip Schaff, of the Union Theological Seminary, said: "It is the only book in the English language, so far, which answers the purpose." Professor H. M. Scott, of Chicago Theological Seminary, says: "The valuable and indispensable book of Hagenbach is not merely given us in American dress, but the additions and adaptations make it well-nigh an independent authority." The revised edition was issued in 1894, the work of revision having been performed chiefly by Dr. Crooks. This portly octavo of 596 pages has been and is a suggestive and safe guide to hundreds desiring to investigate special fields of religious philosophy, history, and doctrine.

The Gospel a Combative Force, a sermon, was published by Phillips & Hunt in a pamphlet of 24 pages in 1884, at the request of the New York East Conference of that year. The resolution of that body characterizes the discourse as "one of great spiritual advantage as well as ability." This sermon, too, was a growth. In its first form it was preached at his second pastoral charge, Passaic, on June 26, 1859. It became a favorite with him, and he preached it at intervals to the last with increasing pleasure to himself and profit to his hearers. A few sentences from its shining pages reveal the sword of Christ:

> You fail to find any analogy to the young and valiant Christianity as it stood before the world, in the presence of Judaism and paganism, the sworn foes of every step of its advance. With unblanched cheek and steady eye and drawn sword it went from one field of victory to another, making no compromise with any faith that sued for its valorous friendship, conquering the old lands for its new gospel, stripping the venerable temples of their dying faiths, releasing the prisoner and the slave, filling the very archway of the firmament with its songs of triumph, occupying the Roman throne by a natural

gravitation, threading the deserts, climbing the mountains, penetrating the savage northern forests, building its churches, rearing happy homes, establishing schools, and constructing a civilization new to the world.

In 1884, too, was issued from the press of Harper's his Short History of the Reformation, the first of a series of five terse, pithy sketches of leading characters, principles, and events in the progress and development of Christianity as seen in the church. Of this Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale University, wrote:

Let me express to you my admiration of your little book on The Reformation, which I have just looked through. It is verily "*multum in parvo.*" You have succeeded in condensing, without crowding, a mass of matter which, were the order less lucid and the style less perspicuous, it would be impossible to bring into so brief a compass. I congratulate you on your remarkable success.

This praise was equally due the other four of the series, which were a Short History of the Early Church (1886), a Short History of the Mediæval Church (1887), a Short History of the Modern Church in Europe, and, by a little anticipation of what saw the light after he came to Washington, a Short History of the Church in the United States. These popular little volumes of about 130 pages each were taken up by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles, and have had a combined circulation of over 145,000 copies. Nearly if not quite all of the manuscript of the Modern Church in Europe was prepared by him from notes carried on his journey while he was in Texas in December, 1886. It was the writer's privilege in this case, as in many others, to prepare copy for the printer from the author's original draft in pencil, received in installments by mail from San Antonio and other Texan cities and towns. Together this series constitute a link in the expanding chain of church histories between the Outline

(1875), and the Short History of the Christian Church (1893).

For his fellow Eastern-Shoreman and collegian friend, Dr. R. W. Todd, he wrote an introduction to that fine specimen of local church history, Methodism of the Peninsula (Philadelphia, 1886). In the same year (1886) he published in pamphlet form The Success of the Gospel and the Failure of the New Theologies (Ketcham, New York).

While on his Mexican tour and immediately thereafter he wrote a series of articles on the literary and educational phases of life in Mexico which together would constitute a valuable volume. They cover such themes as: Mexican Literature before the Spanish Conquest, Religious Orders of New Spain, Literary Spirit of the Religious Orders, First Printers of New Spain, First Books of the Mexican Press, The Earlier Schools, Literature during the Spanish Domination, Elegiac and General Poets, Lyric and Dramatic Poets, Literary Groups of Mexico, Scientific Societies, Scientific Scholars of Mexico, Periodical Literature, Paradise of the Portales, Search for Americana, and Present Trend of Mexican Thought, all of which soon appeared in the Independent.

His pamphlet, The Theology of the Twentieth Century, published in New York, 1887, by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was his address given at the dedication of the new Hall of Theology of Boston University, November 10, 1886. Its 34 pages gleam and glow with beauty of sentiment and strength of statement, and furnish a fine example of a progressive scholarship firmly linked with evangelical fervor in the propagation of religious truth and life.

LII

The Bishop

1888-90.—At Washington.—General Conference in New York.—Fourteen Conferences in Eight States, Northwest, East, Central, and South

Bishop Hurst presided at three sessions of the General Conference of 1888 in New York city, at the Metropolitan Opera House—those of May 5, 18, and 29, and on the latter date joined with Bishop Ninde and the Rev. William Griffin and J. F. Marshall in the laying on of hands at the consecration of Bishop-elect John P. Newman. On the 8th he made a memorable address on the Colonization of the Slave at the anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. When the question of electing a Bishop for Europe was before the body, delegate Achard from Germany requested and was granted the privilege of speaking in German and having Bishop Hurst interpret. A report of this incident was made to the Universalist Church organ, the Christian Leader, in the following racy paragraph:

A delegate replied, "Speak in English, we want to understand you." The witty Dr. Buckley was on his feet and with mock indignation said, "I object to the imputation that the members of this Conference can't understand the German language." The German was an orator and spoke with eloquence. He would utter five or six sentences, and with the greatest fluency and clearness the Bishop repeated them in English, repeating the emphasis, inflections, almost the intonations, of the speaker. At the last the German forgot the Bishop and spoke at least twenty sentences, only stopping when the increasing laughter of the assembly at the hard task he was imposing on the Bishop reminded him. A faint smile crept over the Bishop's face as the sentences went on, but when they stopped, without a flaw or break he repeated in English the German's extended peroration. It was a marvelous piece of work. To have repeated an English address in

this manner would have been a hard task, but to carry the thought and at the same time make translation into another tongue was an intellectual feat. That is the kind of bishops this breezy church is willing to have over it. We wouldn't object to having such in our own church.

During the greater part of his first year in Washington Bishop Hurst and his family had rooms at the Riggs House. His fall Conferences in 1888 were the Norwegian and Danish at Saint Paul, North German at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, Minnesota at Winona, and the North Dakota at Jamestown. After completing this round he is in Martha's Vineyard with Mrs. Hurst, who on October 28 writes Helen, already at school in Washington:

I wish you could peep in and see how happy we are since papa returned, and hear him tell of his traveling experiences. He stopped over one night in Buffalo to look after the little stone at Forest Lawn. He stayed at Mr. Root's, and made no other calls except on business.

On February 17, 1889, as was his frequent custom of visiting churches unannounced, he greatly surprised and delighted the preacher and people at Ryland Church by coming through the rain and preaching to them on "Faith a Victor." His goods and books (about 8,000 volumes), which had been in storage in Buffalo since midsummer of 1888, were shipped to Washington March 21, 1889, filling two cars and part of a third, and were again put in storage in Washington until he could secure a house. The spring of 1889 brought him three Conferences: New England Southern at Taunton, Massachusetts, Maine at Lewiston, and East Maine at Dexter. Dr. S. O. Benton writes concerning the session at Taunton:

On the afternoons of two or three days of the Conference session he came to the lecture room of the church and mingled freely with the brethren socially. This gave them an opportunity for a personal acquaintance with the presiding Bishop such as is rarely accorded to

the members of an Annual Conference. This fraternal act of his was commented upon by the brethren with very great pleasure.

Dr. D. A. Jordan says:

He impressed the Conference by the ease with which he carried the responsibilities of his position. I recall his great familiarity with and his deep interest in the Swedish work, which was just then beginning to develop with us in that Conference.

Of the session in Dexter, I. H. W. Wharff says:

His power to measure men was almost wonderful. He was exceedingly interested in the temperance work in Maine, and did not hesitate to say and do all in his power to aid this work. He changed the number of districts from four to three. One presiding elder was going out, and I urged him to continue the man on the fourth district on the new one that was to be made out of the fourth and parts of another. He replied in that easy way of his, "Wharff, I would do it in a minute if I thought his health was equal to it."

While at the East Maine Conference he sends this note of confession and comfort to Mrs. Hurst, April 30:

I forgot all about the anniversary of our marriage until I reached here, and received your welcome letter. Thirty years! How much happiness we have had! I am trying to forget our two great sorrows, because *they* are so happy. So I think only of the joys past, and to come.

He makes a trip to the Ohio Wesleyan University, in May, 1889, and writes Mrs. Hurst, from Delaware, May 20:

At 8 this A. M. I lectured on "Recollections of German University Life" to a great body of students.

His fall assignments were four Conferences: Northwest Indiana at Brazil, Central German at Toledo, Ohio, Central Ohio at Upper Sandusky, and East Ohio at Massillon. Dr. W. H. Hickman says of the first:

We were grappling with that difficult problem of how to get rid of a man without a trial and scandal, dealing justly and mercifully

with the man, and at the same time protecting the church. After one of those troubled sessions he asked me to walk with him. The saloon question had come into politics more than ever. The Bishop was such an enemy to the saloon, with its corrupting influences in civic affairs, that he had put himself squarely on the prohibition of the licensed system. I was surprised at his broad information on political affairs, at home and abroad; and my heart was moved as I listened to his burning words in denouncing the liquor traffic and the subserviency of public servants to this evil.

Samuel Beck also says:

The beautiful simplicity in the spirit and character of his work favorably impressed the members and presiding elders of the Conference. Any member of the Conference could approach him without embarrassment. He left the work of the Cabinet largely with the presiding elders, and as a rule he would approve their recommendations. When issues were raised he would get all the information he could and then decide them with firmness. To know Bishop Hurst was to love him.

To Mrs. Hurst he wrote from Brazil, September 9:

I am surprised, indeed, that my little poem (Our Immortals at Fourscore) was ever accepted, and the more that it could have been published last week, as I only copied it off and mailed it from the Hoyts'. I am delighted that you like it; that pleases me more than the admiration of all others.

Charles W. Taneyhill, of Central Ohio Conference, says:

Bishop Hurst always looked out for the interests of the church. Ministers, though presiding elders, were instruments, but the church of Jesus Christ was all in all to him. The Johnlike spirit pervaded him.

Dr. Leroy A. Belt adds:

At the birthplace of missions, by the graves of Stewart, the black man, the first missionary to the Wyandottes, and of early missionaries, their wives and children, and also of the converted chiefs and warriors, Red Eyed Fox, Mononcue, Between the Logs, and many others, Hurst was at home, at once evincing the fact by recitations of history.

He made one of the best speeches ever heard here, and I have heard many, particularly Simpson.

Dr. W. H. Rider writes:

At the Massillon Conference his work was critical. He heard all representations with a brother's heart, and did his work with cool determination, without a word or act to be regretted, and with tenderness and love. His sermon was a great masterpiece fitted for an assembly of the profoundest scholars and the humblest Christians. It was simply the gospel for all. His presidency was not marked with too apparent ideas of parliamentary dignity or judicial exactness. His Conferences were not court rooms, but families, and he was not conscious of prerogative, but of a fatherly relation to every one. So little technicalities were brushed out of the way for real interests. I remember one occasion, when Moses Hill was speaking to some question, he recognized that he had run against some minor barrier of a legal nature. In the midst of his discomfiture he turned to the Bishop and said, "It would be all right, Bishop, if you would only give it a twist." The Bishop gave it "the twist," and "the motion prevailed."

After securing a home in the fall of 1889, and settling his family, November 1, in the house formerly occupied by General Logan, at 4 Iowa Circle, the early weeks of January, 1890, find him in the South again, this time presiding over the Savannah Conference at Augusta, the Georgia at Mount Zion, and the Alabama at New Decatur. Of the work at Mount Zion R. H. Robb says:

He saw what in his judgment would greatly strengthen the work for the next year and did it although it offended some.

This beautiful message of appreciation came to him in early February from President (later Bishop) James W. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University:

I am receiving daily fresh demonstrations of your wisdom and foresight in urging me to come here. Your words when you visited Buffalo a year ago last fall led to the decision. Your judgment was better than my own. I love the Delaware Avenue people and had a

delightful pastorate with them. But I sometimes think that I can do more good here in a week than I accomplished there in a year. I seem to be standing at a great fountain of life directing streams to every part of the world. Many come to converse with me daily. I insist upon the New Testament standard of consecrated Christian manhood or womanhood in every case, and then leave the Holy Spirit to make plain his call to the ministry or to mission work. I have felt like thus thanking you for your clear, strong judgment. Accept the words of my heart.

On February 7 the first of a series of parlor meetings, including one each at Mrs. Henry W. Blair's and Postmaster-General Wanamaker's, was held in the parlors of Mrs. Hurst, and Miss Jane Bancroft spoke in the interest of organizing the Lucy Webb Hayes Training School. There was a large company present, and the one gentleman who was there beside Bishop Hurst was Mr. William J. Sibley, who gave one hundred dollars toward the establishment of the school. Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson says:

At this meeting Mr. Sibley became interested in the subject of deaconess hospitals, and later built for us at a cost of $10,000 the small building, later enlarged, of our present flourishing hospital. Mrs. Hurst was particularly sympathetic in the efforts that were making at that time, and Bishop Hurst presided at a number of meetings at different churches where I spoke.

This busy, anxious winter was the time of his successful canvass of Washington for funds to purchase the ninety acres constituting the site of the American University. Alas! to this burden of care was soon to be added the greater one of grief. She who had for the thirty-five years since their hearts met in the heart of the Catskills been an inspiration and solace to him in all his work—a helpmeet indeed—quietly fell into her last sleep on March 14, and he was as never before alone.

LIII

The Husband in Grief

Death of Catherine E. Hurst

Catherine Elizabeth La Monte, one of three daughters of Dr. William and Anna (Vroman) La Monte, was born in Charlotteville, Schoharie County, New York, October 28, 1836. She had one brother, Wellington La Monte. On her father's side she was of Huguenot descent, and on her mother's side was related to the Van Rensselaers of New York. William La Monte was a man of much energy, of high ideals in his profession of medicine, in his business methods and standards, and in his civic relations. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens in a high degree and by their choice represented them in the State Legislature.

Catherine, or, as she was more frequently and popularly called, Kate, spent her girlhood and received her education in Charlotteville, where in her seventeenth year she graduated, September 28, 1853, from the New York Conference Seminary, in a class of eighteen. Alonzo Flack was then at the head of this school. The theme of her graduating essay was, "Why Are We Here?" an indication in itself of the serious and ethical quality of her nature. Miss Angeline Ensign, who became the wife of Bishop John P. Newman, was one of her schoolmates and intimate friends, and under God's blessing was largely instrumental in her conversion during their united school days. Mrs. Newman says:

> To picture her personal beauty and intelligent charms would be no easy task. She never failed to excite my admiration for her sprightliness and genius. She was a natural born linguist. We have laughed together over our first efforts in art, particularly in our class in oil

painting, but it was our dear Kate who bore off the palm. She was the acknowledged charm of the family circle, as the La Montes were the pride of the village and a tower of strength to the seminary.

Kate's services in instruction were at times, even before, and more after, her graduation, brought into requisition in this school where her father's interest had become a paramount one. Astronomy and botany were the branches she conducted in 1856-57. As we have already seen, a kind Providence guided her in the autumn of 1854 to her new position as teacher of the "ornamental branches" in Hedding Literary Institute, at Ashland, where the threads of her life in the loom of mutual love were beautifully interwoven with those of John Fletcher Hurst.

Amid all her ceaseless activities in creating and guarding the precious interests of the home, which was within the thirty years of their married life domiciled in no less than eleven different houses—one each in Passaic, Elizabethport, Elizabeth, West New Brighton, Bremen, Frankfort, two in Madison, one in Des Moines, Buffalo, and Washington, besides the frequent and prolonged tarryings of the family in hotels and other temporary quarters—her pen, her pencil, and her brush were always within easy reach of her hand, which never lost its cunning for the literary and æsthetic pursuits so loved in her youth. Her water colors and oil paintings, especially those of landscape, form a gallery of themselves, though many of them were widely scattered by her generous thoughtfulness of the pleasure of others. Her chief literary work was four adaptations from the German, Good Women of History: Anna Lavater, a Picture of Swiss Pastoral Life in the Past Century (Cincinnati: 1870); Renata of Este, a Chapter from the History of the Reformation in France and Italy (New York: 1872); Queen Louisa of Prussia, or Goodness in a Palace (New York: 1874); and Elizabeth Christine, Wife of

Frederick the Great (New York: 1880), all from the church press.

She began her work on Anna Lavater in the spring of 1868 and completed it in February, 1869. Bishop Janes said of her Queen Louisa: "I wish our Sunday school libraries could have more of such books. It is a gem." Her Elizabeth Christine, though based on the German of Ziethe, was amplified and enriched by material drawn from Carlyle and other sources. While these sketches were intended primarily for youthful readers, the clear, pellucid stream of the narrative attracts and holds the maturer mind by its sparkling beauty and melodious flow. On June 28, 1867, she wrote from Bremen to her sister, Mrs. Elmore:

I try to teach them (John, seven years, and Clara, about six) a verse from the Bible every day, and then they recite it at prayers in the evening. They can repeat the Apostles' Creed, first psalm, twenty-third psalm, and are now learning the Ten Commandments—know five already.

Of her last days, Bishop Hurst wrote Carl, who was in Europe, on March 17, 1890:

During January, when I was in the South, she had the grippe severely. But when I reached home, February first, she was over it. During that month she was unusually well, but complaining much of her head. She was very happy, and especially in view of getting the house in such beautiful order. She kept up her calls, received visitors, attended church and meetings, and was very happy. From 3d March to 7th I was in New York (relative to University) and when I got home she was very well. Then I left again on Monday 10th and got back 11th. She met me, and said: "I am sorry, Papa, I have not been so well." The next A. M. she lay in bed. Dr. Stanton came and thought nothing unusual or serious. He prescribed. She lay in bed that day. Could not sleep much at night—old trouble. Next day doctor came, she was not any worse, and got up in afternoon and stayed up in evening. Next A. M. she was up early. Doctor came, and she had a pleasant time, and joked with the doctor about the little hop pillow he had prescribed. She complained to me of her head, one side paining her. But I think she thought of

nothing serious. She wrote four letters to friends. She took breakfast in her room, and was about the whole morning. In afternoon about three she was stricken. Helen and I were in the house at the time. She was conscious about one half hour, but could articulate but little. I asked her if she could trust the Saviour, to which she replied, as best she could, in the affirmative. The attack was apoplexy. She soon passed into a comatose condition, heavy breathing, eyes closed, and died gently and sweetly at 8 P. M. . . . She was as pure and beautiful a mother as ever lived. . . . Let us brighten up, do the good work that our dear Lord puts in our path, and remember the best is yet to come to him who is worthy of work in the cause of human helpfulness.

Her son, John La Monte, was summoned by telegram from Denver, and came immediately. Her funeral services were conducted at the residence, on Tuesday, March 18, by her pastor, the Rev. Dr. George H. Corey, of the Metropolitan Church, who made an address of appreciation on her Christian life, her varied talents, and great usefulness. Dr. Henry A. Buttz, President of Drew Theological Seminary, also spoke words of tender sympathy and high commendation of the excellencies and virtues of the woman who had successfully filled so many important stations in the course of her fruitful life. Remarks were made by Drs. H. R. Naylor, J. H. Dashiell, and George Elliott, the pastors of other Methodist churches of Washington. Delegations came from Baltimore and from Philadelphia, and many distinguished citizens were present. Among those who were honored with the privilege of bearing the sacred dust on its way to the tomb were Andrew B. Duvall, Elijah W. Halford, General S. S. Henkle, Mark Hoyt, Hon. W. M. Springer, and Senator H. M. Teller. The private interment was at the Rock Creek Cemetery, where the remains of her darling Blanche on removal from Forest Lawn in Buffalo a year later were deposited on April 9, 1891. Together they shall wake on the eternal morning. Dr. James M. Buckley in an editorial said:

Her hospitality was unbounded; pleasing everywhere, she was never more charming than at her own table. Genuine Christian sympathy and interest in all that made the world better and happier were her chief religious characteristics. If it be true that conjugal love increases with the number and extent of the vicissitudes of mutual joy or sorrow through which husband and wife may pass, then must this separation on its earthly side be indeed grievous.

The Rev. J. W. Cornelius said in Zion's Herald:

By native suavity, keen discrimination, thorough refinement, easy adaptation, large literary acquirements, true piety and consecration to the Lord's work, she was a helpmeet indeed in any pastoral, educational, literary, or episcopal service which her distinguished partner in life has filled.

Dr. Jesse Bowman Young says:

In his activity as a writer she was from the time of their happy marriage, in 1859, until her death, an elementary constituent. She was a gentle and noble type of womanhood; she dispensed a generous hospitality, and yet found time and method for literary activities and fellowships.

Dr. Olin B. Coit, of Northern New York Conference, writes:

She was his inspiration, and but for her he would never have developed his great powers. She was lofty in her ideals, scholarly in all her tastes, and her ambition for him was unbounded.

Bishop Bashford, who was her pastor in Buffalo in 1887-88, says:

Mrs. Hurst was a woman of beautiful Christian spirit and rare good judgment. She and her children were always in their accustomed places at public worship and at the Sunday school, and proved a real help to the Christian life of the church.

Dr. Faulkner says:

One of the most noble and accomplished ladies that ever presided in a Methodist parsonage. Her devotion, her sympathy, her tact, her fine accomplishments, were ever laid on the altar of her home.

On April 7 a memorial service was held at Metropolitan Church, and on the same day at a similar service held by the Newark Conference at its annual session Dr. Buttz read a beautiful and touching tribute to her name and character. Among many precious words he said:

Here (at Drew) she was the center of a loving circle, to whom her presence and companionship were always a joy. Her residence there was alike a gratification and a blessing, to their associates in seminary life, to the many students for the ministry with whom she was associated, and to the whole community. She had rare gifts in meeting and making at home all conditions of people with whom she came in contact. Her house was ever open, and her greetings to the many who visited her home always cordial and winning. The many who met her in her home life will remember with gratitude the comfort and helpfulness of her intercourse, and the largeness and beauty of her hospitality. The students always found an open door and a hearty welcome. The pastor and the pastor's family found in her a true friend, and the people of the church recognized her as associated with them in the work of the gospel. Thus all parts of our community were pleasantly influenced by her spirit, her words, and her kindly deeds. While she was there they rejoiced in the sunshine of her presence, and now that she has passed over the river they deeply mourn that she is gone, and expect by God's grace to meet her on the other shore, where the Easter brightness shall never fade.

A few weeks after her decease Bishop Hurst wrote to Dr. W. S. Edwards, of Baltimore:

My wife was really a beautiful character, and I wonder at the goodness of the Lord in permitting me to have her companionship for over thirty years.

In one of his memorandum books he wrote:

She who was my comfort three decades must still exist in some happy place and condition, for her Maker would place her there. Where she exists she must be of the same character as when here, only stronger and purer in her present state. In leisure hours she was singularly able to make others happy, and I know she must be contributing in some way to the happiness of others. I am comforted that she must now be making others happy.

To his old and esteemed friends, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Bishop Hurst says:

She was my instructor. I can see nothing which has proved to be a success in which I have had any part in which she was not before me in faith and hope. Her last passion was a National University at Washington. There was no decadence in her mental force. We had talked death all over last summer, and she then said that she had no fear of death. Her favorite work was Kempis's Imitation of Christ, of which she kept two copies about her. Her favorite hymn was, "Lead, Kindly Light." "One step enough for me," was frequently on her lips. She was full of joy and humor. She certainly did not know any pain in her passage to her crown.

LIV

The Bishop

1890-91.—Two Trips Across the Atlantic.—Three Conferences in Maryland and New York.—The Second Ecumenical Conference

At their May meeting in New York his colleagues of the Episcopal Board with thoughtful considerateness divided among themselves the work which would naturally have fallen to him in the autumn of 1890. A double burden, the one of care and responsibility for the vast educational project whose founding he had undertaken, and the other of sorrow and care over his household broken by the decease of his wife, rested upon him. As a help toward the development of the former and as a partial diversion from the latter, he sailed with Carl, Helen, and Paul for Europe about the middle of May. On June 17 in a letter to the writer he says:

> I have been in London, with the children, about three weeks, and leave for Holland this week. I have been studying the University of London, and hoping to use its methods for our own enterprise in Washington.

After a few weeks spent at Tübingen, Paris, and other points on the Continent he returned, August 27, with Helen and Paul, Carl tarrying in London for a little work in the British Museum, intending in a few days to return to his studies in Tübingen. His arrival in New York, September 5, was saddened by a cable message that Carl was sick in London with typhoid fever, having been taken ill the day after the departure of his father for America. Helen and Paul came directly on to Washington, where the house at 4 Iowa Circle was again open, while their father took the first steamer Sep-

tember 6, and spent on the ocean a most anxious week of mingled hope and fear for the recovery of Carl. Just before starting on the Servia he writes from New York, September 6 to Helen:

> Go on, you and Paul, to school as usual. Keep up your spirits. God knows best. Have prayers together every day.

On September 15 he is by Carl's side in a London hospital, where he found the young man near the crisis of the fever. A few days of waiting and nights of watching were followed by the good news that the danger was past. After a month of careful nursing father and son board the Majestic and on October 22 land in New York. On the 23d a joyful union was that of the four in the Washington home. Immediately he prepares for the semiannual meeting of the Bishops to be held for the first time in Washington, beginning October 30.

His assignments for the following spring were three Conferences: East German at Baltimore, Northern New York at Watertown, and Troy at Johnstown, New York. Of his presidency at Johnstown Edwin Genge says:

> After an evangelistic sermon on Sunday evening by Dr. Hite, Bishop Hurst mingled with the brethren in the altar urging the unconverted to seek salvation and exhorting, with much earnestness, to immediate surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. To the young men of the Conference it was an object lesson, commending the old-time methods of the fathers with the indorsement of one of our most cultured and intellectual leaders.

After meeting his colleagues in semiannual session at Greencastle, Indiana, he returns about May 15 to arrange for the formal organization and incorporation of the Board of Trustees of the American University, which took place at the Arlington Hotel, on May 28, in the rooms once owned and occupied as his residence by Charles Sumner at the corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue. He was elected to mem-

bership in Phi Beta Kappa at Greencastle in 1891 and later served as Senator, 1895-1901. He preached the baccalaureate sermon at Wellesley College and delivered the baccalaureate address at De Pauw University in June.

Much of his time during the summer and early fall was consumed in preparations for the Second Ecumenical Methodist Conference to be convened in October in the Metropolitan Church. His official duties, indeed, in connection with this great assembly began as early as November 20, 1890, when he met with the various committees of correspondence of the Ecumenical Commission of the Western Section. Here he was appointed a member of the Executive Committee, and upon its organization the same day he was elected chairman. He discharged the duties of that office during its existence. He was also made chairman of the Committee on Programme and Correspondence, which entailed much care of minutiæ and adjustment of details before the work was completed. He was also appointed member of a committee to correspond with those churches of the Western Section from which no communications had yet been received. On May 4, 1891, he presided at a meeting of the Executive Committee at Wesley Hall in Baltimore, and again at Saratoga, on August 5. He served as chairman of the local Committee on Entertainment and Reception and was also chosen chairman of the Business Committee when the Ecumenical Conference was organized. In all these functions he acted with wise efficiency and coöperated heartily with all who were charged with joint responsibility in guiding the affairs of the great body to a successful issue. Dr. James M. King, secretary of the Conference, says:

> Bishop Hurst's relation to the Second Ecumenical Conference was that of organizer, guide, and inspirer. He had all the facts and details not only in hand but in heart.

On the afternoon of the first day it became his pleasant duty

to give the first address of welcome—one of the happiest efforts of his life on the platform, where he was always strong. A few of his apt utterances are samples of the brilliant whole:

> Our common Methodism, extending from this church, which here opens so heartily its doors for your entertainment, to the farthest missionary chapel on the farthest island of the farthest sea, will be aided to a larger faith and a more heroic endeavor by the work which, through the divine blessing, shall be done in the fortnight which lies before us. No century can ever come when the welcome will be more cordial, the presence more highly appreciated, or the remembrance more grateful. All the early Wesleyan leaders knew how to describe an odyssey, but not one could describe an anabasis. They could wander widely in search of souls, but never retreat to the old camping ground. Victories beyond sea became a juvenile habit. Ceylon, where every prospect pleases, has blossomed beneath Methodist care ever since the aged, tireless Coke turned thitherward. True, he died on the way, but the coral beds beneath a tropic sea became his fit mausoleum, while the ceaseless waves of the Indian Ocean have ever since been chanting requiems to his memory. Faith always begins a new march at the last footprints of its immortal dead.

As he continued in his warm greetings to the various delegations he suddenly broke out in the mother tongue of the Fatherland as he welcomed the Germans, and then, after a pause while the audible thrill of pleasure subsided into quiet, he saluted the French delegates in their own silvery tongue. The effect was a marvelous and beautiful suggestion of the spirit of Pentecost—of unity in diversity. At the close of his address he and Dr. Stephenson clasped hands in token of the unity of the Methodisms of the two hemispheres. Dr. Thomas O'Hanlon says:

> The effect of the address, especially of the peroration, on the vast assemblage was profound and permanent. It was a very great occasion, and Bishop Hurst by the blessing of God more than measured up to its great demands.

On the second day he informed the Conference that the

presidential chair on the platform, constructed from beams of the City Road Chapel at the expense of a generous Wesleyan Methodist layman, was to be used during the Conference and afterward presented to the American University. He also laid upon the desk for the use of the Conference the Bible from the Epworth Church, used by the Rev. Samuel Wesley, this volume being the property of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Boole, of Staten Island. On the fifth day, October 12, he introduced the members of the Conference with the ladies accompanying them to President and Mrs. Harrison, who received them at the White House, and on the tenth day, October 17, largely through his suggestions and arrangement, President Harrison and his Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Charles Foster, and his Secretary of the Interior, Hon. John W. Noble, were introduced and addressed the Conference. The President spoke at some length, with his usual pertinency and intelligence, on International Arbitration, the theme of the hour. At the closing session on the afternoon of the twelfth day, October 20, Dr. Stephenson in speaking to the resolution of thanks said of Bishop Hurst:

> We have all known his character and bearing, but now that we have seen his modesty and gentleness and thoughtful kindness we have learned to love him.

At this session Bishop Hurst presided and made the final address, contributing greatly to heighten the lofty tone of spirituality which marked the closing hours. The Pacific Christian Advocate said:

> Bishop Hurst delivered a very broad and catholic farewell address, marked by tender pathos and deep solemnity.

Among other words of strength and light were these:

> If we ask, "What does the Conference mean? What is the note which it sends out over land and sea?" we are compelled to answer,

"Union and progress." No legislative function has it possessed, not a single law has it thought of enacting, yet there are forces that are far beyond the law. There is a power which creates law. There were lines of art, rigid and old, in the times of Michelangelo, but when he appeared he enlarged the horizon of the lines of art. After he poised Saint Peter's dome in mid-air, and released the rugged "Moses" from the shapeless rock, and threw upon the walls of the Sistine Chapel the figures of joy and sorrow which glow in the "Last Judgment," there were new revelations for the art of the future. So the lessons here have been lessons for the lawmakers of the future. When after ten years we greet each other, how delightful will be the salutation, with these golden memories coming up to aid us in the sweet enchantment! And if we never meet again here, what matters it? All the more glorious shall be the salvation when, with robe and palm and crown, we meet at the King's right hand, and behold him in his beauty, and go no more out forever.

LV

1891-92.—At Washington.—Nine Conferences in Five States, South, East, and West.—General Conference at Omaha

Upon adjournment of the General Committees at Cleveland in November, 1891, he is off for Texas again, where he held the four Conferences: Austin at Waco, Texas at Houston, Southern German at Seguin, and the West Texas at Victoria. The opportunity for frequent horseback rides while in Texas, especially at Waco and Seguin, was greatly appreciated and industriously used to his great improvement in physical health, which had been quite worn by the strain of the Ecumenical Conference added to many other exacting labors. The spring of 1892 brought him to the presidency of the New England Conference at Boston and of the New Hampshire at Haverhill, Massachusetts, the latter being the one hundredth in the series of his total episcopal career.

From photograph taken by Prince, 1891.

JOHN F. HURST.

The General Conference of 1892 called him to Omaha, Nebraska, where was held also the meeting of the Bishops a few days prior to its opening on May 2. He presided at the morning session on two days, the 16th and 24th. On taking leave of the Conference, Dr. Albert Carman, of the Canadian Church, spoke farewell words of great tenderness, which elicited a brief and most fitting response from Bishop Hurst. His special burden at this session of the lawmaking body of the denomination was the American University, which received cordial though guarded commendation in the address of the Bishops, written this year and read by Bishop Foster, and also by the formal action of the General Conference. In connection with the immense mass meeting held in its interest on the second Sunday of May, his intense interest and labors proved quite exhausting, and in consequence he was confined at his rooms in the Paxton Hotel for several days, but rallied sufficiently to meet his duties in the chair. From Omaha he makes a visit to his son, John La Monte, at Denver, and then goes to the Colorado Conference at Pueblo, Utah Mission at Provo, and Wyoming Mission at Rock Springs. This view of his administration at Pueblo is given by C. A. Brooks:

> In the Cabinet he was very indulgent; in fact, I thought too much so, as he seldom interfered with the decision of the presiding elders. In his judgments of the men he was kind, but in one or two cases his indignation was aroused by unwarranted assumption of importance; but even then he said but little.

At the opening of the session of the Utah Mission he read Whittier's hymn,

> "It may not be our lot to wield
> The sickle in the ripened field,"

not from the Hymnal, where it is found, No. 398, but from the manuscript of the author just received in the mail and sent

on his own request by the poet, who was then within a few weeks of his own translation. J. D. Gillilan says of the session:

> The best in the history of the Utah work. Bishop Hurst's presence was a benediction.

Dr. Daniel L. Rader, who was superintendent of Wyoming Mission, writes frankly as to his work at Rock Springs:

> In the spring of that year (1892) the feeling between the farmers and the cattlemen reached the climax. From the time the white men had gotten control of the country, cattlemen had undisputed sway in allowing their herds to range over the vast stretch of that territory, but the farmers from Nebraska and Kansas began in the latter years of the eighties to settle along the water courses, to dig ditches, and to cultivate the soil. This shut the herds away from the water and made the ranges unavailable in many cases, but the settlers did not cease to press in and were very aggressive. In the spring of 1892 a body of Texas rangers, together with a number of the leading citizens of the state of Wyoming, heavily armed, went into the northern part of the state, and before the civil authorities could interfere with them had surrounded the cabins of two young men who had taken up land along Powder River, killed the men and burned the cabins; and it was evidently their intention to drive out of that part of the country all the settlers who were not interested in the range cattle business. This culmination of trouble brought on very bitter feelings among the people. The superintendent of the Mission and nearly all of the Methodist preachers in the state, unequivocally, publicly, and constantly denounced such proceedings as criminal and vicious in the extreme; but many of the leading members of the church were personally interested in the range cattle business, and themselves and their friends made the situation for the preachers who denounced them very unpleasant. The difficulty had now gotten into the courts, the belligerents were many of them imprisoned, and the war was practically over, but the feeling still ran very high.
>
> Into this situation Bishop Hurst came, who had known neither friend nor foe on either side. With great wisdom and tact he granted the request of the superintendent and relieved him from that position, taking him back to his Conference in Colorado, and appointing Rev. Dr. N. A. Chamberlain, of the same Conference, to the

superintendency. This proved a most judicious and happy appointment. He also changed most of the preachers, relieving those who were distasteful to the people on account of their adherence to their principles, and sent in wise men who had not been involved in the conflicts. The Bishop did some of the best work for the church in his quiet, wise administration that has ever been performed in the interests of the cause in that region. One thing that impressed me at the time was his readiness to hear all sides; and the way he listened, as though he were all ears and had no powers of speech, one was led sometimes to wonder if he were listening at all, he was apparently so passive and inattentive. But he usually revealed the fact that he had heard and considered every material and important statement that had been made. His wisdom did not impress me so much then as it has since the results of his wise statesmanship and farsighted leadership have in course of time become apparent. I shall always be grateful for his disinterested brotherliness and his fidelity to the interests of the church as he saw them from his impartial standpoint.

LVI

Founder of the American University

Hunting for a Site.—Paying for the Site.—Indorsements by Friends of Education

Sporadic expressions of desire for the erection and endowment of a post-graduate university at Washington under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church had been made prior to 1888 by several leaders of thought, prominent among whom were Bishop Simpson, who at one time thought seriously of devoting himself specially to this object; Bishop Ames, whose residence in Baltimore gave frequent and emphatic suggestion of the coming need; Dr. (later Bishop) Newman, whose burdened pastorates in Metropolitan Church showed the opportunities presented, yet prevented his entrance upon the larger work; and Dr. William Arthur, of England, who on a visit in 1880 outlined to the Harpers the plans for such a university.

Before Bishop Hurst had settled his family in Washington there came to him in spoken and written form many messages unsought by himself of earnest exhortation and of hope that he would initiate a movement for the realization of the idea. While the logic of his life pointed him in this direction and his own mind clearly foresaw the ever-increasing necessity, yet his hands were full and his brain and heart busy with a multiplicity of duties quite sufficient for one of his years and strength. But the vision would not away. The voice of conscience was echoed in the voices of many brethren. The noble woman at his side whispered her willingness to join in the sacrifice of rest and the few precious hours of leisure still left

for completing his literary projects. One test to decide whether the providential leading was to an immediate effort remained to be applied. Was there a spot in Washington now procurable and suited to be the habitat of such an institution? A still hunt for a site was in order.

The city of Washington with its environs furnishes an unusual variety of charming drives for the pleasure-seeker, and fine feasts for the eye and mind, as on horseback or in carriage one passes through the broad avenues or meanders over its suburban roads and its numberless slopes and knolls. But pleasure was not the chief purpose of two gentlemen who, on Christmas Day, 1889, began a series of rides together; for they rode with frequent regularity for ten days, and chose neither pleasant weather nor smooth roads. A far-away look of serious import was on the face of the leader in the dual party, while his companion, who held the reins of the high-mettled steeds, seemed eager to second the success of his earnest quest.

The first was Bishop Hurst hunting for a site. Under a sense of duty, and yet with a lurking hope that for the lessening of his own burdens he might not succeed, he had enlisted the help of Mr. Theodore W. Talmadge to take him from point to point until he could say either "Eureka—I have found it!" or, "No suitable site can be found." The last afternoon of the ten days' round was nearly at an end, when to the vision of both there came, as they rode along the Loughboro Road, on the Northwest Heights, a diversified and beautiful piece of ground. It was known as "Bellevue," ninety acres in extent, commanding a panoramic view over the District, the Manassas Plains, and the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western Maryland. The land was for sale. That far-away look in the Bishop's face changed to a gaze that roamed first over the fields spreading at their feet, and then again and again swept the circle to every

point of the compass. The tract exceeded in its advantages all that could be demanded for the site of a university.

The next questions were two: How much money will buy it? and, Where shall the money be found? Negotiations for a price immediately followed. Bishop Hurst left for his Conferences in Georgia and Alabama. These four telegrams tell the story of his faith in action:

T. W. Talmadge to Bishop Hurst at New Decatur, Alabama, January 23.—Davis tract must be secured now. One thousand for option, twenty to be paid March first. Price one hundred thousand. Shall I close bargain?

Bishop Hurst to T. W. Talmadge: New Decatur, Alabama, January 24.—Close bargain for Davis tract. Advance thousand for option. I will be responsible. Send papers for signature. Answer.

T. W. Talmadge to Bishop Hurst, January 25.—Davis tract purchased—one hundred thousand dollars. Waggaman advanced thousand. Twenty thousand to pay March first.

J. F. Waggaman to Bishop Hurst, January 25.—Have closed according to instructions—Davis tract. Will forward contract.

Dr. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut was at New Decatur to represent the work of the Sunday School Union and says:

I met Bishop Hurst at the "Tavern." He told me then of his plan to establish the University, and said that he had received word that if he wished to make the purchase of the land he must telegraph early the next morning. He wished advice. I hesitated to advise him to make the purchase, knowing how great would be the burden laid upon his shoulders; though I believed heartily in the aim and plan. We talked together about it until late that night; and the Bishop came to a conclusion in the matter, resolving to take up the work.

Now began another hunt—this time for money. A payment of $19,000, completing the first of five equal annual installments, was required to be in hand by March 1. On January 30, having been relieved of the Central Alabama Conference by Bishop Joyce, he is in Washington again and

has prepared and signed a heading to a subscription paper which reads:

Finding a sentiment in the Methodist Episcopal Church favorable to the location of a National University in the City of Washington, District of Columbia, I, as resident Bishop, after consultation with other members of the Episcopacy and with a number of laymen of known liberality, interested in advanced education, have visited various locations, and have received several liberal propositions, with a view to that object. The "Davis tract," situated on the Loughboro Road, is found to be adapted for that purpose, and I contemplate buying it, provided proper assistance and encouragement are furnished. I should be glad to have the generous coöperation of all persons interested in the promotion of such an enterprise. Should the land be obtained, steps will be taken for the construction of buildings worthy of so great an object.

With cab and street car, and many a block trudged on foot, and with the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Baldwin as his helper, for four weeks the Bishop canvassed the city, visiting from house to store, from store to office, and from office back to house again, securing pledges and money, and when the day of first payment arrived he had in his hand $22,000. The final payment in March, 1895, when he transferred the trust from his own name to the Trustees, made this magnificent keystone-shaped site the unincumbered possession of the American University. Bishop McCabe exclaims:

Think of raising one hundred thousand dollars for a site in Washington and getting it all paid in before the church fairly realized that he had bought the land. To me there is a wonderful pathos in the vision of John F. Hurst, in declining health, with waning physical vigor, at an age when other men seek repose, passing through the land from city to city, talking, arguing, pleading with men to help him make his dream come true, and it will come true!

From his old-time Baptist companion in travel in the Holy Land, Dr. George D. Boardman, came this word of cheer:

Philadelphia, February 11.—Allow me to congratulate you, and the great denomination you so worthily represent, on your project. With

joyous memories of Jerusalem, Bethany, Elijah's Cherith, Jericho, Jordan, Moab, Dead Sea, Bethlehem, Abraham's Oak, and Hebron, I remain, my dear Bishop, always and all-ways, yours.

At the first public meeting in the interest of the University on March 25 in Metropolitan Church, Bishop Hurst said, while still under the shadow of Mrs. Hurst's death:

We plant the acorn; God's sunshine and raindrops and infinite patience, with the sympathy and help of his children, will reveal and mature the oak.

On this occasion Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, said:

There are three things to be considered in connection with this University: First, Washington is the place; second, this is the time; third, Bishop Hurst is the man. Tyndall said there were more scientific people here than in any other city. Washington in itself is a university, with Washington Monument as a steeple for it already erected. The whole nation will inhale the perfume or drink the poison of everything here; will feel every quintescent drop of moral power that throbs at the center. Thought now is running wild. In the great molten mind of the world there is either being cast a demon or an angel. And [pointing to Bishop Hurst] this is the man to inaugurate this enterprise.

On May 8, 1892, in his address at the mass meeting in Exposition Hall, Omaha, Bishop Hurst said:

Responses came in from many quarters, expressing the hearty salutations of the noble representatives of our educational institutions. One among the first was that of Dr. Warren, of Boston, then another from the equal Warren of Denver, and then others from Presidents and members of Faculties, all expressing the wish, "God bless the noble work." Many of the honored men who sit on this platform, and lead the young men of our church toward the higher planes of Christian knowledge, gave early expression to their confidence in the success of the undertaking. They said, "We cannot see yet how the money will come, whether or not the sentiment of the church will rapidly grow; but our hearts are waiting, and we believe in ultimate triumph."

This was the hearty word of encouragement from Bishop Warren on April 3:

I am so glad you took the matter of a Washington University in hand. Ever since you and I tramped Philadelphia over for Drew I have expected you would lead some great educational enterprise. No Methodist should hesitate about putting heart, hand, and purse into the Washington movement. Go on, my good brother, and may God give you great success! With tenderest and holiest sympathy, I am yours.

At their May meeting in New York his heart was cheered by the indorsement given by the Board of Bishops as a whole, and at the public meeting of November 3, 1890, in Metropolitan Church, during the week of the sessions of the Episcopal Board at Washington, Bishop Ninde said:

You are building a glorious pharos that shall be a beacon to all the truth-seeking souls throughout all the stretch of the coming years.

And Bishop Vincent declared:

We need some central institution toward which the thoughts and aspirations of professors and students shall habitually turn. These institutions, so many of them all over the land, must be under some one great university, and up to this time there has been nothing so promising for the fulfillment of this end as the proposed institution in Washington City.

Bishop Newman in his address at Omaha during the General Conference of 1892 said:

Educated carefully at home and abroad, gifted with an imagination that frescoes the future with the actualities of the present, endowed with the rare power of organization to prepare great plans for the coming generations—it comes to us more and more that in the roll of the centuries, in the ordering of time, God Almighty, the God of our fathers, has selected Bishop Hurst to lay the foundation of the American University for American Methodism.

On the same occasion President (now Bishop) Bashford said:

The site is now worth five times its cost, and will grow in beauty and value as long as the capital of the nation stands.

When the General Conference had passed the resolution approving the American University (1892) Bishop Hurst was heard to say to a friend, "I could kiss the whole Conference." Bishop Hurst was elected Chancellor of the American University on May 28, 1891, at the time of its incorporation, and held this important office until through waning strength he resigned on December 10, 1902, when he was made Chancellor Emeritus, and Bishop McCabe was chosen his successor. Through the first thirteen years of its history he was the inspiration and guide of the great educational enterprise. Under his administration and chiefly through his own personal efforts contributions amounting to $400,000 in cash and $100,000 in property were brought into its treasury. These aggregate gifts of a half million dollars he saw so well used and invested that at the time of his resignation the total assets of the University were on a conservative estimate not less than two millions—the site itself having enhanced in value from a total cost of $125,000 to at least $900,000. The acquisition of this splendid piece of land without a penny of incumbrance was an achievement worth the effort of a generation. It was accomplished in five years and constitutes the chief feature of his series of successes which have won him the name of Founder of the American University. The acceptance of his resignation as Chancellor by the Trustees expresses their sense of his exalted services:

It is no diminution of the honor due to any others to say that chiefly to your own keen vision both of the need and of the opportunity, to your courageous faith in God and in the people, and to your bold venture upon the field of actuality, the church and the country owe the chartered existence of this corporation and the substantial foundations already laid for a great Christian University. To your office as Chancellor and to your present honored title of Chancellor

Emeritus the whole body of our constituency will spontaneously and justly add the distinctive and unique name of Founder.

Bishop Fowler said in his address at the memorial service held at Meadville:

You need not be afraid of the American University not thriving and prospering. It will grow stronger and richer in this place, destined to be the literary center, as it is the social center, of the world, that most beautiful city of the world, the city of Washington. With the thirty or forty million dollars of government institutions at hand, all open and easy of access, to be used by the students of this institution; with a church that has never known anything impossible to it back of it; with the centuries open before it, that University will grow and unfold, and in the not-far-off future students by the ten thousands will crowd that way. When we have all of us vanished, faded out like the mists in the evening azure of the past, John F. Hurst will sit quietly on the pedestal of that American University specially honored year by year on Founder's Day, as having given to the race an institution to illuminate, and to the church an institution to defend its faith.

Of him Dr. Jesse Bowman Young wrote in the Western Christian Advocate:

When ten or twenty million dollars shall be secured for the establishment of the University, when its graduate courses, in connection with the vast governmental collections and facilities which are to be found in Washington are available, when its Faculties are gathered and set to work, and its hundreds of students flock thither year after year, coming generations will point with grateful appreciation to its massive and noble buildings, its libraries and laboratories, its lecture rooms and professors, and say: "All this was once a dream! As a vision it shone before the eye and kindled the imagination and fired the soul of a wonderful dreamer. He was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. He sought, in the face of many delays, difficulties, and disappointments, to enshrine the vision in marble, and in endowments, and in ample provision for the needs of the land he loved better than life. When men laughed at the project, when he was hindered and maligned, when cold shoulders were turned to him, and when at last his heart was broken with domestic sorrow, he never for one moment lost sight of the vision. He had faith, and courage,

and foresight, and fortitude. And when under his burdens his strength gave way, and his once tireless body sank down exhausted, still the vision cheered and exalted him. It had come to be the chief part of his life. And now, behold it in its glory, vast, magnificent, world-renowned, the source of daily benedictions, and as ceaseless as the sun in its ministrations—the American University—and thankfully recall the name of its founder, who dreamed it into being—John Fletcher Hurst!"

Dr. Samuel L. Beiler, of the Boston School of Theology, who was as Vice-Chancellor from 1892 to 1897 associated with him most intimately, in the Central Christian Advocate says:

Bishop Hurst has been called a dreamer. He was more than a dreamer. It was his to turn dreams into reality. He may not have risen to first rank in literature as a creator of new systems of truth, as Calvin or Kant, nor yet to that clothing of ideas in new forms that give them universality and immortality, as Milton and Shakespeare. But he was of that larger and possibly more useful class of authors who have an instinct for the veins where the golden truth lies buried, and the patience and endurance to dig it out, purge it, mint it, and send it forth to bless humanity. He had the historical instinct that recognizes values in deeds and thoughts of men and nations and churches. It was his to see the turning-point in the tides of life, and where great opportunities had been seized or lost. He did not dream dreams so much as live in the world of other men's dreams, and he had the rare power to lay hold of this ethereal material of which life is made, and clothe it with form and give some idea of its meaning and value. He was not a Nebuchadnezzar, but a Daniel.

So Bishop Hurst was not the dreamer in whose brain was born the Drew Theological Seminary, nor yet the great institution he did so much to found in Washington. He was the seer who saw the value of these dreams, and had the courage to rescue the one from financial ruin, and to undertake to make real the other, born in the brain of the Father of his Country. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Athens, Rome, were as familiar to him as his study. He was wont to say, "Put a roof over the capital city of any great nation, and you can cover all the requisites of a complete university."

Washington, the capital of his country, to his vision, was not to be an exception. He saw that what exists to-day in Washington is only the germ of what is to be. Amazing changes were taking place under

his eyes. Libraries, laboratories, and institutions were springing up as if by magic. His soul took fire. He saw Washington's dream fulfilled in the American University, located in sight of the Capitol dome, amid facilities unsurpassed on earth, crowded with post-graduate students from all lands, led on by specialists in original investigations that would bless the race.

He believed that Methodism, with its untrammeled and living, consistent faith, its high spiritual life, and ideals born of a gospel experience and consecrated to noblest service of humanity, was better fitted to foster such an institution than the politicians of less spiritual aims and more selfish purposes. He felt that the hour had come when this dream must be brought down out of the clouds and made a reality among men. He knew his limitations and understood the gigantic task he was assuming. But he dared to begin the foundations, hoping, believing, sure that some day the capstone would be put in place with shoutings.

Only those who toiled with him in the early years, prayed with him when the days were dark, stood by him when those who should have been friends opposed, and lifted when burdens seemed too great for mortals, can fully appreciate the undying hopefulness, the courageous persistence, and the sublime confidence of Bishop Hurst in the ultimate triumph of this greatest and dearest dream of his heart. With open eyes he walked into his Gethsemane. Many arrows pierced his soul. His brain reeled and staggered. But he dreamed on, believed on, to the end. Nor will he die in vain. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. His hopes will yet be realized, and the American University, beautiful for situation, the joy of Methodism, will be Bishop Hurst's great memorial.

The future development of higher education in America will justify this lavish gift of the energy of his latest years, as Wordsworth has vindicated the large consecration involved in the creation of King's College Chapel, Cambridge:

> "Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
> With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
> Albeit laboring for a scanty band
> Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
> And glorious work of fine intelligence!
> Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
> Of nicely calculated less or more."

LVII

The Author

Culminating Literary Work.—At Washington.—Fourteen Years of Productiveness

The transfer of his residence to Washington was not accomplished without many tokens that his work and life in Buffalo and vicinity were highly prized by the people of Western New York. One of these evidences was the earnest and persistent invitations of the enterprising publisher and bookseller, Henry H. Otis, to write a series of brief articles suitable for a marriage souvenir. This he promised to do at his first opportune leisure, a pledge he fulfilled in a few hours that he found between the adjournment of the General Conference and the tenth of June, 1888. The little book called The Wedding Day was published in Buffalo in 1889 and has met with much favor. The dainty volume of 48 pages in white and gold besides the Marriage Ritual contains bright and strong essays on the New Home, the Home Altar, the Home Beautiful, Good Reading at Home, Forbearance, and Yesterdays of Home.

Of his Short History of the Church in the United States, published in 1890, mention has already been made in connection with the other four of the little Chautauqua series. Parochial Libraries in the Colonial Period (New York, 1890) was a paper read before the American Society of Church History in New York, December 30-31, 1889, and treats especially of the work of Thomas Bray in Maryland. It was printed also in the papers of the Society.

The fruit of his journey through India in 1884-85 was not

From photograph by G. C. Cox, 1896.

BISHOP HURST.

confined to the religious and ecclesiastical interests of that great empire, nor to the increased intelligence and missionary zeal of the church in America, which gave his letters and addresses a warm welcome. As Germany was pictured in his Life and Literature in the Fatherland, so his observations and reflections while in India, combined with his subsequent studies on materials gathered or discovered on his travels, gave to the world of letters a stately volume which was christened with a Greek name, borrowed from Megasthenes: Indika: The Country and People of India and Ceylon, published in Harper's best style in 1891. It is a royal octavo of 814 pages, with splendid maps and illustrations, and has had a steady sale from the day of its publication. His labors upon this book extended from 1885 to 1891. How he at first intended to make two volumes —one to be devoted to Western Asia and Europe—may be seen in this letter to Mrs. Hurst from Stockholm, May 27, 1885:

I find my book, Ecclesiastical Journey in the Elder Lands, is farther under way than I thought. The volume on India and Ceylon has 20 chapters already, and Europe and the Levant 27.

He completed his first draft of Indika early in 1888 and then began its careful revision. The revised manuscript was given to the publishers on July 8, 1889, and the work was in the hands of the public in the fall of 1891. Bishop Thoburn says:

He has done the kind of work which was needed, by placing both the India of the past and of the present vividly before the American public.

Dr. W. H. Milburn, Chaplain of the United States Senate, wrote:

My daughter and I have been thoroughly reading Indika from start to finish, map and all, and a more delightful book we have never got

hold of. We heartily thank you for its instructive and fascinating pages, which have done so much toward helping us to see vividly that wonderful country, its people, and the mighty changes now going on there. I wish you could some day do as much for China.

Bishop Goodsell says:

Your book is the meat of many, besides being rich in new matter—I believe it will stand for India where Wells Williams's work stands for China.

Dr. Asbury Lowrey says:

All through we trace the footprints of the scholar; but the Bishop displays his erudition here as everywhere with admirable modesty. There is not a pedantic hair in his head.

Joseph Cook's commendation contains these words:

Bishop Hurst is particularly felicitous in his combination of descriptions of scenery with discussions concerning the history, politics, social life, industries, races, and religions of the land.

The severe critic on the tripod of the Nation was constrained to call it a " very well written book," and "very intelligent observations upon places and people," and says:

Such books as this will be read with pride and profit by all English-speaking races; and the author will have earned the respect and gratitude of all those natives of India who desire the friendship and sympathy of the civilized natives of the West.

The Critic passes friendly judgment:

How shall we begin to describe or criticise a book that has enthralled us? It weighs four pounds and a quarter, though the literary qualities belie its avoirdupois in the same way that well-mixed and well-baked poundcake has no suggestion of heaviness. Bishop Hurst is a genial traveler, a keen yet kindly observer, and tells us of man and beast, of vegetable and mineral growths, of soldier and civil servant, foreigner and native, missionary and convert, writing with an enthusiasm which, though tempered with criticism, still kindles us.

It was a pleasant reminder of his India trip to furnish the introduction to Dr. M. V. B. Knox's A Winter in India and Malaysia among the Methodist Missions (New York, 1891); a delightful task to perform the same service for one of his former students, Dr. J. W. Etter, in his The Thorn in the Flesh; or, A Religious Meditation in Affliction (Dayton, Ohio, 1892); and also for J. W. Johnston's compilation from the addresses and sermons of his former instructor at Dickinson, Dr. O. H. Tiffany, entitled Pulpit and Platform (New York, 1893).

His Short History of the Christian Church appeared in 1893 (Harper's), a fine duodecimo of more than 700 pages. It was based upon the series of five short histories, but many additions were made which in brief were: Bibliographies of the several divisions and chapters with a few footnotes; larger and more frequent maps; to the Modern Church in Europe a chapter on the Schools of the Church of England, three on the Scottish Church, five on the Roman Catholic Church, and one on the Salvation Army; with an expansion of the Scholars of the English Church into three chapters, and of the Old Catholics into two; and to the Church in the United States, in the Colonial Period, a chapter each on Religious Literature, Early Leaders, the Influence of the Puritans, and the Episcopal Defection in Connecticut; and, in the National Period. one each on the French Infidelity, and Theological Scholarship; while the chapter on Larger and Earlier Denominations is expanded into eleven distinct chapters, and the three, on the Roman Catholic Church, the Unitarian Church, and the Universalists, are each enlarged. The index of authors and general index are full, and an appendix of statistics closes the work. In the preparation of this volume for the press he was aided by Rev. John Alfred Faulkner, one of his former students at Drew and now his successor there in the Chair of

History. It has had and still has a wide circulation among all denominations. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, appreciated it in a letter:

> I know something from experience of the kind, and also of the amount of labor required for the compilation, verification, and condensation of the dates, facts, and statements of a small period of church history in the small country of Scotland, and when I think of what must have been required for what is virtually a universal church history, extending over nineteen centuries, I am appalled. I congratulate you that you have done it so well. The style is clear and elegant; the arrangement natural, and easily rememberable; and the substance is marvelously accurate.

The commendation of it by Zion's Herald, Boston, was:

> At once learned and popular, accurate in detail and yet free in the treatment of the massive material.

The Short History of the Christian Church was translated into German by Professor Arnold Sulzberger of the Martin Mission Institute and published at Cincinnati in 1895, with certain additions made by the translator in adapting it to use in Germany. It was also translated into Spanish by P. A. Rodriguez and published by the Methodist Book Concern at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1900, for use in the missions of the Southern Church among Spanish-speaking peoples.

In 1892, after repeated solicitation, he consented to serve as one of the associate editors in the revision of Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia, taking charge of the revision and supply of all articles relating to Methodist biography, history, and doctrine. It fell to the writer's lot to assist him in this work, which ran through nearly three years before the ground of the eight volumes was fully traversed. Probably the most delicate task of this undertaking was that imposed by the exigencies of the work in the reduction of Dr. Whedon's strong article on Arminius and Arminianism. It was now

his office to prune the periods of a master who had more than once exercised his powers of criticism with friendly and helpful severity on the productions of the young pastor at Irvington and Passaic. For Professor W. W. Martin's Bible Lands he prepared the preface in 1895.

His Literature of Theology, brought out by the Methodist Book Concern in 1896, a Classified Bibliography of Theological and General Religious Literature, is one of the finest specimens from the press of the church. It is a generous octavo of 773 pages and contains under proper headings about ten thousand titles. His Bibliotheca Theologica was out of print, and the accumulations of new literature had been numerous since it was completed in 1882. The new work, while an outgrowth of the old, is much more complete in point of classification and more nearly exhaustive of the issues of the press of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. Another distinct feature, introduced at great cost of labor, is the item of the price, added in most instances to the title. Professor George W. Gilmore, of Bangor Theological Seminary, later of Meadville, Pennsylvania, was his main assistant in the compilation and classification of the titles and in the preparation of the index of subjects, which occupies eighty pages of double columns. The index of authors, prepared by the writer, covers fifty-seven pages. The book is found in nearly all the larger libraries of this country, where it usually gives evidence of frequent use.

Among the trophies of his habitual hunt for literary treasures was a manuscript volume which he discovered in an out-of-the-way part of a secondhand bookstore in Geneva, Switzerland, in the summer of 1890. It proved to be the autograph Journal of Captain William Pote, Jr., during his Captivity in the French and Indian War from May, 1745, to August, 1747. Pote's home was in Woodford's, now a part of Fal-

mouth, Maine. While engaged as captain of a schooner, the Montague, in carrying workmen and supplies to Fort Annapolis Royal, he was made prisoner by the French and Indians and taken to Quebec, where he was kept in confinement over two years. His Journal is a full record of his experiences and of comments on many of the important events of the war, and abounds in personalia of those who shared his prison life—thus contributing richly to the genealogical history of many New England families. This valuable Journal for which Bishop Hurst wrote a general preface, and which was annotated, with an historical introduction, by Mr. Victor H. Paltsits, of the Lenox Library, was published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in 1896, with superb illustrations and a reproduction of the Morris map in the Lenox Library, in a limited edition of 350 copies on handmade paper and 25 copies on Imperial Japan paper, from the press of De Vinne. The quaint spelling of the original is preserved throughout. Its quiet humor and occasional sarcasm brighten the pages of this historic and pathetic narrative even to the point of fascination. The precious original could not, of course, be used for printer's copy, and it became the occupation of the writer for many hours, taken during a busy pastorate at Lovejoy Street Church, in Buffalo, to transcribe it in an imitation, approximately a facsimile, which was placed in the printer's hand. Mr. Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library, says:

> My first impression of its historic value is strengthened by its new setting. It is certainly an important addition to our stock of knowledge, and its quaintness of style adds to its interest.

Professor William F. Ganoug, of Canada, contributor to the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, writes:

> It is a most valuable book, and admirably edited.

The Americanist and jocose bookdealer of Nassau Street, Mr. Charles L. Woodward, says:

> If Captain Pote could see it, it would compensate him for the drubbing that he received at the hands of the squaws.

"Irenic Movements Since the Reformation" was the theme of his lecture, one of a series, before the Union Theological Seminary in New York in 1896, and appears in a volume called Church Unity published the same year by the Scribners. For the Brief History of English and American Literature, by Professor Henry A. Beers (2 vols., 1886, 1887), he prepared an Introduction and two supplementary chapters on the Religious and Theological Literature of Great Britain and the United States, and the work thus enlarged was issued in one volume by the Methodist Book Concern with a full index of authors, writings, and periodicals in 1897. It forms a most useful and suggestive primer or compend.

His History of the Christian Church, in two volumes octavo of nearly a thousand pages each, was published by the Methodist Book Concern, the first volume in 1897 and the second in 1900. Upon this work he wrought longer than any other. He began its writing during his second year at Drew at three and three quarters minutes after 11 A. M. on January 17, 1873. Amid all his other labors he kept it as the central object of his study and literary effort. The briefer histories which had already come from his pen were rather the epitomizings of this more extensive treatment than the germs from which it expanded. The composition grew gradually into shape during the terms of his professorship at Drew, and more slowly during his residence at Des Moines and Buffalo. The earlier portions of it he began to prepare for the press in 1883. In these he abandoned the form of lectures which at first he had thought to use, and adopted the clearly defined treatment

which marks the entire work. After being well settled in Washington he organized and superintended a force of helpers to bring the work to completion. Among these colaborers should be mentioned, first, Rev. Dr. John Alfred Faulkner, who furnished many valuable additions and footnotes, and brought to the author's hand much varied and rich material, besides important bibliographies interspersed throughout. Professor Charles R. Gillett, of Union Theological Seminary, did him excellent service in the bibliography of the latter part of the first volume, and Librarian S. G. Ayres, of Drew Theological Seminary, assisted in the same work in the second. Professor Charles W. Rishell, of Boston School of Theology, aided greatly on the Reformation in Continental countries and the post-Reformation period in Germany, Austria, the Low Countries, and Scandinavia. Rev. C. C. Starbuck, of Andover, was of much assistance on the post-Reformation period in Southern Europe and on the Greek Church. Upon all these contributions Bishop Hurst put the scrutiny of his own eye and the touch of his practiced hand both in the manuscripts submitted and in the galley and page proofs which passed under his revision. Much of this later stage of the work—especially that of passing through the press—was done while on journeys, and the writer enjoyed the privilege of reading and revising and mailing and receiving again the installments of proofs, and, especially in the later chapters of the second volume, of cutting down to smaller proportions the large excess of matter above the limits of a two-volume work. Of Volume I Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson, professor of church history, New York University, says:

> It is the fruit of long-continued study and the use of the most recent literature. The author's standpoint is conservative. But if he prefers the old it is not because he is ignorant of the new. Those

who may make their acquaintance by means of it with church history may rely upon it that they will not have to unlearn what they here acquire.

Of the work as a whole the following expressions of opinion will show the well-nigh unanimous verdict of the public:

This is a work of high order, not only in scholarship, but in the spirit of absolute fairness which breathes on every page.—*The Critic.*

Bishop Hurst has brought to his task not only a thorough understanding of his subject, but a true historical spirit.—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

Fairness, accuracy, and completeness within the scope planned for are the ends at which he aims and, to a very successful degree, reaches. —*The Advance.*

The work is plainly and even conspicuously that of a scholar, and one who understands both the need and the method of popularizing his learning.—*The Congregationalist.*

He excels in brief, summary presentations of special topics which omit nothing essential from the bony anatomy of the subject, but clothe it with the flesh and blood of a living interest.—*The Independent.*

Bishop Hurst's work takes high rank in the modern literature of church history. Dr. Hurst has devoted years to the study of his subject, and his history shows the result of wide reading, careful thinking, and painstaking composition.—*The Interior.*

Bishop Hurst brings to his task a thorough equipment. To accurate German scholarship he adds a clear, strong, graceful English style. He treats with philosophical insight the historical preparation of Christianity, the Apostolic and Patristic ages, the early persecutions and literary attacks, the Christian apologists, ecclesiastical schisms, and the development of theological literature. Exceedingly interesting are the chapters on Early Christian Life and Usages, The Church in the Catacombs, The Triumph of Christianity and Extinction of Paganism in the Empire, and the great theological controversies that followed.—*Methodist Magazine and Review (Toronto).*

The value of the text is greatly enhanced by excellent bibliographical tables and by peculiarly good maps.—*The Outlook.*

The chapters on Gregory the Great and Hildebrand (Gregory I and Gregory VII—probably the two greatest men who ever sat in the papal chair) seem to us to be very well done indeed. The execution throughout is not unworthy of the theme and the author. He knows

what a church history ought to be, and much well-directed labor has issued in an approximation to his ideal.—*The Methodist Review (Nashville)*.

His work is that of the true teacher, who directs his pupils to the mines whence the marble may be quarried. The preacher should tell the story of the vanished past. He will find for his furnishing no better work than Bishop Hurst's thesaurus of source-works and rich pages of historic recital.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The chastened tone of a broad and pregnant scholarship is upon every page. It is redeemed from the partisan blemishes of an earlier day—those marks of a callow and immature stage of the historical science. It is true to the fundamental principles of the divine enterprise it sets forth, and with comprehensive sagacity it keenly recognizes the large submission of all other elements in the drama of life to the religious and ecclesiastical. The wonder remains that one who sustains the burdens of his office and other burdens voluntarily assumed in the establishment of a complete educational equipment for his church, should have found the time to offer these volumes of consecrated scholarship upon the altar of Christ. They betoken many years of careful, painstaking research and fruitful meditation. That encyclopedic knowledge for which the Bishop has become so widely known is here accompanied by exactness and the habit of a scholar. —*Methodist Review.*

Bishop Hurst was one of the foremost in organizing the American Society of Church History in 1888 and a vigorous working member of the Council. He served as vice-president with Philip Schaff as president, and upon the death of the latter was chosen president in 1893. He filled that office until the society was merged with the more general American Historical Association in 1896. During its brief and separate existence it achieved a fine literary triumph in securing the publication of a series of thirteen volumes of denominational histories, of which he was one of seven general editors, the others being Philip Schaff, Henry C. Potter, George P. Fisher, E. J. Wolf, Henry C. Vedder, and Samuel Macauley Jackson. Dr. Jackson says:

One meeting of the Council was in his house in Washington (4 Iowa

Circle). It was there that the scheme for a series of denominational histories was first discussed.

In his tribute to Dr. Schaff he said:

> Our friend and teacher has with unerring skill taught not only us of to-day, but our successors forever. As in general literature future generations will remember Coleridge and Carlyle as first revealing to the Anglo-Saxon mind the wealth of German literature of the time of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, and the whole Weimar pantheon, so will our friend, the youngest of us all in hope and the senior of us all in charity, be remembered gratefully and affectionately as the first to bring to the Anglo-Saxon mind the learned theological treasures of the Fatherland.

Upon the invitation of Mr. Rossiter Johnson, editor-in-chief of Appleton's series of The World's Great Books, he furnished the three biographical and critical introductions for the volume containing Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ, Rochefoucauld's Maxims, and Pascal's Thoughts (New York, 1899).

The revised edition of his History of Rationalism which appeared in 1901 was, under his direction, prepared for the press by the writer, assisted by Professor F. E. Hirsch, of Charles City, Iowa. In 1901 Revell published in Chicago Upon the Sun-road: Glints from the Sermons of Bishop John F. Hurst, edited by Viola Price Franklin, an 18mo of 56 pages. one of the Quiet Home Series. The selections were made from a larger collection taken here and there from the published works of the Bishop and sent to Mrs. Franklin, who with an appropriate foreword and with good taste chose and classified under proper headings seventy-four of those best suited for her purpose.

In 1901 also appeared, from the Western Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati, his little book entitled The New Hearthstone: A Bridal Greeting. Besides the marriage ritual it con-

tains seven chapters centering about The Hearthstone. His purpose was to embody certain elements of an artistic character in a work not dissimilar in general to The Wedding Day, and the publishers succeeded to his entire satisfaction in the beautiful product of their press.

It was in the early nineties that the Publishing Agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church at New York invited Bishop Hurst to assume the responsibility for a new and popular History of Methodism. To their request, after several months of declinature on the ground of preoccupation with other tasks, he finally acceded and began in 1893 with his usual vigor to plan for its execution. He secured as collaborator the services of Rev. Thomas E. Brigden, of the Wesleyan Church in England, on the British Methodism—one whose literary and antiquarian tastes he had quite freely tested in other days of personal association. For American Methodism he employed on different parts Rev. W. A. Dickson, Rev. E. L. Watson, Rev. Dr. S. Reese Murray, Rev. Page Milburn, Dr. James R. Joy, and the writer, who also wrote the Foreword in March, 1900; and for the World-Wide Methodism, the Rev. Dr. James Mudge, Rev. F. G. Porter, and Mr. R. H. Johnston, of the Library of Congress. The accumulation of material in manuscript and illustrations continued until 1899, when by arrangement with the publishers he committed the final work of adjusting part to part, and of completing, revising, and preparing the entire mass for the press, according to the author's plan, to Dr. Joy, who finished the task in January, 1904. The work was published in seven finely illustrated octavo volumes, three each being given to British Methodism (1902) and American Methodism (1903), and the last one to World-Wide Methodism (1904).

Incidental to the progress of this stately work through the press and helpful to its just fame was the publication, in 1903,

of the greatly admired volume entitled John Wesley the Methodist, By a Methodist Preacher. Much wonderment as to its authorship was gratified and satisfied, when, upon an examination of the three volumes on British Methodism, it was found to be a judicious selection therefrom of portions, both illustrations and text, bearing directly on the subject. The deft work of this biographic extract was also done by Dr. Joy, who supplied the sentences needed here and there as a nexus to form this spirited and picturesque portraiture of Methodism's illustrious founder. John Wesley the Methodist and The History of Methodism will stand the worthy monument of Bishop Hurst's latest stage of literary fecundity and useful authorship.

LVIII

The Bishop

1892-96.—At Washington.—Twenty-five Conferences in Fourteen States, West, Central, East, and South.—Funeral of Secretary Gresham

At the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Board of Church Extension in Philadelphia, on November 4, 1892, Bishop Hurst was one of the speakers. In an address of much point and power he said of the two leaders, Drs. Kynett and McCabe:

> Some years ago there was out in Iowa a young man nursing a great idea. He began by extending himself over six feet in the ethereal regions. Then he thought of extending the church into all the country. A few years of service as pastor and presiding elder expanded the idea. Of course, there was only one place for such a man, and that was at the center in Philadelphia. Chaplain McCabe has never found out precisely the society to which he belongs. It used to be the Church Extension, after that it was the Missionary Society; at present it is quite largely the American University. But he has a great heart and takes in both hemispheres and all the stars.

On January 12, 1893, he opens his mouth in defense of the American Sabbath in the memorable hearing before the select Committee of the House of Representatives against open gates on Sunday at the World's Fair. Dr. J. H. Knowles, of the American Sabbath Union, says, "Bishop Hurst's address was most impressive."

In the spring of 1893 he held two Conferences, the Southwest Kansas at Great Bend, and the Northwest Kansas at Belleville. The spirit of his presidency at the former is well expressed by Dr. James T. Hanna:

> He was kind, gentlemanly, genial, considerate, sympathetic. He evidently desired to please God in all he did or said, to benefit the church and help the brethren.

Touches of his humor are mingled in a letter to Helen written from Chicago while in attendance on the Bishops' meeting at Evanston, on May 3, 1893:

> Bishops Foss, Foster, and FitzGerald were on my train when the Washington and New York train joined ours at Harrisburg. So we settled all the affairs of the church right away, and all talked all the time.

On June 25 he delivered a chastely eloquent address on the late Senator Leland Stanford in the Metropolitan Church. His Conferences that fall were the Cincinnati at Troy, Ohio, Erie at DuBois, Pennsylvania, Ohio at Lancaster, Blue Ridge at Daisy, North Carolina, and the North Carolina at Lexington. At DuBois some anonymous letters reached him intended to prevent the probable appointment of a certain minister as presiding elder and containing statements of his unsoundness in doctrine and irregularity in conduct. Showing the letters to the preacher himself, he said, "This is what I always do with this sort of stuff." He tore the letter into fragments and cast them into the waste basket. While at home a few days before his trip to North Carolina his affection for his former associates and successors flames out on October 9 in a message to Helen, who was on a visit to Madison:

> Give best love to all at dear Drew. No oaks or hearts better than there.

He preached a notable Thanksgiving sermon on November 30 in Foundry Church in which he dealt in no uncertain terms with the question of the exclusion of the Chinese. He asks:

> In God's even scale of justice which outweighs the other, the Chinaman with his tolerance or the American with his exclusiveness?

His spring Conferences in 1894 were the Washington in that city, the Central Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, and the

Wyoming at Scranton, Pennsylvania. At the first named he said:

> These cheerful faces do not indicate that they have seen hard times, but later reports will tell. I hope the presiding elders will expunge all allusions to hard times from their reports.

In the fall four Conferences fell to his lot: Indiana at Bloomington, Southeast Indiana at Shelbyville, Tennessee at Martin, and Central Tennessee at Dowelltown. W. P. Banks says of his work at Dowelltown:

> Nothing escaped his eagle eye. He required everything, in open Conference and in Cabinet sessions, to be up to a high standard, and yet, when a case proved itself worthy, he exhibited the tenderness of a woman. A brother who made rather loud claims to holiness was considerably behind with his Conference course of study. The Bishop asked him some questions about what he knew of these books. The brother replied evasively, "Bishop, I am wholly the Lord's." "Well," said the Bishop, "a man can be wholly the Lord's and still be very ignorant."

He responded cheerfully to a call to speak at the dedication of the new Hoyt-Bowne dormitory building at Drew on October 23, and gave a charming and inspiring address on "The Romance of Drew." At the close of the annual meeting of the American Society of Church History at Washington on December 28, 1894, he entertained the officers and members at luncheon at his home, 1701 Massachusetts Avenue. The spring of 1895 brought him to the Lexington Conference at Maysville, Kentucky, the Wilmington at Smyrna, and the Newark at Tottenville, on Staten Island—his second official visit to each of the two latter. Elam A. White says:

> At Maysville a brother had misplaced twenty-five dollars of the benevolent money and was unable to pay it, and the Bishop asked that the money be made good. Whereupon a member of the Conference moved that we take a collection, which was done, covering the amount.

Upon the sudden death of Judge Gresham, Secretary of State, he was requested by President Cleveland, on behalf of Mrs. Gresham, to conduct the funeral services on May 29, 1895, at the White House. Mr. Cleveland writes:

> His ministration on that occasion was noted by us all as being the most solemn and appropriate. All that I recall of him is of the most pleasing character.

He became a nonresident member of the Century Association of New York on June 1, 1895, and remained in actual relation until 1902. He was also connected with the Authors Club from about the same time until his decease.

His fall assignments, 1895, were four: Central Swedish at Chicago (where he used the Swedish language in the opening service, at the communion, and at the ordination ceremonies), Detroit at Ann Arbor, Michigan at Albion, and the North Ohio at Mount Vernon. The Conferences at Ann Arbor and Albion in two successive weeks were seasons of intense feeling, the interests of Albion College being thought by some to be jeopardized by those of the American University, represented by the Bishop and earnestly advocated by many leading members of the bodies. The result, however, was a fine illustration of how one good cause is helped, but not hindered, by another. He was in Washington again in time to give an address at the corner-stone laying of the Fifteenth Street Church on October 8. The Upper Mississippi at Grenada, the Alabama at Pratt City, the Central Alabama at Marion, and the Philadelphia at that city, claim his attention in the early part of 1896. Of the Bishop at Marion Dr. Henry N. Brown says:

> He was the mirror of a great mind, but noted for his simplicity. He was kind to children and did not fail to ask about them. He was approachable, and made the most lowly to feel at home in his presence.

In an opening address at Philadelphia he made feeling reference to the religious care of that body over his childhood home. He also expressed the hope and belief that God would hasten the time of Cuba's freedom—so wonderfully fulfilled two years later. On March 9 he presided at the ceremony of ground-breaking for the College of History of the American University. On June 4 at the corner-stone laying of First Church at Germantown he made an address which was very rich in local and historical allusion.

LIX

1896-98.—At Washington.—Twenty-three Conferences in Sixteen States, Central, East, South, and West.—Many Addresses.—A Zoological Episode

At the General Conference of 1896, held in Cleveland, Ohio, he presided on May 8 and the 25th in the afternoon. In the consecration of Bishop-elect McCabe he joined with Bishops Bowman and Foster, and Drs. L. D. McCabe and T. C. Iliff, in the laying on of hands. Upon his return from General Conference he set earnestly about learning to ride the bicycle, in which the writer was permitted to act as tutor to his former teacher. He became a good rider and took frequent spins about the city and at Marion, where he spent several summers.

Four Conferences in the fall of 1896 call him from home: The Kentucky at Vanceburg, West Virginia at Moundsville, Pittsburg at Indiana, Pennsylvania, and the Genesee at Corning, New York. Joseph Lee says:

> He impressed me at Moundsville by his firmness and the kindness which he showed toward the men who were in hard fields of labor.

He was present and spoke at the reception to Bishop Fowler in Buffalo on October 2. The session of Genesee at Corning

is vividly impressed on the memory of the writer as one of the most intense in spirit for twenty years. The enthusiastic subscription for the American University of $3,000 by the preachers themselves, the sudden death of Rev. Andrew Purdy on the streets of the city, the funeral service conducted by the Bishop at the church, and his powerful and evangelistic sermon on Sunday morning—all united to lift the thought and purpose of the body to a higher level of spirituality. On Wednesday, October 21, he presided and made the first address at the corner-stone laying of the College of History of the American University. It was a memorable occasion, addresses being given by Bishop Alphæus W. Wilson, the Hon. Robert E. Pattison, Bishop Charles H. Fowler, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Payne, the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, and Bishop Charles C. McCabe.

Princeton University in November, 1896, as one of its honors at its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His eighth official tour in the South came early in 1897, when he held the Florida Conference at Tampa, Saint John's River at Tarpon Springs, Savannah at that city, and South Carolina at Columbia, leaving Washington on January 12 and arriving at home February 9. As was his unvarying habit on every return with valise or trunk, these were immediately unpacked before he ate or slept, and put in readiness for the next trip. Travel in all its minutiæ had become a second nature to him. The next week he is in New York, but consents in his absence to let the writer take his copies of Melanchthon's Bible and Horace, each containing autograph notes of the "Good Philip," to the four hundredth anniversary of the reformer's birth at Luther Memorial Church on the 15th of February. He returned from another trip to New York on the 22d, but left again that night for Madison to attend the funeral of Dr. George R. Crooks

on the following day, where he made a beautiful and appreciative address, from which we take the following warm flashes:

> With the illustrious names of McClintock, Nadal, Kidder, Strong, Miley, and now the knightly Crooks, this school of theology furnishes to the world most vivid examples of the nobility of service, the splendor of consecrated genius, the sweet melody of lives attuned to the harmonies of heaven. . . . His mind was transfigured while gazing into the perspectives of history.

He preached at Harvard University in March, and at Vassar College on April 25. Five more Conferences were under his supervision in the fall: Central German at Columbus, Ohio, Central Illinois at Canton, Minnesota at Winona, Northern Minnesota at Fergus Falls, and the Northern German at Arlington, Minnesota. On his coming to the Germans at Columbus, H. A. Schroetter, of Covington, writing of him as "our German Bishop," says:

> Of medium stature, well proportioned, with clear eyes, strong yet pleasing and dignified features, which give proof of his high culture, he has largely acquired the German good nature, and knows much of its amiable fellowship.

At this Conference he spoke touchingly in German at the memorial service for Frederick Cramer, one of his former pupils in Bremen. F. W. Merrell says:

> His advice to the young preachers at Canton as to their investments was apt. He said: "I would advise you not to build a shed to which you must go when it rains, but to buy an umbrella that you can take with you." He then spoke of the embarrassment occasioned to pastors and to the Cabinet by the endeavor to station pastors who buy farms: "They want to be sent to the charge just north of it (the farm), then to the one just south of it, then to the one just east, and then the one west, and then they are done. They locate."

Of the same session R. B. Williams writes:

In Cabinet work I found him one of the most brotherly, sympathetic, lovable men that I have ever known.

Dr. L. L. Hanscom says:

At Winona he was unpretending in life and manner and the embodiment of thoughtfulness, earnestness, and energy.

Bishop Hurst's fine sense and habitual use of courtesy toward those who came before the Conferences where he was presiding found effective illustration at the Minnesota Conference in his introduction of Dr. William V. Kelley, editor of the Methodist Review, in a brief reference to the Doctor's father, Rev. Benjamin Kelley. Dr. Kelley writes:

As I listened I thought how incredible it would have sounded to that faithful, modest, unselfish man, if, when he lay dying in Port Jervis, in October, 1874, some one had told him that, twenty-three years after he had gone, a bishop of the church would stand in far-off Minnesota and describe his character and eulogize his life and his work in the presence of a whole Conference.

At the close of the Bishops' meeting in Baltimore he was saddened by the news of the sudden decease of Dr. Charles W. Buoy, of Philadelphia, at whose funeral on November 5 he made the first address—a model tribute to a true knight of the cross. He served as one of the Joint Committee on Federation of the two great Methodist bodies on January 7 and 8, 1898, in Washington, and gave a reception to the other members on the evening of the 7th in his library. His brotherly coöperation with the representatives of the Southern Church in securing their just rights from Congress brought out a testimony to his large love for the brethren of that great communion in a characteristic letter from Dr. (now Bishop) E. E. Hoss, who on January 28 wrote:

Be assured that you have made for yourself a warm place in the Southern Methodist heart. What a blessing it would be if the

best men of our two churches only knew one another! And what a blessing if all the malcontents and soreheads could be put into a capacious growlery, and allowed to fight and snarl to their hearts' content!

In February he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, an honor which he appreciated highly, and he gave frequent proofs of his interest in the noble and beautiful objects which caused and still glorify its existence. One day about the middle of February while exercising on Sixteenth Street on his bicycle, which had come to be almost a rival to his favorite pedestrianism, there was suddenly placed before him the alternative of running against a woman or taking a fall to the pavement. It was a case of self-preservation *versus* politeness, and politeness won. He carried a bruised hip for two weeks, and an operation was found necessary before he was well again. The Delaware Conference at Orange, New Jersey, the New York at that city, and the East German at Rochester, New York, were his in the spring of 1898. During this second presidency over the New York Conference he made a visit to the congregation of Saint Mark's Church (colored). Dr. W. H. Brooks, its pastor, says:

His address to my people was sparkling, bubbling over with wit and humor, and full of a deep spirituality, and his sermon was profound and ran like limpid waters from a full fountain.

Mr. John M. Cornell, his host, wrote him after the session: "Your presidency has left nothing but pleasant impressions and happy memories." At Rochester he chose to preach in English, but conducted the business and the ordination services and addressed the Sunday school in German. On May 21 he presided in Baltimore at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Section for the Third Ecumenical Conference, and in the evening made an address at a meeting

held under the auspices of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the interest of the American University. On June 1 he spoke on the Leadership of Christianity in the Higher Education at the Quarter Centennial of Boston University. Mrs. C. W. Ellis, of Newtonville, says:

> This was one of the most scholarly and most charming of his public addresses. He spoke at the same time with President Eliot, of Harvard, and other speakers chosen from the best we have here, and I recall the pride I felt at the time in the speech of the Bishop.

Speaking of the early leaders in education in the church, he said:

> Brave they were, glowing incarnations of the beatitudes of Christ. . . . Hostility between the church and the university! Never! Nothing but an everlasting unity, a beautiful and sweet alliance.

On June 20 he delivered the address at the dedication of the Slocum Library at Ohio Wesleyan University, his subject being Libraries in the United States.

With his daughter Helen he made the rounds of the Pacific Conferences again in the fall of 1898: Nevada Mission at Carson City, California German at San Francisco, California at Pacific Grove, Southern California at Santa Barbara, Arizona at Tucson, New Mexico English Mission at Silver City, being the one hundred and fiftieth in his episcopal career, and the New Mexico Spanish Mission at El Paso, Texas. Dr. H. B. Heacock says his address to the entering class at Pacific Grove was "instructive, inspiring, and lives in the memory of many"; and adds:

> The American University had now assumed a certain regnancy in his thought. The interests of our church in colleges and universities, according to his theory, demanded a great central post-graduate institution as its climax and bond of union. The institution at Washington, so auspiciously begun, loomed before his vision as the

normal outcome of our educational plans and essential to their full fruition.

Of his interest in zoölogy in a practical way few are aware, and the letter of Dr. Frank Baker, Superintendent of the National Zoölogical Park, will be a surprise to many of his friends:

Washington, D. C., September 22.—I am very greatly obliged to you for the interest you have taken with regard to procuring specimens for the National Zoölogical Park. The bear from Marion, Massachusetts, has arrived, and has proved to be a very fine acquisition. With regard to the bear at Truckee, California, the expense of transportation would be so great that it will hardly pay the Park to negotiate for the animal.

"In our Spanish Mission," says Dr. Thomas Harwood of the meeting at El Paso, "he was so kind and fatherly that he endeared himself wonderfully to all our Mexican brethren." About Thanksgiving time in response to an invitation from the editor of Harper's Weekly he wrote a vigorous and approving article on the very live topic of expansion in the Philippines. It was published simultaneously with another of a different view by Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, who after a trip of observation in the Orient greatly modified the sentiments contained in his own article. On December 18 he spoke at the Decennial of the American Sabbath Union, of which he was a Manager, held in Calvary Baptist Church. Among other excellent remarks he said:

The general opinion of thinking men and of the press to-day is the discriminating and just view that the Sabbath is a great boon from the Creator to the race made in his image, and should be welcomed in the spirit of love, obedience, and hope as the bulwark of social morality and a fountain of blessing to the home and to the state.

LX

1898-1901.—At Washington.—President McKinley's Friendship.—Nineteen Conferences in Eleven States, West, North, South, and East.—His Second Marriage

Major William McKinley and Bishop Hurst were fast friends before the choice of the people made the Major the President. Of this relation as it continued and grew to intimacy Colonel Henry O. S. Heistand, who was Mr. McKinley's private secretary when he was Governor of Ohio, says:

Bishop Hurst was one of the warmest personal friends of William McKinley. No one visited Mr. McKinley who was more cordially welcomed than Bishop Hurst. The President not only appreciated the Bishop on account of his high ecclesiastical office, but admired him for his brilliant attainments, his excellent judgment, and his wise counsels. He loved him for his charming and sympathetic nature, and placed high value upon him as a man and friend. The relations existing between these two great men were those of perfect confidence. For many years it was Mr. McKinley's custom to have his intimate friends gather at his home on Sunday evenings and sing hymns. Mrs. McKinley, being unable to attend church, the President always, if possible, remained with her in the evening, though attending church in the morning by himself. At these little informal Sunday evenings the voices of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley were always mingled with those of the assembled company, and occasionally Mrs. McKinley would play an accompaniment. Upon entering the White House this custom was continued, and Bishop Hurst was so frequently a member of the party that Mr. McKinley hardly thought the gathering complete until the Bishop had arrived. It was through these gatherings, where my wife usually played the accompaniment, that I formed the acquaintance with Bishop Hurst, which grew to a friendship. At one of these evenings of sacred song it was discovered that the only Methodist hymn book available was the one carried by Mr. McKinley in his own church devotions, and the President said, "I must get some more hymn books. Our little Sunday evening devotion must not suffer for want of books." Whereupon Bishop Hurst said, "Now, Mr. President, let me provide the hymn books for the White House"; to which the President agreed. A few days later (on New Year's Eve, 1898), ten handsome copies of the Methodist Hymnal,

each volume bearing Bishop Hurst's compliments and his signature, were received and afterward used on Sunday evening by the "White House Choir" (as the President called it), until the time of Mr. McKinley's death.

The Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Postmaster-General, who was secretary to the President at the time of his tragic death, says:

I well remember President McKinley's regard for Bishop Hurst, and the President several times commented to me on the energy and forcefulness with which the Bishop presented the claims of the University. Upon the occasion of these calls I saw the Bishop frequently, and always had the pleasantest relations with him. He was of a peculiarly gentle and winning disposition, but withal a very vigorous and persevering advocate in any cause in which he was enlisted.

On one of his calls to see the President, Bishop Hurst noticed that the usually lustrous eyes seemed a bit dim, and said: "You seem a little tired." "Yes," he replied, "I have not been quite well for several days." "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the Bishop. "Yes, there is," he replied. "Keep on praying for me; that will help me more than anything else."

His Conferences in the spring of 1899 were the Saint Louis at Union Church in that city, the Missouri at Cameron, and the Central Missouri at Oskaloosa, Iowa. The session at Saint Louis was remarkable for the spirit of reunion manifest between the representatives of the two great branches of American Methodism. Dr. Frank Lenig writes:

The ordination of elders, held in the Lindell Avenue Church Sunday afternoon, was unique, peculiarly impressive, and perhaps the first of the kind ever held—a kind of a reunion service. At the laying on of hands Bishop Hurst was assisted inside the altar by Bishop McCabe, and Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and on the outside by Dr. Young, Dr. Hopkins, of the Southern Church, and myself.

Dr. W. T. Wright says:

His eye and intellect were clear, his administration vigorous. The Conference was hard to handle, but the Bishop handled it with his usual skill and, I think, fairness.

In the midsummer heat, on July 20, Bishop Hurst was at the Fourth International Convention of the Epworth League at Indianapolis, where he responded in English, in German, in French, in Italian, and in Spanish, to the address of welcome in Tomlinson Hall. His official task in the fall of 1899 took him to six Conferences: Northwest Indiana at Frankfort, Chicago German at Milwaukee, West Wisconsin at Baraboo. Wisconsin at Waukesha, Rock River at Rockford, Illinois, and Dakota at Huron. Of the Rock River Dr. H. G. Jackson says:

The Conference was an exciting one, in some respects. Matters of critical interest came up for settlement, but Bishop Hurst presided with such fairness and skill as to satisfy all parties.

W. H. Smith adds:

Clear, calm, judicial, in the midst of the strife and contention, he was master of the situation, and I believe few could have filled his trying and difficult position with such satisfaction to so many intensely interested partisans, or brought out more peaceable results for the men and the church.

While the Bishops were at their semiannual meeting in November, 1899, in Philadelphia, Bishops Hurst and Ninde made responses to the welcome spoken by Dr. John E. James at the public reception on the evening of the third. "If I should try to give a name befitting this wonderful city," said he, "I would call it the city of Great Heart." Continuing he gave the Methodists of the city a most hearty compliment for the successful establishment in recent years of their four great and growing charities, the home for the aged, the hospital, the orphanage, and the deaconess home.

The dedication of the new administration building at Drew on December 5 called him to his loved Madison, where he was the first on the afternoon programme. The body of his address was a clear and strong exposé of the weakness of certain phases of the destructive higher criticism, and a masterful argument drawn from history proving that God's Word is like the great oaks of the campus, growing in strength and beauty, and entering the thought and life of the world more effectually through the storms of opposition. On December 18, 19, and 20, at the request of Chaplain Milburn, who was recovering from illness, he opened the daily sessions of the Senate with a brief prayer. He spoke most fittingly at the farewell service at Twelfth Street Church on December 31, prior to its mergence with the Wilson Memorial Church.

At the service in memory of Bishop Newman held at Metropolitan Church on Sunday, February 25, 1900, Bishop Hurst preached a most appreciative memorial sermon, using for his text the same passage from which Bishop Newman had preached in the same place on John Wesley during the Second Ecumenical Conference: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." The next day he addressed the Preachers' Meeting of New York city on "The American University."

His Conferences in the spring of 1900 were three: New Jersey at Millville, Virginia at Alexandria, and New York East at Danbury, Connecticut. In his address at Millville to the class for full connection he said:

> Let me urge you not to be in a hurry to become great, but rather to be wise, patient, cautious, and studious, never losing sight of the fact that you are only instruments in advancing the cause of God, and that what you accomplish is not so much your work as it is that of God through you.

At the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York

at Carnegie Hall and many other public places opened for the throngs in attendance, Bishop Hurst spoke at a meeting in Broadway Tabernacle on the afternoon of April 23 on the Philippines as a missionary field. At the General Conference of 1900 held in Chicago he presided on May 7 in the morning and the 23d in the afternoon at Studebaker Hall. Together with Bishops Foss and Thoburn he laid hands on Bishop Edwin Wallace Parker, and also presented the Scriptures to him at the Consecration service held on Sunday, May 27.

During the summer of 1900 he made two trips besides his usual stay, shortened thereby, at Marion. One in July in company with the writer was by steamer to Old Point Comfort; a steamboat ride up the James to Jamestown and the ruins; by carriage to Williamsburg, affording two hours with President Tyler of William and Mary College; to Yorktown and back to Williamsburg by livery; by rail back to Old Point; a few days later to Richmond and return by rail; and thence by boat home again. On the second trip in August he was accompanied by Helen, to the White Mountains, to Quebec, to Port Hope and Montreal.

At all subsequent Conferences the writer was with him. His fall series, all in Iowa, were the Saint Louis German in Burlington, Northwest German at Lemars, Northwest Iowa at Spencer, and Upper Iowa at Osage. His sermon in English at Burlington was one of great power, many being visibly affected to tears. On the way between Burlington and Lemars he stopped three hours at Cedar Rapids, where he made an inspiring address to the District Conference in session at Trinity Church. Professor F. E. Hirsch, of Charles City College, says:

> The sermon which he preached in Lemars has ever remained in my memory. He preached on the words, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He said that every great event in

history has produced an immortal song; the greatest event of which God can conceive is the conversion of a sinner; and that this is in itself sufficient to start the full anthem of the heavenly choir.

Bishop Hurst was one of the ninety-seven distinguished men who served as a board of electors in October, 1900, to determine the names to be placed in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans in the New York University. He was also one of the Committee on the Centennial of Washington as the seat of the Federal Government held at the White House on December 12.

In January, 1901, he presided at the Upper Mississippi Conference at Aberdeen, and the Mississippi at Moss Point, at the former being the guest of Rev. Dr. Richard Wilkinson, and at the latter of Rev. Dr. H. W. Featherstun, each the pastor of the Southern Church. At Aberdeen we were entertained at dinner at the beautiful home of Mr. George Paine, whose mother, widow of Bishop Paine, added greatly to the charm of three hours of most delightful hospitality. The Bishop preached at the Southern Church at Aberdeen to the great satisfaction of both pastor and people.

What proved to be his last Conference was the Troy, held at Saratoga, New York, April 10-15, 1901. The correspondent of The Christian Advocate wrote:

He presided with his usual ease and dignity, and without seeming haste so dispatched the minute business that it was almost finished by noon of Saturday.

Edwin Genge, the Secretary, says:

It was evident that he was laboring under some disability. Yet he bravely carried through the work of the Conference. He was much interested in some of the brethren who were to be moved, and made several inquiries concerning them and their work while routine business was being transacted. His sermon on Sunday morning was preached with much vigor. At the ordination service in the afternoon it was apparent that he had undertaken to do too much for the one day.

On his way from the morning service to the Sanitarium where he was entertained he said to the writer with great earnestness: "I would like to live twenty years more to preach the gospel."

After his return from the Bishops' meeting at Portland, Maine, we went again together to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he, although in feeble health, fulfilled an engagement by preaching in the chapel of the University of Virginia both morning and evening on Sunday, May 12. While there he greatly enjoyed a call on Saturday evening upon Dr. Wilson C. N. Randolph, a great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and a drive with Professor F. H. Smith on Monday morning to Monticello, the home and the tomb of Jefferson. He preached his last sermon at West Baltimore Station Sunday morning, June 16, 1901, and spoke briefly, but very earnestly, choice words of welcome to the class of nearly one hundred probationers who were received into full connection by the pastor, Dr. M. F. B. Rice, in the evening. This was his last public service in America.

A summation of his twenty-one years of episcopal service shows that he presided at 170 Conferences and Missions, 157 having been held in 45 states of the Union, and 13 in 9 foreign countries, made 18,414 appointments for a year in his assignment of effective ministers to their work, and ordained 1,041 deacons and 803 elders.

For many years prior to his residence in Buffalo Bishop Hurst and Mr. Francis H. Root had been warm friends through a mutual appreciation of qualities of character. In the tireless application of energy each in his own field and in the spirit of progress, impatient of delay in any good work, the two men were alike. When Bishop and Mrs. Hurst with their three younger children came to reside in Buffalo in 1885 they were for a time, while the newly purchased episcopal

residence was being put in order, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Root, and thereafter the two families were on intimate terms. Bishop Hurst and Miss Ella Agnes (born 1858), the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Root, became engaged in February, 1892, and the wedding took place in Buffalo on September 5, three days earlier than had been planned, the change of date having been made at the earnest request of Mr. Root, then in his final illness. Mrs. Hurst was cordially welcomed by all the family at 4 Iowa Circle, Washington, and late in 1893 they removed to 1701 Massachusetts Avenue. Bishop and Mrs. Hurst traveled in Europe during the summer of 1894. A son was born to them on December 18, 1894, to whom was given the name of Spencer Root, in honor of Mrs. Hurst's father and mother.

In May, 1898, Mrs. Hurst and Spencer went to Europe for the announced purpose of cultivating her voice. Her stay was prolonged through the next winter, and she wrote in February, 1899, of her plans to remain another year. To Bishop Hurst's earnest request that she return with their child she made no reply. In this crisis his gentleness and considerateness, his affection, his sense of duty and of justice, his clear vision of the right path for all concerned to pursue, all united in a final heart message and appeal which as a husband and father he sent to his wife. She never returned to him. He grieved deeply over the situation, but never surrendered his affection for his absent wife, nor the hope for her return. To the proposition for a formal separation and a relinquishment of his claim upon the child he never gave any consent. In the fall of 1899 he removed to 1207 Connecticut Avenue, which continued to be his home for more than three years under the care of his daughter Helen.

LXI

The Bishop-Traveler

Eighth Trip to Europe.—Third Ecumenical Conference.—The Break

Bishop Hurst served as chairman of the Committee of the Western Section on Programme for the Ecumenical Methodist Conference which met in London in September, 1901. The duties of this position involved the holding of several meetings, and much correspondence on both sides of the Atlantic. A preliminary meeting of the Committee was held on May 21, 1898, at Baltimore, during the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; another at Washington on March 21, 1900; and several were held at different places before he started for Europe on his eighth visit and fifteenth trans-Atlantic trip. During the month of June he made preparations for his Ecumenical address which he delivered in London in response to the welcome. His daughter Helen accompanied him on this journey, sailing July 3, 1901. They spent most of the summer at Vienna, visiting his son, Dr. Carl Bailey Hurst, then Consul-General in that city.

As the time for the opening of the Ecumenical Conference approached they made a short visit to Paris, in the hope that he might there have the opportunity of seeing his wife and son, but in this he was greatly disappointed. On reaching London they stopped first at the Sackville Hotel, Piccadilly, and later had rooms at Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square. He assisted in the administration of the holy communion at the close of the forenoon session of the opening day of the great meeting in City Road Chapel, September 4, and in the afternoon he made the first response to the three addresses of wel-

come. He occupied about twenty minutes in reading in clear tones what proved to be his last public address. The opening sentences and a few toward the close indicate the spirit both of the man and the address:

Mr. Chairman, these words of welcome, an eloquent trinity in voice, but a beautiful unity in spirit, warm and stir our hearts to a quicker and stronger stroke. We had supposed that every puff of the locomotive, that every plash and turn of the steamer's wheels, every coach and car used on our journey hither, was taking us farther and farther away from our homes; but the deep fraternal love that pervades these cordial greetings puts every pilgrim from across the sea to this Mecca of modern evangelism at once and wholly at home again. The speed of travel and the annihilation of distance by easy transportation are among the greatest of latter-day achievements with steam and electricity; but these do not equal in luxury and rapidity the real and enduring transports of the spiritual children of one common Father, who already find themselves sitting at the family hearthstone, looking into countenances that at first wore something of a strange look, but in a trice, through the spirit of prayer and affection, are transformed into the faces of kindred. . . .

Brethren, one of the happiest effects, and certainly one of the chief objects of our two preceding Conferences bearing the name of Ecumenical, has been the enlarging and love-crowned spirit of catholicity which has prevailed throughout the sessions, and left its sweet fruitage in the personal life and consciousness of each and all of the delegates. The sentiments thus nourished into new power by these addresses and by their widespread dissemination through the press have led the thoughts of the whole church to higher altitudes and stimulated all hearts to a broader, warmer, more generous, and more comprehensive love for all who bear the name and desire to welcome and obey the Spirit of Christ. If the Ecumenical quality of our meeting to-day, as of those of ten and twenty years ago, should be questioned by any who doubt the propriety of the present application of the term, or should be challenged by any who eye with jealous wonder the wide-spreading growth of Methodism, the best defense of our adoption of this globe-covering word would be found, not in the statistical tables of our growing communion in all the habitable parts of the planet, but rather in the catholic spirit of John Wesley—the most truly catholic man of the eighteenth century—and in the continuous and unfolding catholicity of the millions who

have answered with their faith and love to that apostolic voice, example, and evangel.

The correspondent of the Methodist Recorder of September 5 says:

Bishop Hurst is just now reading his address of reply on behalf of the West. Alas! he is ten years older than when I last heard him. He is, I suppose, the most honored representative of the West here present.

Two days later the news which shocked the world, "President McKinley has been shot," broke upon him, while, with Admiral Henry Keppell, the veteran naval hero of the Crimea, he was the guest of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at Holly Lodge, Hempstead. It was a staggering blow. His general health had been declining for several months, and the sad message of September 14 that his dear friend was dead was almost immediately followed by an attack of partial apoplexy on the 16th. From this he slowly rallied and was able to be about in a few days. His last written message to Helen was a note penned in the hotel, on the day Mr. McKinley died. It gathers into its simple yet beautiful unity the triple experiences of his heart's affection for the living, sorrow for the dead, and his perpetual refuge in the house of the Lord:

Dearest Helen: The President is gone! I will leave this for you on your arrival. But I will be at the church all the time.

Affectionately, J. F. Hurst.

On September 24 he and Helen took passage for America. While the ship plows the Atlantic—a familiar road to him now on his sixteenth crossing—and before father and daughter again touch foot on their loved and native shore, we have time to examine a little more closely and fully, on the shining jewel of his life, some of the facets which do not readily yield themselves to a setting in the chronologic order of a career so rich in details of industry and fruitfulness.

LXII

Aside Views and Touches

The Book-Lover and Antiquarian

Henry Ward Beecher said, "There is no pleasure in life equal to buying a book you cannot afford to buy." Vance Thompson enlarges on the statement—shall we say *confession?*—of the Brooklyn divine:

> Hazlitt praised old books; anyone can praise old books. Isaac Ritson read them; even that is not beyond the reach of the ordinary intelligence. But buying old books is an art. Dibdin's theory that all one needed was "civility, quickness, and intelligence" is defective. The matter is not so simple. One must be wily as a red Indian, patient as a thief. Any superficial, early-stunted fool may buy a book for what it is worth. There is no art in that. It needs no *nous*. The elaborate joy, the supreme art of book-buying is paying forty cents for some dusty 12mo worth a Spaniard's ransom.

Bishop Hurst was a Nimrod among book-hunters. How he loved books and how keen was his scent for rare literary treasures at the age of twenty-two, is indicated by certain autobiographic references taken from one of his papers entitled "About a Book Auction in Germany":

> As to taste I was always fond of everything old; had more liking for an old wall than a new palace; loved the old, jaundiced rag-woman better than my neighbor's sweet prattler; preferred a hollow log for a seat to the richest ottoman; always gave more for the first than for the last edition of a work, other things being equal; liked half-effaced pictures better than the glowing colors of new ones; had a passionate love for old maps and designs, and yet could not boast the slightest practical acquaintance with art; in fact, I fell in love with everything that could boast of a coat of the "charming dust." . . . I stood one day in a Brunswick street and read a large placard announcing a great sale of old books, curious coins, pictures, shells,

manuscripts, and relics. The bill closed with the information of the place where a complete catalogue could be found giving many useful facts concerning the articles to be sold. My blood was at once crazy within me. I rushed over the grandest bridge in Brunswick without stopping a moment. Two old churches did I pass without thinking to look up at a single gargoyle. Soon I had the catalogue, and taking the nearest street to my lodgings I neither ate nor slept until I had read every word of its precious contents. I closed it with an agitated frame and lost appetite. Nor did sleep come to my eyelids that night, and I was blessed with none save short and nervous snatches for the next three nights and days that intervened before the antiquarian auction.

His interest in old books was always marked by a vital link connecting them with the life and thought of the present; it grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength; yet it was ever held in subordination to his dominant passion for useful work. Book-hunting was his choice recreation, though a close second was travel on foot. His happiest and most successful respites were those in which these rivals were yoked together. A walk that promised punctuation by a peep at the drawers and corners and upper shelves of some book-stall had no superior as a spur to his striding pace. A bookshop three or four miles distant from his lodgings drew him more strongly than one near at hand—the enchantment lent to it not being due to mere distance, but rather to the opportunity to step it off in lively and tonic fashion. His daily and voluminous correspondence, entailing a great variety of cares and burdens, was lighted up and lightened by the ever-present bibliographic message. Booksellers were by no means the only ones to whom he wrote, when the emergency did not suggest the telegraph, but soldiers and sailors, consuls and missionaries, or whoever might be in touch with specimens of literature, ordinarily inaccessible, in any part of the postal world, were on his address list. His journeys by car and steamer and stage were often relieved of monotony by the

study and butchery of the "cats" which had accumulated on his desk since his last trip. His favorite method of search was of the mousing kind, especially where the deposits had outgrown the primal plan of the shop and found their overflow into every sort of cranny or angle, or even invaded the most private precincts of the dealer's *sanctum sanctorum*. He was usually present by proxy at the leading book sales in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and was as eager to learn the results of the bidding and the destination of particular items as the angler is to know where the shining sides of the largest trout have been seen, since the wary prize slipped from his own hook. It would have been a rare day when on the ocean there was not some message either going or coming that concerned some treasure on which his mind was set or the treasure itself moving to its place among the thousands of his culling. Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson says: "He was the bibliophile and book expert embodied." Dr. Samuel A. Green, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, writes:

> I knew him as an indefatigable collector of rare titles and a genuine lover of books; and he knew a good thing when he saw it. I shall always remember him as a man with the true bibliographical instincts.

Mr. Robert E. Cowan, of San Francisco, whose practiced eye he had enlisted in certain lines of search, wrote him:

> Your wants are carefully considered and in mind, but this market, I fear, does not admit of much in the shape of pleasant surprises either for the book-buyer or the bookseller. If it should so fortunately happen I will advise you thereof; for in my estimation you as a book-hunter are "first in line."

Another dealer who would have been willing to let the Bishop dispense quite largely with his desire to make a good bargain, and confine his attention more closely to the size and value of the game he bagged than to the amount of powder and shot consumed, says:

It always seemed to me that the commercial spirit was closely allied to the book-loving spirit in Bishop Hurst, and therefore my reminiscences of him are more vivid along that line than that of a book-lover!

One of the many lines of his special collections was in the languages of the American Indians—particularly those of North America. This brought him into correspondence and later into personal contact with the eminent Indian bibliographer, Mr. James Constantine Pilling, who long and successfully prosecuted his work at Washington under the auspices of the Bureau of Ethnology. Mr. Pilling, half in playfulness but half in earnest, wrote him on December 18, 1888:

You are compelling most of the collectors of this class of literature, myself among the number, to play second fiddle, at any rate so far as the missionaries are concerned; for you seem to have preëmpted them all.

In April, 1894, while holding the Wyoming Conference, after considerable epistolary diplomacy, the Bishop gave Mr. Pilling the privilege of examining his collection for the purpose of collating titles and editions. He wrote the Bishop on May 7:

I want to thank you sincerely for your kindness in letting me see your American linguistics. I envy you your Mexicana.

An instance of his watchfulness for "nuggets" offered in Europe is indicated by his letter to Dr. Erikson, who had done some bidding at an auction at Bukowski's Local (Stockholm), on October 2, 1886:

Dallas, Texas, November 26.—I am very much obliged to you for kindly sending me the Bukowski books, and also the Arfvedson, "De Colonia."

On the 21st of the following March he wrote Dr. Erikson again in acknowledgment of another "find" which had followed him in the mails:

I am very much obliged to you for having taken care to send me the copy of Luther's Catechism. I received it safely; it even went down to Mexico, by which time it had had a good many cuffs and knocks, but it was not in the least injured.

After the adjournment of the Conference at Winona in 1888, bound for Jamestown, North Dakota, he stopped over in Saint Paul between trains. Dr. Arthur Edwards desired to have an interview with him, but did not know where to look for him. He applied to one of the brethren for directions. "I think," said this gentleman, "that you will be as likely to come across the Bishop in some secondhand bookstore as anywhere else." Dr. Edwards made a bee line for a secondhand book store on Third Street, and there he discovered Bishop Hurst, absorbed in a search for something rare.

Dr. William H. Meredith, of Boston University, himself no ordinary connoisseur of literary rarities and especially of Methodistica, says:

On both sides of the Atlantic, almost invariably, even in out-of-the-way places, we have been told, on inquiry for such things: "Dr. Hurst of America," or "Bishop Hurst takes all we can get in that line." He seemed to be able to go directly to the very spot where a rare thing was placed, even if the bookseller himself did not know where to put his hand upon it. At the Ecumenical Conference in 1901 a little lot of Americana was sent me on approbation. Not wanting it myself, I took it to the City Road Chapel, and showed it him. In a moment he separated the chaff from the wheat. He knew the valuable at a glance. Never have I met his equal in the knowledge of books.

While he presided at the New York East Conference in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1900, a gentleman, who had made considerable effort to get a fine span of horses and carriage, started to give him a long ride and show him the beauties of the place. No sooner had he become seated in the carriage than he inquired if there was an antiquarian store in town. Finding one to his taste, he spent so much of the afternoon

there that when he came out it was too late to take the ride. To his notion it was a good exchange—a ride for a hunt. Professor Charles W. Rishell, of Boston University, says:

Once in Boston he asked me to go with him to a bookstore in some out-of-the-way place in a back room upstairs. I never saw him look so happy as just then. He seemed to know all about the rare editions of everything on the shelves; and his conversation with the proprietor showed that he was acquainted with similar places in all the principal cities of the United States.

Dr. William V. Kelley, editor of the Methodist Review, writes:

John F. Hurst was the greatest book-lover and hunter and accumulator of rare, curious, ancient literature ever seen on our Episcopal Board. Among the objects shown to us in June, 1904, at the old Mission at Santa Barbara, was a large Choir Book, 110 years old—a yard and a half wide, perhaps, as it lay open before us—the musical notes and the words of the Latin chants hand-printed or painted large and clear on the smooth, cream-colored sheepskin; a most beautiful piece of work, the production of which must have cost years of labor by the Brothers of the Mission. As we turned its wide, thick, flexible pages and lingered over them admiringly, our Franciscan guide said, "A Methodist Bishop came here some years ago and offered us a thousand dollars for that Choir Book." "What was the Bishop's name?" I asked. "Hurst," was the monk's reply.

Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut says:

I was seated at a table with him and a number of ministers, in Minnesota, I think. One minister said that he had in his library a book bearing the autograph of Philip Melanchthon. "But," said he, "it must have been the property of several other persons also, for I find annotations all through it, in three or four very different handwritings." The Bishop replied, "That is a sure token that it belonged to Philip Melanchthon; for he wrote in no less than four styles of handwriting, all very different from one another."

He often judged and measured men by their books. At the session of the Newark Conference in 1866 he casually met for

the first time a young man who was applying to be ordained local deacon. That young man was reading a book in odd moments at the house where he was entertained. Twenty-eight years later Bishop Hurst said to the man, now a leading light in religious literature, "Do you know what book you were carrying about with you and reading the first time I ever saw you?" "No, I do not remember," replied the preacher. "It was a volume of John Ruskin's Stones of Venice," said the Bishop, "and I knew then what kind of a young man you were." In writing on "The Drift of Great Books" Bishop Hurst makes disclosure of some of his own richest possessions and of his experience in acquiring them or of the rarer one of losing others to rival hunters:

What lover of books does not sigh over the treasures he has lost by not seizing the golden moment? It is well if you have kept your counsel during the long process—as long it must have been for a downright treasure. If your friend, with a similar bibliomania, has heard you whisper of your passion and especially of a thought as to the probability of your acquiring a special find, the precious quest is in danger. Such a thing as his, and not your, getting the prize has happened even in these honest days. Go to his library on some rainy day, when he is communicative and the logs burn cheerfully. If you saunter around his shelves you will probably strike a neighborhood where your host suddenly becomes disconcerted and will say: "By the way, Jones, here is the book you mentioned to me once. I thought I would go and see the book, don't you know. Brown was very good and let me have it. True, he charged me a good price for it, but, you see, I just had to have it." Of course, on that day Jones ate neither luncheon nor dinner.

There used to be a time when a great library would even let its duplicate treasures go into any hand that offered money enough, but that time is past. I know a fine Gutenberg [his own Catholicon], which was a duplicate of one in the British Museum and which it parted with in 1804, but no such happy day ever came again when that library was willing to part with any valuable duplicate, let alone a large paper from the first press at Mainz, over which both Lowndes and Brunet would grow rapturous and spend a whole page in bibliophilic panegyric.

On the issuing of standard authors in abridged form, which he called The Plague of Small Books, he emptied several vials of his choicest irony:

Think of reducing the Spectator, and Plutarch's Lives, to about one half their size, yet all bright in gilt, and gay muslin, and tinted paper! Since we began this article we came across a publisher's announcement of an abridged edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson. O tempora! One should as soon think of abridging the multiplication table or Kempis's Imitation. There are some books which ought never to be abridged. There is no more sense in it than in amputating a limb to save tailors' bills.

LXIII

The Hurst Collection.—Its Creation.—Its Contents.—Its Dispersal

Through all earth's marts a traveler, his keen eye
  And mind, e'er bent to Clio's magic spell,
  Alert to see and seize materiel,
In dust or dusky nook a prize would spy.
If yet the gems his love and wish defy,
  Their faces in his vivid vision dwell;
  Their hiding places fairies to him tell,
And soon or late into his hand they fly.
Strange comrades met on table, desk, and shelf,
  Or pressed each other in his crowded crypts;
    Yet through them all ran one strong living tie:
His love made each more than its lonely self—
  Not battered books and musty manuscripts—
    Lo! breathing, speaking tomes that cannot die.

The extraordinary character of Bishop Hurst's entire collection lay in its being a hand-picked library, gathered through forty years and made up of strong and rich pieces, not merely in one or two favorite lines, but in a score or more distinct departments. Among its more than fifteen thousand separate pieces—which for convenience might be divided into Ameri-

cana (Parts I, II, and III of the Catalogue) and General—were found under the first head: Indian Languages numbering five hundred, both South and North American—the Mexicana being predominant—and including Eliot's Bible, 2d ed., and the Mohawk Prayer-Book; New England Primers, 150 copies, several of the 18th century, and some not noted by Paul Leicester Ford in his bibliography; 104 Mathers; Sowers; Ephratas; 752 Franklin Imprints, including 67 Poor Richard Almanacs, 432 Pennsylvania Gazettes, 63 Colonial Laws, and six copies of Cicero's Cato Major; other rare Frankliniana; Washingtoniana, including 48 volumes from George Washington's library at Mount Vernon, and 341 other items from other members of the Washington family or relating to the General; early newspapers; Confederates; First Editions; and Local Histories galore. The General Collection (Part IV of the Catalogue) contained twelve editions of Æsop's Fables, and eighty-six of à Kempis's Imitation of Christ, in eight languages; forty-six specimens from the presses of the Aldus family in Venice, five from the Plantin press of Antwerp, and thirteen from the Elzevir press at Leyden; thirty-seven early and rare Bibles, in eleven languages; a large, practical outfit of Bibliography, numbering, with catalogues, about six hundred volumes; about eighty biographies; first editions of Hawthorne, Milton, Byron, Dickens, and others; ten chained manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; some choice extra-illustrated books; many volumes having valuable historic associations, such as Samuel Johnson's copy of Dryden's translation of Virgil, Hawthorne's set of Shakespeare, books from Dickens's and Kingsley's libraries, Melanchthon's Bible and copy of Horace, and Southey's Palmerin of England used in the preparation of his edition of that work; fifty-one samples of early printing of the sixteenth century; a fine group of Incunabula, or books printed prior to A. D. 1500, numbering

sixty-six (inclusive of Bibles), among which are found three copies of Higden's Polycronycon from the press of William Caxton, the pioneer printer of England, and fine specimens of Gutenberg and Schöffer of Mainz, Ulric Zel of Cologne, Anton Koburger of Nuremberg, Ulric Gering of Paris, Anton Sorg of Augsburg, Kessler and Froben of Basel, Jenson, Paginius, Wendelin "of Speier," and Arrivabenus of Venice, Ketelaer and Leempt of Utrecht, Koblinger of Vicenza, the "R" printer and Flach of Strassburg, John Faure of Lyons, Bartolommeo di Libri of Florence and others; three specimens each from the presses of Caxton's successors of a little later date, Wynkin de Worde and Richard Pynson, and two from the press of Peter Treveris of Southwark; seventeen items of Erasmus, mostly contemporaneous editions of Froben at Basel (one of Froschover, Zurich, the printer of the Coverdale Bible of 1550); over two hundred books of fiction, nine of Eugene Field's works, many collected works; a few select Americana, such as Sandys's Ovid and the twelfth part of Hulsius's Voyages (Heinrich Hudson); twelve ancient works on Japan; sixty-four issues of the earliest Protestant press, mostly at Wittenberg, written by Luther and Melanchthon, with artistic work of Holbein and Cranach; three illuminated devotional manuscripts on vellum of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, ten manuscripts in Samaritan, Arabic, and Persian characters, a few contemporary Melanchthons, thirty-five curious and beautiful miniature books, several hundred periodicals, several hundred pamphlets, about fifty volumes of poetry, about one hundred volumes of fine bindings, chiefly literature and poetry; one hundred and fifty books of travel and guidebooks, forty-seven pieces of Colonial and seventy of Confederate currency, five hundred and seventy-five engravings, photographs, portraits, copperplates, and maps; six hundred and twenty-eight numbered items of theology, embracing

a set of Bampton Lectures for nearly a century, about seventy-five Disciplines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, many standard works in history, exegesis, and doctrine, a hundred or more early Methodist publications, including many first editions of John Wesley's books and eight books by Samuel Wesley; and last, but by no means least, a superb collection of autograph signatures, autograph letters, autograph documents, and autograph manuscripts by celebrated persons of both hemispheres. Among them were specimens of the handwriting of Alexander von Humboldt, Lafayette, John Wesley, William Wordsworth, Count Zinzendorf, Tischendorf, Van Oosterzee, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Cowper, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Garibaldi, Munkacsy, Thomas Carlyle, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, James Kent, Alexander Hamilton, Francis Hopkinson, Benjamin Rush, Presidents Washington, Monroe, Polk, Jackson, Buchanan, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley; Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Diaz, Jonathan Edwards, Increase and Cotton Mather, Daniel Webster, Stephen Girard, Generals Gates, Scott, Wool, Sherman, and Sheridan; Washington Irving, Mrs. Sigourney, William Gilmore Simms, Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, William H. Seward, Jefferson Davis, P. T. Barnum, George Peabody, Dr. Kane, George Bancroft, Agassiz, Sam Houston, Frances E. Willard, Gerrit Smith, Eugene Field, Edmund C. Stedman, Harriet B. Stowe, D. L. Moody, and numerous others.

In accordance with the terms of his will and the rights of his heirs his library was sold by the Anderson Auction Company, New York, in four parts, separately catalogued under 4,281 items, the First Part, containing only the Washington and Franklin books, on May 2 and 3, 1904; the Second Part, embracing special Americana, such as Writings of the Mathers,

New England Primers, and Indian Languages, on November 28 and 29, 1904; the Third Part, including General Americana, on December 12 and 13, 1904; and the Fourth Part, consisting of Theology, books with Historic Associations, Engravings, early Bibles, Bibliography, extra-illustrated books, Incunabula, Manuscripts, and Autographs, on March 20, 21, and 22, 1905. The gross amount realized was $56,500, or about $15,000 more than the estimated cost of the collection.

A few items of special interest and value from Parts I, II, and III are here noted: Washington's Official Letters as commander in chief with marginal and appended notes in manuscript by the editor, John Carey, in two volumes, from Washington's library, brought $2,810; his set of Gibbon's Decline and Fall, 6 volumes, $1,626; his Locke on the Human Understanding, 2 volumes, $650; Poor Richard's Almanac for 1739, consisting of 12 fragile leaves with edges torn and wholly innocent of any cover, sold for $565; the daily cash book of Washington's household during his second term as President at Philadelphia, kept by Tobias Lear and Bartholomew Dandridge, reached $525; the Mohawk Prayer Book (Bradford imprint, New York, 1715), $1,300; Eliot's Indian Bible (second edition), $410; the proposed Prayer Book, Philadelphia, 1786, $190; Hawthorne's Peter Parley's Universal History, first edition, 2 volumes, $140; New England's First Fruits, London, 1643, $136; and the Pennsylvania Magazine, Philadelphia, 1775-1776, $200.

The sale of Part IV was an extraordinary occasion, probably never before paralleled in public book sales in America in the attractive massing of strong pieces. The following account appeared in the April number of the University Courier:

> On Monday afternoon there were two high points of interest reached. The first was when the Paris Bible of Freyburger, Gering, and Crantz, 1475 or 1476, went for $135; the Jenson Bible of Venice,

1479, $150; the Matthews Bible, London, 1549, $90; and the Coverdale Bible, 2d edition, Zurich, 1550, $190—all within a few minutes. The second was at the close when the ten chained manuscripts to the music of the rattling links, the rhythmic voice of the auctioneer, and the lively voices of bidders, were struck off at prices ranging from $30 to $151.

The evening session of Monday was marked by two waves of lesser and two of greater excitement, beginning with a moderate one over books from Dickens's library for $106, the extra-illustrated Life of Dickens, by Forster, which brought $105, and Johnson's copy of Dryden's Virgil for $96. Interest jumped to a high pitch when English presses were struck, and the three pieces from Caxton's press ran up the rapid scale to $1,400, $700, and $675, to be followed immediately by the three Wynkin de Wordes for $170, $130, and $150, while the three Pynsons let the interest down to the level again by bringing $70, $40, and $21, and Treveris made a slight ripple with two items of $70 and $35. The second moderate height was reached when Hawthorne's Famous People, first edition, went for $52, Leigh Hunt's copy of Hazlitt's Characters of Shakespeare for just half that sum, and the Hulsius (twelfth part) for $37.50. Near the close came the fine enthusiasm caused by the Incunabula, which was sustained for a half hour, while these early specimens from the cradle of the art showed their long-hidden faces, and were struck down in lively fashion, the chief being Gutenberg's Catholicon of Balbus, Mainz, 1460 (partly made up with that probably of the "R" Printer), $710; the "R" Printer's two items for $100 and $105; the three from Peter Schöffer's press, Mainz, 1473, 1474, and 1478, bringing respectively $260, $52.50, and $45; and Ulric Zel, Cologne, closing the scene with his four specimens at $60, $115, $35, and $27.50.

Tuesday's afternoon session was punctuated by several items of special interest, each succeeding one rising a little higher, and the last being a brilliant burst of bibliopolic splendor. There was a fine elevated stretch as the sixty-four beautiful specimens of the Wittenberg press came out in stately procession and were retired, one by one, the highest price of the line being reached by Luther's essay on schools (1530), $47. A few minutes later came three Illuminated Manuscripts at $25, $40, and $41, a choral book or Antiphonal for $80, and eleven Oriental manuscripts from $3.50 to $50. Then fifteen minutes later Melanchthon's Bible and Horace were sold for $75 and $60, and Milton's Paradise Lost, first edition, was struck off at $75. After twenty minutes of ordinary items, Southey's copy of Munday's translation of Palmerin of England lifted all up as it climbed to $315.

Then for a half hour there was little to excite, except, perhaps, the fine Plantin, a Roman Breviary, for $45, and the eight volumes of Ruskin at $66. The acme of the afternoon came when Nathaniel Hawthorne's set of Shakespeare (15 volumes, one missing), with his autograph in each, set all eyes agog, and many mouths open with loud simultaneous bids which moved swiftly up from $5 to $20, to $30, to $50, to $60, and then by a leap to $100 a volume, or $1,400 for the incomplete set.

The evening session of Tuesday capped the climax. It began at 7:30 and lasted for more than three and a half hours. It was a severe ordeal for the good-natured Morse, the auctioneer, whose voice and enthusiasm failed not through the 294 numbers sold, consisting almost wholly of autograph letters and manuscripts of celebrities. There was frequent opportunity to note the different values on different items of the same writer, the comparative worth of the writings of different authors or public characters, the characteristic signs or motions, besides vocatives, of the experts at bidding, and the high art of the auctioneer in putting bids into the arena without more than a nod, a wink, or a lifted finger of the bidder.

Thomas Carlyle's sentiment, "Seize occasion by the forelock; hind-hair she has none," in his autograph, brought $35. The surly Scot was followed by the sunny "Mark Twain," whose lines brought $7.50. Four items of Coleridge brought $125, $105, $25, and $35. Fenimore Cooper's Life of Preble, $230; a volume in Cowper's hand, $80; a Diary of Jacob Eliot on leaves of Ames's Almanacs, $400; nine brief manuscripts of Eugene Field went for $572.50; a letter of Benjamin Franklin, $52.50; and nine of his signatures, $57.50; a letter of General Gates, $45; and two of Alexander von Humboldt, $14. Electric thrills went through the crowd at the name of Washington Irving and his two manuscripts, Tales of a Traveler and Bracebridge Hall, which mounted up to $1,100 and $1,315, respectively, while a letter from Sunnyside brought $32. Lafayette's letter to Patrick Henry fetched $50 in short order. A moment later and Lincoln's manuscript, a page from his last annual message, rose grandly to $450. One of Longfellow's letters then went at $25, and McKinley's first inaugural, with autograph presentation, $20. A short lull and Cotton Mather's manuscript sermon (with others) brought $100. Five minutes more, and Thomas Moore's Epicurean shot up and rested not till it struck $725. Another five minutes and the weird name of Poe introduced a startling list, beginning with Tamerlane in manuscript, which brought $801, followed by six other specimens of his neat hand, bringing $790, and closing

with his own copy of Eureka, annotated in his own hand, which soared away to $530. Ten minutes later Pote's Journal of his Captivity in Quebec brought $110. A lapse of five minutes and the Wizard of the North is before us, Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, and is eagerly taken after a long run at $1,600. A letter of Simms at $36 and eight narrow memorandum books of Southey at $100 let us down to a quarter of an hour of common things, when we are summoned to a majestic series of documents and letters of George Washington, fourteen in number, which brought $3,725. One of these letters brought $1,065—the one to Benjamin Harrison. Another to Governor Brooke, of Virginia, on the establishment of a university, $465. From that high tableland we descended to a lower level on a letter of John Wesley at $9, two items of Walt Whitman at $22.50 and $150, and an autograph of Whittier at $36. The engravings closed the scene at quarter past eleven, and we rubbed our eyes to see if we had been dreaming.

While the regret was great that this magnificent collection could not be kept intact and made the possession of the American University, as a memorial to Bishop Hurst, it is gratifying to know that in its dispersion many private collections were enriched, and thirty-one libraries accessible to the public added to their treasures hundreds of valuable volumes. The public libraries which secured selections are:

	No. of Pieces	No. of Sale Items
Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.	1,025	354
Boston Public	240	154
Forbes, Northampton, Massachusetts	229	41
Marlborough (Massachusetts) Public	146	10
Watkinson, Hartford, Connecticut	128	54
American University	64	2
General Theological Seminary (Episcopal) New York	50	16
Yale University	24	10
Pennsylvania Historical Society (Philadelphia)	21	7
Columbia University	20	5
Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts	16	7
New York State	15	15
Rhode Island State	15	2
Pennsylvania State	14	14

	No. of Pieces	No. of Sale Items
Brooklyn (New York) Public	12	9
New York (city) Public	11	10
Cossitt, Memphis, Tennessee	9	7
Harvard Law School	8	4
New York Historical Society	7	6
Carnegie, Pittsburg	7	3
University of Michigan	6	6
Haverford (Pennsylvania) College	6	2
Princeton University	4	4
State of Alabama, Department of Archives and History	4	4
Iowa State	4	2
Derby (Connecticut) Public	4	1
Cornell University	3	3
Maryland Historical Society	2	2
Providence (Rhode Island) Public	2	1
District of Columbia Public	1	1
New Bedford (Massachusetts) Public	1	1
Total	2,098	757

Of the books from Washington's Mount Vernon library two went to the New York Public; Washington's Account Book of Household Expenses during his second term as President was secured by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and Washington's letter to Governor Brooke of Virginia recommending the establishment of a university in the Federal City was purchased for the American University.

Of the Franklin Imprints the Library of Congress secured 35, of which 29 were Colonial Laws of Pennsylvania; the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 21, the chief item being the Poor Richard Almanac for 1739; the Boston Public, 20; the Pennsylvania State, 14, all being Colonial Laws; and the Harvard Law School, 3, two being Laws of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex.

Five New England Psalters were bought by the Boston

Public. Of the Mathers Congress took 8, including Cotton's Souldiers Counseled and Comforted, and Christianus per Ignem; Boston, 4; and the Forbes, 1, Hades Look'd Into. Of the New England Primers the Essex Institute bought 3; Congress, 2; Forbes, 2; and the Boston, 1. Of the native Indian Languages of America Congress acquired 210; Boston, 82; the Watkinson, 25; and Yale University, 3.

The Aitken Bible; the New England Historical and Genealogical Register (177 numbers); the Sower Bible, first edition; two Incunabula: Schöffer's Decretals of Gregory IX, Mainz, 1473, and one of Wolf's, Lyons, 1500; and an Illuminated MS. of the Fifteenth Century went to the Forbes.

The Roger Sherman Almanac for 1761, the Proposed Book of Common Prayer, Philadelphia, 1786; three of John Cotton's books, 59 early newspapers, the Sunday Service for Methodists, first edition, 1784, and second edition, 1786, Jesse Lee's Short History of the Methodists, and 10 volumes of the Methodist found a home in the Library of Congress.

Columbia University bought the thirteen-volume set of the American Museum. Boston Public captured sixty early Boston and other Massachusetts newspapers. Princeton University took two Incunabula—the "R" Printer's Dionysius de Burgo, Strassburg, 1470, and Peter Schöffer's Turrecremata (Expositio Psalteri), Mainz, 1474. Sixty volumes of Travels went to the Marlborough Public; two letters of Horatio Gates and one of President Hayes to the New York Historical Society; fifteen volumes of General Conference Journals (Methodist Episcopal Church) to Yale University; and sixty-three volumes of the General Minutes of the Annual Conferences, forty-seven being the morocco-bound copies used by Bishop Hurst in his episcopal tours and containing many entries in his own handwriting, came to the American University.

The Bishop parted with two of his treasures at private sale

during the last two years of his life—one being Hawthorne's manuscript of the Blithedale Romance for $1,600, the other a copy of the Bay Psalm Book of 1640 for $2,500. He spent many an evening or fragment of a day in fondling the precious volumes, now giving a loving touch to a long-sought and newly acquired favorite, or tenderly opening and by smile or spoken word caressing one long in his possession, as if these dwellers on his shelves were creatures endowed with life. Who will dare to say they were not?

LXIV

The Pedestrian

Bishop Hurst differed from most of his boyhood mates and from the majority of his race in that he was not content with the ordinary accomplishment marking exit from infancy and entrance upon childhood, "learning how to walk." He took several courses in the post-graduate cultivation of that art and became a proficient in pedestrianism. His first advances in this direction were the frequent trips on foot from "Piney Neck" to Cambridge and return during his early teens while attending the academy. His college life at Carlisle was interlarded with many an hour of this exercise, which he found a strong ally in the conquest of his inherited asthma in the favoring air of Carlisle, and occasionally a more extended tour to the mountains about the Cumberland Valley strengthened him in the love and practice of this lifelong habit. His favorite tramping grounds in Europe were in the Harz Mountains, among the snow-capped peaks and picturesque vales of Switzerland, where he made three foot journeys, and the charming scenes of the Tyrol. His tours through Rockland, Orange,

and Sullivan Counties in southern New York, among the White Mountains, and in the Blue Ridge near the junction of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee were each memorable in their recuperative effects upon his health. These several extended tramps stand out in his life a testimony to his own consistency in taking to himself the advice which he freely gave to others. But more important than these occasional and historic jaunts, and more characteristic of the steady spirit of his strong life, was his constant habit of walking every day, in storm or in sunshine, for an hour or two or more, preferably with a companion, but alone if none appeared. Mrs. Hurst writing in 1869 to her brother Wellington, when he was in poor health, said:

> You must walk a great deal; that is the only way Mr. Hurst keeps his health. When he does not walk three or four hours he droops instantly.

How he walked even when he was riding is known by scores who have traveled with him by boat. Dr. D. A. Jordan, of the New England Southern Conference, says:

> My own recollection of him is of a tireless walker. On the Fall River Line he walked with me one night, it seemed to me, half the distance between the two cities, and the "long cliff walk" at Newport was to him a bit of gentle exercise. Often when I think of him I am reminded of Thoreau's humorous statement that the oldest family in the world are the "Walkers."

The Rev. De Witt C. Challis, who walked with him in Bulgaria in 1884, writes:

> He was a careful observer, and manifested that degree of curiosity which makes a traveler interesting to the people he visits. He loved to walk about the streets and markets by day or by night, and I found him a pleasant companion on such excursions.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley says:

He walked for the love of that form of motion. I never knew him to say that he was tired. He saw everything in nature; abounded in historical statements about many places that his companions had never heard of; was particularly entertaining in describing his hundreds, if not thousands, of miles of walks in Europe, including nearly every country, could make himself comfortable anywhere, but protested vigorously when imposed upon by hotel keepers, or any other persons with whom he dealt. At no time did he show signs of impatience with his companions. The trip to White Top (1873) was accompanied by many hardships, which were described by Dr. Eggleston in a long letter published in the American Agriculturist. He was as ready to hear as to talk, and in the matter of information, suggestion, and humor had both the blessings of giving and receiving.

When this man who for sixty years had taken and given pleasure in walking with his fellows, the lowly as well as those of high degree, was no longer able to keep on his feet long enough to walk a quarter of a mile, his frequent word of earnest invitation, and sometimes in the imperative, was, "Come, let us go." Go he would, and go he did. In his going he made others go, and in his going from us and the labors he accomplished his works do follow him. In a most real sense he walked with God on earth and, we believe, still walks with him.

LXV

The Guest

His usual preference when away from home was to secure his lodging room and food at the regular hotels, as being the most economical of time and productive of good results for the work. But when, for reasons satisfactory to others who were in charge of entertaining, he was assigned to a private home, he was a guest whose presence gave pleasure while his visit lasted, and left lasting impress for good. Without lay-

ing aside the courtesy due from a guest he could on occasion, especially if he was at a preacher's house, make quiet suggestion of possible improvements. Dr. Jordan says:

A gentle reminder of his love for orderly arrangement is indicated by a remark he made once when visiting my home in Providence. He scrutinized my collection of books and said: "I like your books. You have a very good collection, and I like the arrangement of them more or less."

Dr. W. R. Goodwin, of California, writes:

Bishop Hurst was one of the most enjoyable men as a guest that I ever entertained. Up early in the morning, he would be off for a few miles' walk and back in good time for breakfast.

His host at Carthage, Missouri, in 1881, Mr. David R. Goucher, says:

It was a pleasure to entertain Bishop Hurst, and he greatly endeared himself to us during his visit.

Of his arrival and visit of a week in Johnson City, Tennessee, in 1885, his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Grant, tell respectively:

When we lived in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1863, John Fletcher Hurst came to Water Street Church as pastor. My father, Elihu Grant, was then bookkeeper at the Methodist Book Concern in New York. We all took a great liking to Mr. and Mrs. Hurst. He arrived here on the midnight train from Baltimore. I knew him as he stepped off the train, though I had not seen him for twenty-one years. I did not introduce myself, but, calling him by name, told him he was the man we were looking for. Taking his satchel, we started for home on foot, as the distance was short. Before we reached the house he stopped short and demanded where I was taking him. I told him it was only a few steps farther, so we proceeded. On entering he asked that he might retire at once, being very tired. I stepped toward him and offered to take his coat and hat, saying I could do that much for our old pastor. He turned and said, "Please tell me who you are." As I explained we shook hands warmly and, taking a chair, he said, "I am not nearly so tired as I thought I was." His

time was almost wholly occupied often to a late hour with the business of the Conference. Yet he found time to interest himself in the children's studies and amusements. Looking over their schoolbooks, he said, "Your grandfather and I didn't have interesting and beautiful books like these to study." Nearly every day after school as our ten-year-old son would start out for chestnuts the Bishop would call out to him as he passed his open door and make a guess how many he would find. On his return he would call him in, and ask how near his guess was. He said the chinquapins reminded him of his boyhood home in Maryland, and the good times he enjoyed getting them. He also told the children how the word chinquapin was spelled, as it was a new word to them. One day he had the lad with his arithmetic among the learned doctors and elders, and had a professor from Grant University working problems for him. Another time he was laughing with our little four-year-old girl over some beans she had planted and dug up to see if they were growing. He stopped to sympathize with her over a wounded finger. At the table when we usually had him to ourselves, he was very genial, and often related incidents of his travels in a very entertaining though unassuming manner. He was a thoughtful guest. One of my choicest souvenirs is a little card that he sent me, in a letter to my father-in-law, in the following March. The card has a cross surrounded by pressed flowers from Jerusalem. I was much impressed by the affectionate tenderness of his parting blessing to my father-in-law, who was in affliction at that time.

In March, 1898, while holding the New York Conference, he was entertained by Mr. J. M. Cornell, who says:

A very delightful guest he was, never absorbed in his work so that he could not take a deep interest in all that concerned each member of the family during his stay with us; always the familiar friend; cheerful and upright in his conversation, and as kind and considerate to the youngest member of the family as he was to the older ones.

His classmate in college and friend, General James F. Rusling, says:

He spent a week with me, as my guest, when our Bishops met at Trenton, in the fall of 1900. It was a rare pleasure and delight to me and my family to have Bishop Hurst under our rooftree. He came to us with a great trunk, filled largely with books and papers,

and with all the absorption of "Bishops' week" he yet found time to read and write. He told me that his constant motto was, "No day without its line," and by keeping to this he had by little and little accomplished his many books. What a charming week that was—how delightful and suggestive along every human line! We talked and gossiped much each day, and far into the night, on every human subject almost, and of old days at Dickinson. Of course, we talked much about the American University. It was then heavy on his heart, but clear in his mind, and he felt sure God would yet carry it through—if not in his lifetime, then afterward. He longed to see it opened, and its halls thronged with young men and women, the best in America, and he confidently believed God would order it all right, whatever happened to him. He was then feeble in health, but strong of soul and purpose, and looked and talked as Moses or Elijah might have done in their last years.

Dr. M. F. B. Rice, of Baltimore, whose door, the last one of a preacher to receive him as a guest, swung open to him on a Sunday in June, 1901, writes:

It was a great pleasure to have him in my home; even the smallest of the children delighted in his coming. When for the last time in my home he took my little boy of five summers upon his knee, laid his hand upon his head, pressed him to his bosom, and, turning to me, said, as a tear stood in his eye: "I trust that God will not take him from you. You will never know how much you love him until you lose him." He was a true friend, stronger in affectionate attachment than appeared on the surface.

He has entered his Father's house, which is large and has many rooms. He is a citizen where no inhabitant wanders beyond the precincts of home or is dependent on his fellows for hospitality. Yet he has by multitudes whose friendship he kindled on earth been received into everlasting habitations.

LXVI

The Preacher and Platform Speaker

For forty-three years he was a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. A careful estimate based on written and printed data leads to the conclusion that he preached about 2,500 sermons, from about 600 different texts, besides a large number of miscellaneous addresses of a sermonic or hortatory nature. Of 125 texts used from the Old Testament 26 are from the historical books, 58 from the poetical, and 41 from the prophetical. Of 347 from the New Testament 54 are from Matthew, 15 from Mark, 46 from Luke, 41 from John (gospel), 22 from Acts, 28 from Romans, 38 from Corinthians, 10 from II Timothy, 19 from Hebrews, 20 from Revelation, and 54 from the remaining epistles of Paul and others. The subjects of some of the sermons which he repeated from time to time in different churches were: The Hope of Israel; The Prodigal Son; The Worship of One God; Revival of God's Work; The Natural Man; The Choice of Moses; Culture of the Conscience; Sowing and Reaping; Religion in the Household; The Ascension; Partial Knowledge; Promise of the Spirit; The Sword of Christ, which he later named successively Christ a Sword-Bearer, The Combative Power of Christianity, and Christianity a Combative Force; The Christian's Possessions; Priority of Religion; The Great Feast; God's Glory Reflected in the Gospel; Christ's Promise to a Small Company, or the Great Presence; The Friendship between Christ and His Disciples, or the Development of the Servant into the Friend; The Greatness of Serving God in Little Things; Preparing to Follow Christ; The Strong Man Slain; Christ the Object of Universal Search; The Solitude of Christ; Conversion a Creation; Mystery of the New Birth; Obedience

and its Rewards; The Immeasurable Christ; and The Joy of Heaven over a Repenting Sinner, or Sympathy between Heaven and Earth. The Rev. Joseph Courtney says of his sermon at the Lexington Conference in 1895:

He emphasized how those who were called to administer the gospel should adjust themselves mentally and spiritually to the teaching of the Scriptures, and illustrated this from his own experience: "I had educated myself for the work of the ministry, because I fully realized my call to that work, but in the settlement of my father's estate two colored men fell to me as slaves. While they were in my possession as such I was greatly hampered in my ministerial work, and did not get relief until I had provided for their freedom. That being done, I received the full consent of my conscience to give myself wholly to the gospel of the blessed Saviour." That sermon made a great impression for good upon the ministers of the Conference and the great congregation.

Dr. D. D. Thompson in the Northwestern Christian Advocate says:

As a preacher he was scholarly, instructive, and edifying. He met the requirements of his office in preaching at his Conferences and on other great occasions with such impressiveness as to command the respect of his audiences, more by the force and intelligence with which he presented truth than by the magnetism of voice and manner. His matter was always fresh and interesting. He was evangelical in spirit, sound in the faith, and loyal to the best standards of gospel experience and doctrine.

Dr. James T. Hanna writes:

His sermons were scholarly, yet had point, pathos, power, common sense, gospel, and religion in them.

Dr. W. P. Banks says of his Conference sermon at Dowelltown, Tennessee, in 1894:

His sermon on Sunday was a masterly effort, and yet it was so simple that a certain old colored brother here, who could not read a word and who heard him through a window, could repeat a large part of it up to within a few months of his death, nine years afterward.

In converse with Alanson A. Craw, a classmate in the Genesee Conference, the subject of Bishop Hurst's preaching came up. He said to the writer:

His sermons are not popularly ranked among the highest in oratorical quality. I never heard him preach but once, and that was at our session at Lima sixteen years ago. His subject was, "The Joy in Heaven over One Sinner that Repenteth," and the impress abides with me to this day. Judged by its effects, it was a great sermon. To me he is a great preacher.

His lectures and platform addresses partook of his general literary quality in possessing weighty content with fresh and enlivening treatment. He might have become celebrated on the rostrum had he been willing to devote his time and energy to that end. His occasional consent to meet the people in this capacity gave us such lectures as "Masks," "The Revenges of History," "How England became a Protestant Nation," and "The Bible and Modern Discovery," all of which were cast in a classic mold but were warm and quick with the life-blood of an earnest worker seeking among the records of past events and the deeds of departed men incentives to high and noble living in the present age. His addresses to the young ministers upon entering the traveling connection were often studded with terse and pithy expressions of practical wisdom. On one occasion he did not refrain from using a serio-comic illustration to set forth an important principle in the practical conduct of life, drawn from his own costly experience as the victim of a prank. The story is thus told by Dr. Levi Gilbert in the Western Christian Advocate:

He was to hold a Conference in the far West. On his arrival in the mining town he went to his host's and was dressing for dinner when he was waited upon by a committee of the presiding elder, the local pastor, and some prominent members of the church there, who would listen to no excuses, but demanded that he should go with them immediately to see a certain editor of the city paper and insist upon

an immediate retraction. The Bishop mildly asked what was the matter and the meaning of the whole business. Whereupon they produced a copy of the evening journal which spoke of the opening of the Annual Conference and of the arrival of the Bishop. "When the grip of Bishop Hurst was opened," it added, "it was found to contain a pack of playing cards and a flask of whisky." "There!" cried the irate committeemen, "you must come with us and demand from this editor a full apology for this outrage!"

"Gentlemen," said the Bishop, "I cannot go with you and ask that the statement be denied."

"Can't? Why not? You must. It is an insult to you and the church!"

"But, gentlemen, I can't. The editor has simply told the truth. When I opened my grip, after getting here, there were in it a pack of cards and a flask of whisky."

The practical joker who had "fixed" the Bishop's baggage on the train, and afterward put the paper onto the prank, had got the good Bishop in a predicament where his only defense could be, "Gentlemen, do you really believe that of me?"

Dr. Buttz says:

He was at his best as a platform speaker. He had a genius for platform addresses. Some of his public utterances on the platform have been the most effective to which we have ever listened, and he never appeared on the platform without interest. He often presented choice illustrations and made a profound impression upon his hearers. His last formal public address was at the late Ecumenical Conference in London, which is reported to have been one of remarkable scope and power.

LXVII

The Writer for the Press

The article for the weekly paper, or monthly magazine, or the more stately review, was for many years the easy and almost daily work of his pencil. No man of his day kept a sharper or broader outlook on the world of religious literature and philosophy than did John F. Hurst. His discernment

and descriptions of issues, of men and their principles, of opinions and their tendencies, and the necessity for public portrayal and discussion of both individuals and their doings began, as we have seen, in his college life. While teaching at Ashland he wrote for the Ladies' Repository, February, 1856, an account of a day at Cooperstown, and thereafter made frequent contributions to that monthly, especially on his European travels, one being A Foot Tour through the Tyrol, in two articles, and another a series of three in 1872, on Out of the Highways in the Fatherland. He also published several articles in Golden Hours, of which one was The Stone Image at Lübeck; in Hours at Home, one being The Brockhaus Publishing House; and in Hearth and Home, including two articles called Autumn Bubbles from Saratoga.

His contributions to Harper's Weekly were also quite numerous, chiefly editorials on live topics of the day relating to morals, politics, ecclesiastical events, especially those connected with Roman Catholicism, art, and letters. He wrote Hannah for Harper's Bazar, one in the series of Women of the Bible, published later in a volume. Six articles appeared in Harper's Monthly, the first being The Palestine of To-day, in 1879, another, The Oldest and Smallest Sect in the World (the Samaritans), in 1889, and the last, The Salzburger Exiles in Georgia, in 1892. To the College Courant (New Haven) he was a contributor for a time, mostly on educational themes, while he was teaching in Frankfort, though one of his articles was on the Bombardment of Strassburg.

The Sunday School Times, whose editor, Dr. Trumbull, was a great admirer of the Bishop, drew to its pages a dozen or more important and illuminating papers, such as Imperial Power and the Early Church and The Pagan Estimate of Childhood. In the Chautauquan for several years the fruits of his pen were often tasted, of which the Labor Problem in

Germany, the National Jewish Movement, and Walks about Old Athens are samples. An occasional article from his pen has appeared in the Homiletic Review, the Ladies' Home Journal, and the Sunday Magazine.

The enterprising proprietors of the Independent laid hold upon his talent for many years in securing from him articles on special topics, such as the Paintings of Munkacsy, and a Nuremberg Home, and sometimes a series, as in the case of his striking discussions of Mexican schools, literature, and science, following his trip to that country in 1887. He made a few contributions to the press of England and Germany —the German being for the most part reviews of English and American theological works. For the Eightieth Anniversary number of the Congregationalist he wrote a notable article on Eighty Years of Congregational History, and for Progress (Chicago) he furnished a series of twelve lessons on Church History. During the editorship of Gilbert Haven he occasionally wrote for Zion's Herald.

To the periodical press of the Methodist Episcopal Church, represented by The Christian Advocate (New York) and the family of other Advocates, the Western, Northwestern, Central, Northern, Pittsburg, Michigan, and Buffalo, his contributions were very frequent, and a few times he wrote for the Epworth Herald. During the incumbency of Dr. Daniel Curry and Dr. Charles H. Fowler as editors of The Christian Advocate he furnished editorials quite regularly, sometimes as often as once a week, and continued to do so during the first few years of Dr. Buckley's long term—always with much acceptability to the editors and publishers, while his signed articles in all named were by no means infrequent. The scope and range of these papers were broad and varied, covering almost every conceivable subject proper to a correspondent at large.

His most signal and effective writing for the press was

probably that for The Methodist, beginning with its first year in 1860, and continuing, with but few intervals, to the end of that independent sheet in 1882. His name was printed in a standing list of special contributors from November 15, 1873, to August 31, 1878. At the repeated and urgent request of Dr. Crooks, though against his own inclination, he furnished from time to time anonymously as many as one hundred and fifty stories—mostly translations and adaptations from the German and French, for the juvenile department. Literary reviews and discussions also appeared from his pen. But the letters which he wrote from Germany and from other countries on his travels (117 of them in The Methodist) made for him a high repute and constituted a most important factor in the quickening of the scholarly instincts of many who became leaders in American Methodism. The first meeting of one of the foreign correspondents of The Methodist with Dr. Hurst is described by Dr. H. H. Fairall, of Iowa:

It was in April, 1871. I had been to Mount Sinai. Returning to Suez, as I entered the car for Ismailia I saw a plain-looking man, wearing the same kind of tourist hat (white slouch) that I wore. Discovering from his appearance that he was an American and glad to see anybody from America, I spoke to him, and we soon entered into conversation. When he told me his home was at Frankfort-on-the-Main I asked him if he knew Dr. J. F. Hurst of the Martin Institute. He smiled and said, "Yes." I told him that I had never met Dr. Hurst, but knew him well by reputation, as he was on the editorial staff of the New York Methodist, and said many complimentary things about Dr. Hurst. A few days later as I entered a hotel at Joppa he passed out. We exchanged pleasant greetings. Looking over the hotel register I was surprised to see, "J. F. Hurst, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany." I said to the clerk, "Where is Dr. Hurst?" He replied, "He has just started for Jerusalem." Several days later at a bookstore in Jerusalem I met him again and said to him: "Now, Dr. Hurst, you have been playing the incognito long enough. Why didn't you tell me when I asked you in Egypt if you knew Dr. Hurst that you were the individual yourself?" He laughingly replied, "I never tell anybody that I am Dr. Hurst." From

that day we traveled together, riding horseback side by side through the Holy Land, the only two Methodist preachers in the large party.

On the Sunday night when the bomb was exploded in the Wesleyan Chapel in Rome we were occupying the same room in the hotel. I did not go with him that night, but I shall never forget when he returned near midnight and told me of his miraculous escape from the wrecked church.

Seventeen articles from his hand appeared in the Methodist (Quarterly) Review as follows: July, 1858, Béranger; April, 1860, Hours with the Mystics; April, 1862, The Prophets and Their Prophecies; April, 1864, Hagenbach on The Later History of the Church; April, 1871, The Modern Theology of Holland; April, 1876, Lucius Annæus Seneca: The Last of the Stoic Philosophers; April, 1880, The Basel Session of the Evangelical Alliance; April, 1881, The Place of Congregationalism in History and Literature; January, 1884, Our Periodical Literature; July, 1886, The Parsis of India; March, 1888, Memorials of the Toltec Race; July, 1889, The Reformatory Movements in the Later Hinduism; September, 1889, Religious Significance of the Reformatory Movements in Hinduism; May-June, 1893, Charles the Great: His Relation to the Church; September-October, 1896, The Literary Development of Church History; March-April, 1899, Wyclif, the Prophet of Protestantism and of the Methodist Itinerancy; May-June, 1901, The Counter Reformation. He also wrote anonymously many book reviews and criticisms of German works for the Review while Dr. Whedon was its editor, sending as many as eleven in one month in 1870—a high-water mark—though in March, 1869, he furnished fourteen, equally divided between the Review and the Publishers' Circular.

During the fifty years whose interstices of time were thus saved by being filled with these products of odd moments and

Our Immortals at Fourscore: Whittier & Holmes.

By the Rev. Bishop John F. Hurst

—

Long have they walked our dusty paths;
But by the notes which they have caught
From land & sea, & by their thought
Of Brotherhood in all our strife,
And by their rhythmic charm of life,
These singers rare have sung some cheering lay
At every footfall of their four-score way.

—

These Laureates of the Loving Heart
Their minstrelsy has not yet begun;
No autumn tint, or setting sun,
No faltering step, or failing breath!
But onward as the ages reach
Wider shall grow our Arbiters' fair land
Richer the harp-notes from our good friends' hand.

No realm may limit their rich minstrelsy;
In weal and woe, 'neath pine & palm,
Chains it shall smite and passions calm;
In homely hut, in hall of king,
The Chambered Nautilus shall sing
For aye its story of the sea,
While o'er the fighting of the free
Good Barb'ra's flag shall never cease to wave,
And help the day of storm and doubt to save.

FACSIMILE OF BISHOP HURST'S AUTOGRAPH COPY OF HIS POEM ON OUR IMMORTALS AT FOURSCORE.

broken hours, often at railroad stations while waiting between trains, on the deck of a vessel or on an express train, these articles—the chinking between the greater stones of his literary structures—fell not short of a total of one thousand contributions to the periodical press, a veritable shower of "leaves for the healing of the nations."

LXVIII

The Maker of Verse

Not often did he pause in the intense and rushing energy of his lifework to put the current of his thought and feeling within the curb of meter and of rhyme. The two periods of the special activity of his muse were, first, that of his sojourn among the Catskills when, as we have already seen, he wrote a Sleighing Party and a Farewell to Ashland with a few other verses, and, second, during his studies and travels in Europe. In both of these contiguous stages we may well suppose the discovery of his heart in the bright day of love that had risen upon him had at least a contributory office in the effusions of his verse. Surely we detect among these simple lines, found in his diary for 1857 and written while he was for the first time in a strange land, a tender strain of longing for "Piney Neck," as he vainly tries to hide his own personality under the guise of what he calls

"The Old Sailor's Story

"There stood a little building once
Beside a forest far from here.
'Twas there I spent my early youth;
I had no care and knew no fear.

"Such was my home; and home is much,
To him who dares to boast such joy.
Here I once passed bright, sunny hours,
A light-haired, blue-eyed, laughing boy.

"And in one corner of our yard
There was a beautiful oak tree;
I've swung upon its friendly arms;
No little joy that was to me.

"And down the gentle slope beyond
The fast-fixed whitewashed garden pales,
There flowed a busy little brook;
Here oft I trimmed my boats with sails.

"A large round stone all smoothed by time
Stood on the borders of that stream;
There I have passed the summer hours—
To me it's now a fading dream.

"I've sat upon that old smooth stone
Amid the song of many a bee;
I've hoisted all the oak-leaf sails
And sent my short-lived boats to sea.

"My father was so kind at home,
In war was very bold,
And by the winter evening fires
What charming tales he told!

"My mother! O, I love her yet!
What loving words she said!
And always when I'd done my prayers
She kissed me to my bed.

"My sister, too, was kind and dear,
And as I stood upon the shore
She read to me of sailor boys;
I always love her more and more.

"I see again her bright black eyes,
I see her long and flowing hair;
How often has she played with me!
How full of love, how free from care!"

His first Atlantic voyage must have lent to him the imagery in which he pictures the experiences of adversity, when in the same Journal he recorded these lines under the name of

"Life's Storms

"'Tis not upon the main alone
That storms arise and billows heave,
When moon and stars, themselves afraid,
The sea and sky in darkness leave.

"But oft there is a greater storm,
Though deep within the human breast,
Than ever raises quiet wave
To mountain seas with foamy crest.

"Your elbow neighbor knows it not;
He little dreams that in your heart
A sweeping tempest prostrates all—
Your rudder gone, and lost your chart.

"How many beings pass away
Whose life has been a stormy one.
Few nights had they a polar star,
And fewer days saw they the sun."

In this same little book we also find a poem based on his Easter at Rome, 1857, entitled The Old Worshiper, and consisting of 143 lines of blank verse. Some lines to the old Church of Saint Blaize in Brunswick and to the castle at Heidelberg belong to this same romantic period. During his pastorate at Irvington he had what he called his Palestine class and for its delectation he wrote some verses which he called Bethlehem. It was little more than a rhymed and semi-metrical weaving of some useful facts in the history, topography, and statistics of that interesting town, in five stanzas. The two stanzas here given close this mnemonic device for the assistance of the studious minds in his congregation and Sunday school:

"'Twas David's birthplace—at first shepherd boy
At Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
To play on his harp was his greatest joy
At Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
Here Christ was born, the evangelists say,
And the star led the wise men all the way
To the spot where Christ in a manger lay
At Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

"Come now, everyone, let your voices swell
In Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
And after we have stood by David's well
Near Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
We'll leave the people for rudeness well-known,
The three thousand souls of this famous town—
With a long, lingering look we must now go down
From Bethlehem, Bethlehem."

In December, 1859, he published another poem in the Ladies' Repository entitled Have a Thought. The first two of its eight stanzas are:

"A pilgrim stood one autumn day
In hallowed Westminster;
He gazed on emblems of decay
Till twilight spread her mantle gray
O'er tombs to England's richest clay.
Turning to leave that scene so weird,
From tongues unknown these words he heard,
'Have a thought, have a thought.'

"Here sleeps the king of golden crown,
Now dust and scepterless;
Here subjects reign who kings have grown—
The Kings of thought Time cannot drown.
Rulers and ruled oft change their place
When once they've run life's dreamlike race.
Have a thought, have a thought."

His latest and perhaps his best indulgence of the muse was that found in the Independent of September 5, 1889:

"Our Immortals at Fourscore: Whittier and Holmes

"Long have they walked our dusty paths;
But by the notes which they have caught
From land and sea, and by their thought
Of Brotherhood in all our strife,
And by their rhythmic charm of life,
These singers rare have sung some cheering lay
At every footfall of their fourscore way.

"Our Laureates of the Loving Heart
Their ministry have just begun;
No autumn tint, or setting sun,
No faltering step, or failing speech!
But onward as the ages reach
Wider shall grow the Autocrat's fair land,
Richer the harp-notes from the good Friend's hand.

"No realm may limit their warm minstrelsy;
Where wrongs abide, 'neath pine or palm
Chains it shall smite, and passions calm;
In homely hut or hall of king
The chambered Nautilus shall sing
For aye its story of the sea;
While o'er the fighting of the free,
To help the day of doubt and storm to save,
Brave Barbara's flag shall never cease to wave."

LXIX

The Teacher and the Friend of Youth

His mingling of the offices of a personal friend with the functions of a teacher was a lifelong characteristic—one that pervaded his life not only as an instructor in institutions professedly existing for the training and teaching of students, but in a high degree permeated also his work as an author and even as a presiding officer in the sessions of Annual Conferences.

To the force of his example as the writer of histories he added the spoken word of advice, encouragement, and at times of earnest exhortation, to those who gave promise of excellence in the same direction, and to young authors in general he extended warm sympathy in their beginnings and helpful criticism on their productions both before and after publication.

His presidency of Conferences often assumed a shape that led some, especially strict observers of the letter of parliamentary law, to wonder at his toleration and even promotion of discussion of measures upon which the body seemed ready to vote. While he was an open antagonist to mere obstructionists and their policies of delay, he often threw the door open for inquiry and reply on points that he thought some did not understand. His preference in all such instances was to bring out both question and answer from members of the body as an educational process for all who were present—especially for the younger men who needed to know the reasons for acts and procedures familiar to those of longer experience. It was not an uncommon thing for him even in the rapid dispatch of routine business to allow a halt on what some thought a trivial matter, and even to toss it up with a challenge for an explanation, which usually resulted in a sifting of the wheat from the chaff and a new insight into the merits of the case. He always took time to teach, not only from his habit, but from his constitutional instinct and conviction that it was more important to learn and to teach than to make the parliamentary wheels revolve swiftly. Dr. Levi Gilbert says:

> We remember him as an inspiring and informing teacher, in the days of our theological training. His was the method of the teacher. His pulpit was another classroom. But his sermons were highly instructive, and conveyed great spiritual truths under finished literary forms.

Professor M. D. Buell, of Boston University, wrote him on September 22, 1894:

Do you remember getting into the train at Visp in August, '79? You had come down from Zermatt and had two young men with you. That was your characteristic. You have always been interested in young men.

A writer in the Christian Union of January 30, 1890, said:

His wide travel and keen powers of observation have made him equally facile in affairs and in thinking. But he delights in literature and in study, and is making upon many younger minds an impression of the value of wide reading and generous culture which must add much to the quality of the higher mental and spiritual life of the church of the future.

Dr. J. M. Meeker, of the Newark Conference, writes:

He was my mother's pastor in Elizabeth when I was a boy about fourteen years old. One day while at play with my companions, rushing out from my hiding place to the street, I ran in front of him and he caught me in his arms. After a few pleasant words about catching me, he asked my age, said he was about my age when he gave his heart to Jesus, and urged me to do likewise and unite with the church. I did not feel very pleasant over being embraced by the minister on the street, but I never could get away from the suggestion that he made, and soon after he left I was converted. He was the first one who ever spoke to me concerning my soul's salvation. He never lost interest in me. Under God, I owe much for my salvation and place in the ministry to the faithful pastor, wise counselor, and true friend, Bishop John F. Hurst.

Dr. George H. Dryer in a letter to Bishop Hurst from Rome, April 30, 1897, said:

The encouragement of your letters to me in Germany has been an inspiration to me to complete my work.

Bishop John E. Robinson, of India, says:

On a Sunday afternoon during a session of the New York Conference he addressed a large meeting in old Thirty-fourth Street Church.

I was a young business man at the time, without special interest in church matters, but I was much impressed with some things he said. Among the utterances that took fast hold of my mind was this: "God seldom calls rich young men into the ministry, and when he does call them they are not always ready to obey." I heard him speak again at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Saint James's Church, Harlem. The gracious, catholic spirit expressed in his chaste, scholarly address drew me to him in a way I cannot describe. Within a few months I was facing the solemn call of God to forsake business and devote myself to the ministry. When I had fought my way through to a decision I instinctively felt that Dr. Hurst was a man from whom I would be certain to receive helpful counsel and sympathy. I was not mistaken. Nor can I forget with what friendly sympathy he entered both by personal interview and correspondence into the consideration of my call to the foreign missionary field.

The Rev. E. H. Smith, of the Baltimore Conference, says:

We think of him as the refined scholar, a prince among men, a builder for the advancing years; but get a closer view, get very near the man, feel his generous heart-throb, know him as a confiding friend, enter into the atmosphere of his chaste, spiritual life, and the impression of his character is still deeper, his value still greater. Conscious, as such a man must have been, of extraordinary mental attainments, his modesty was proverbial, almost excessive. A spirit like his seemed incapable of egotism, arrogance, or unkindness, hence the circle of devoted friends was extensive. Such a strong personality, young men, seeking strength, loved to confide in and lean upon; nor was that confidence deceived.

LXX

In Council, in the Chair, and in the Field

Large portions of his time and strength were of necessity given to meeting those to whom he was officially related in the conduct of the varied interests under his care. Leaders, stewards, and trustees while he was a pastor; faculties, trustees, students, alumni associations, committees of finance and

education, while he was a teacher in Germany, president at Drew, and chancellor in Washington; cabinets of presiding elders, representatives of the laity, the semiannual sessions of the Board of Bishops, and the annual meetings of the general committees on missions, on church extension, and freedmen's aid; besides the numerous local, special, and interdenominational organizations for religious, educational, literary, and charitable objects with which he was connected in responsible ways, made constant draft on his resources of information and wisdom. Dr. (now Bishop) Berry said of him at a meeting of the Missionary Committee:

Bishop Hurst is more rarely heard, but it is a rare treat to listen when he does speak. He knows so many things which are not common property that his remarks often seem like a series of confidential revelations. They throw a beautiful white light over the discussion, and cause all to perceive more distinctly what ought to be done. His brief speech on our great building at Rome was a gem.

The Rev. D. C. Challis says:

He was always the champion of Bulgaria in the General Missionary Committee. More than once his speeches turned the tide of opinion in our favor. On one occasion he spent nearly a whole night in the Mercantile Library gathering material for a speech he made the following morning by which he gained enough votes to carry us over another annual crisis.

Dr. W. H. Hickman, of Chautauqua, writes:

In the fall of 1893 I was having a great struggle over relocating a church in Terre Haute, Indiana. The city and stronger membership had largely moved away from the old mother church, Asbury. I was unwilling to do anything that seemed to be a retreat or yielding territory. I had consulted many church officials, and they differed. I went to the Missionary Committee meeting in Saint Paul with a purpose of submitting the whole scheme to one of our Bishops. I met Bishop Hurst in the hotel. We talked the matter over, when he promptly said: "Don't locate your church where you have no future. If you want to make a church of power, the location has

much to do with it. There are some people that will advise you to stay among the weak. We must do that; but there are ways to reach the weak and deserted from the standpoint of the strong church. By all means locate your church where you will get hold of a staying membership and people of rank. If you would affect the city, put your church in the best locality you can find." The First Methodist Church of Terre Haute is located on the best street and in one of the best localities of that thriving city, as the result of Bishop Hurst's advice. In presiding over a Conference there was a sweetness, a dignity, and a kindliness that won the respect of all. He had none of the pedagogue spirit and methods; none of the spirit of handing down from the throne. He met all men on a level. He behaved as a man who had been called from the floor, among his brethren, to preside over peers.

Dr. J. St. Clair Neal, of Baltimore, writes:

Bishop Hurst impressed me as the most democratic of the presiding officers I have met officially. There was never the faintest suggestion of the proud prelate. He was never too dignified to enter into the humor of life, and his chaste humor was frequently heard in the confidences of private conversation.

Dr. Buttz, of Newark Conference, says:

We recall his presiding at this, his home Conference, and the manner in which he conducted its affairs. He was not largely interested in the details of legal administration, but he carried the Conference with a poise and quietness that kept a constant good feeling in the body, and yet with a successful facilitation of the business. His tenderness toward us and his interest in us in this position cannot be forgotten.

The Rev. G. E. Hiller, of the Central German Conference, says:

Bishop Hurst was a very impartial, conscientious, and painstaking administrator. It was a remarkable thing that under the gentle and mild manner of that scholarly and polished Christian gentleman there was hidden such an indomitable will. Since the days of Bishop Janes we have not had a firmer hand in the episcopacy than that of John F. Hurst.

Bishop William Taylor had great confidence in Bishop

Hurst's executive ability, and once solicited his aid in these words:

MY DEAR BROTHER: I know that you have extraordinary ability in a quiet way of bringing extraordinary things to pass. If you will bring my missions in South America into direct relation to our church, as I propose, it will result in the glory of God, and the peace and progress of our church work.

LXXI

The Scholar and the Christian Gentleman

When Bishop McDowell was Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church he wrote of Bishop Hurst:

In his dealings with the members of the Board on the occasion of the annual meetings or of special committee meetings he showed uniform courtesy and thoroughness and a keen understanding of all the problems with which the Board has to deal. He was himself a splendid example of the Christian scholar.

Dr. Claudius B. Spencer said in 1898:

Bishop Hurst is an illustration of that which is so often seen in the episcopate in England, where great scholarship, combined with evangelical temper and administrative ability, is a requisite for ecclesiastical preferment.

When he was presiding at the Northwest Indiana Conference in 1889, Dr. (now Bishop) D. H. Moore said editorially in the Western Christian Advocate:

He is our great scholar. He is also our seer. None is more alive to the needs and duties of the present; yet he also companions with the men that are to be. A hundred years from now Methodism will have just begun to reap the harvests he has sown. Barns and storehouses bursting with plenty will justify his present plans. No man

loves to be loved more than he; and none is truer to those who wear the white stone of his confidence. He is impatient with littleness, and scorns duplicity. He stands uncovered before a genuine man, lettered or unlettered, rich or poor.

Dr. W. S. Edwards, of Baltimore, said:

His preëminence, as I interpreted him, was in the scope and thoroughness of his scholarship, and in his fine use of it as teacher in our schools and as writer for the press.

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, the poet, writes:

It once was my good fortune to share a railway seat with him on a short trip. He was kind enough to talk somewhat freely with me, and I was impressed by his charm of manner, his high cultivation, and his enthusiasm for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. We were both interested in classical studies, and I soon found that he was a fine Greek scholar—as, indeed, his works have made evident. He then was a plain D.D., and I was gratified afterward to note his elevation to the bishopric.

Dr. J. M. Buckley says:

His foundation in the dead languages and in German had been so well laid that when he took the time to do so he could write both correctly and elegantly, and could converse so as to transact business, in seven languages, and in four of them fluently.

Dr. A. W. Greenman writes:

I especially enjoyed his free and helpful companionship in my trips with him (in Mexico) in visitation to the work then under my care. His advice and information regarding some lines of study in which I was particularly interested have been of the greatest value to me. He was a scholarly and dignified Christian gentleman, meeting the demands of his high calling and responsible position with all fidelity and patience, and with such a brotherly and manly spirit that made it a constant delight to be with him.

Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith, of Philadelphia, says:

I highly honored him as one of the best of men, and our meetings were always very pleasant and grateful to me, for he was preëmi-

nently a Christian gentleman. I honor the Methodist Church for having possessed such a choice soul.

The Western Christian Advocate says:

Bishop Hurst, as the courteous, urbane, cultured Christian scholar and gentleman, won the hearts of preachers and laymen.

Professor Marcus D. Buell wrote him, April 25, 1891:

I desire particularly to express my appreciation and gratitude for several acts of kindness you showed me yesterday (at Troy Conference). I refer to your calling me forward for introduction, your expressions of regret that I had not sought an opportunity to address the Conference, and your kind personal references to me in your address. God has given you the grace of thinking also of the things of others.

Dr. J. G. Butler, pastor of the Luther Memorial Lutheran Church, of Washington, writes:

Bishop Hurst lives in my memory as the learned, cultured, quiet, unassuming, and broad-minded Christian gentleman. I was not thrown much with him, but enough to know him a bishop indeed, with strong purposes of heart, consecrating his great life not to Methodism alone, but to the kingdom of our Lord, whose faithful, suffering, humble disciple Bishop Hurst was.

LXXII

"Sunset and Evening Star"

Waning Health.—Final Sickness.—Sympathy of Colleagues.—The End

The return voyage from London to New York ended on October 5, 1901, and proved quite beneficial to the Bishop's strength. After a day in New York he and his daughter Helen came to Washington on October 7, and resumed their home life at the Connecticut Avenue house. Among the earliest letters to be sent by him was one of sympathy to Mrs. McKinley on October 9, and on the 12th one to Rev. Dr. Bristol on the death of the Hon. Matthew G. Emery, expressive of his love for the departed and regret that he was not able to be present at the funeral. He attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American University at the office on October 16, and another of the Building Committee on the 22d. On November 2 he met the latter committee again at the University site to consider the lowering of the plans of the McKinley Memorial Building four feet, which was done. On December 11 he attended the meeting of the University Trustees, and on the next day called with Bishop McCabe and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Robinson, of Rock Island, Illinois, to see Admiral Schley.

On January 13, 1902, the Bishop, Dr. W. L. Davidson, Secretary of the University, and the writer visited Senator McMillan at the Capitol in regard to the opening of streets and other improvements near the University site, and on the 28th he attended a lengthy meeting of a special committee at the University office from 10 to 12 o'clock. He was very weary the rest of the day. He remained at home all of the fol-

From photograph by T. A. Mullett.

"CEDARCROFT."

The villa of Mr. Aldis B. Browne, at Bethesda, Maryland, facing east. Bishop Hurst died in the northeast room of the second story.

lowing day, but walked as usual the three quarters of a mile to the office on the 30th. His daily walk to the office in company with the writer, varied occasionally by a ride in carriage or car, was kept up until February 11—the date of his last walk to F Street. The next morning we started to walk down at 10:20, but his strength failed him at L Street, and we came back with difficulty, though he took a ride with Helen later in the forenoon and short walks with his servant in the afternoon. His last ride to the office was on February 20. Bishop Walden happened to be there at the time.

He continued his rides about the city and short walks as far as Dupont Circle and other near points. On March 5 some muscles on the right side of his face showed slight paralysis, but he took his ride and walk. On Sunday, April 6, he suffered another light apoplectic stroke at six in the morning, and could not speak for about an hour. He kept his bed the rest of that day, but recognized those about him and spoke a few words in the late afternoon. The services of a trained nurse were necessary on and after April 9. His three sons were informed of his second attack, and John, of Denver, came on the 12th, Carl from Vienna the 19th, and Paul from San Francisco, where he had arrived from the Philippines, the 21st, by which time he was again able to converse and ride and walk for a short distance. He greatly enjoyed the presence of all three. On April 29 Bishop Mallalieu called, and on May 18 Dr. J. M. Buckley had a brief conversation with him, both of which interviews much pleased the Bishop.

On June 6 he started for his loved Marion, in company with Helen, his niece Miss Anne M. Kurtz, and the nurse. They arrived the next day, having a stay of three hours in Boston. He stood the journey well, and the change helped him in many ways. He remained in Marion until October 28, and reached Washington on his return the following day. The journey

was a hard one for him, and from its effects he recovered slowly. His strength began to decline again; he was losing sleep, and it was decided to find a quieter neighborhood for a time. After a look at several houses in different suburban localities, the kind proffer of Mr. Aldis B. Browne of the use of his country villa, "Cedarcroft," about nine miles from Washington in the town of Bethesda, was accepted for a month, and the transfer of the family with all the servants was made on November 29, the Bishop riding in a carriage without any seeming injury. Here the broad piazza and good sidewalks afforded him fine opportunities for walks in the sunshine and the breathing of the fresh country air. Through December he gained in strength, physical and mental, and was so comfortable at New Year's that after consultation with his physician, Dr. Z. T. Sowers. it was decided to stay longer at "Cedarcroft."

Through January and February, 1903, his strength alternately declined and increased again, but the losses were greater than the gains. He became very thin in flesh, and through March could walk about the house only as he had help. Another light shock came about 5 o'clock on the morning of April 14, but later in the day he was assisted downstairs and back again toward night to his room in the sunny southeast corner. At 1 A. M. that night a severe attack, followed by another lighter one, rendered him unconscious and confined him for the first time to his bed. He recovered consciousness and recognized those about him on the 17th, but could not articulate. He grew weaker day by day. On the 27th as the writer left him at 4 P. M. he said "Good-bye" audibly in response to a parting word. An affirmative reply to a question from his daughter Helen a few hours later was his last spoken word. He gradually sank into a semi-stupor on the 29th. which increased to unconsciousness on the 30th. His respira-

tion and pulse decreased slowly through Friday, May 1, and quite suddenly about 11 A. M. on the 2d, from which he rallied a little. On Sunday the 3d there was evident loss of strength after 10 A. M., and especially after 10 P. M., when his breath became very faint. Paul arrived at 5:30 P. M. from Fort Thomas. At 12:40 A. M. on May 4 quietly he breathed his last and entered into his rest. So nearly was his wish fulfilled that he might die on the anniversary of his mother's death. By his side were his daughter Helen, his son Lieutenant Paul, his niece Miss Kurtz, Miss Nichols, the faithful nurse, and the writer. John came at noon, and Carl, who was in Vienna, cabled his sympathy to the sorrowing group.

Few indeed were the expressions of Bishop Hurst in the days of his health or sickness in regard to his own decease, but these were all marked by a calm and silent trust in the Saviour whom he loved and served. How he looked forward to the hour of his departure may be seen in the words he wrote upon his arrival in New York, September 5, 1885, after recognizing the familiar faces of friends who had come to the wharf to meet him and his family after an absence of more than a year: "I thought of the later landing, and on the shining shore, when the number will be larger who await your coming, and will welcome you to a better home, and another Hand will wipe away all tears."

During the days of his waning strength the kind words of sympathy and affection sent by the Washington City Methodist Preachers, the Washington Annual Conference, and other bodies, greatly comforted him, and he was profoundly moved by the repeated messages of brotherly affection, both individual and collective, which came to him from his colleagues in office, as they assured him of their tender regard, their sense of loss in his absence, and their readiness to take his share of the episcopal work. Bishop Fowler, who knew better

than himself how much worn he was before he went across the sea, wrote him on September 3, 1901:

I shall be free during the time for holding your Conferences. I want you to stay in Europe with Helen. Rest and have a good time and let me hold your Conferences. I will be happy to know you are gaining strength by rest.

Bishop Fowler took his two Conferences in Tennessee, though Bishop Hurst was in this country. At the Bishops' meeting in Cincinnati, Bishop Fowler wrote him again, October 30:

DEAR BISHOP HURST: I am glad to know that you are happily resting at home. The warmest interest in you is felt and expressed by the Board. In view of the statement that your physician does not think it safe for you to meet with us at this session, the Board feels that we must give you opportunity to protract your rest a little longer, and has decided not to assign any Conferences to you for the coming spring. The Board will be glad to add a footnote stating that upon the advice of your physician you ask to be excused from Conference work for the spring. It is from the warmest affection of your colleagues. Kindly telegraph me authorizing such footnote for the plan. I join with all your colleagues in sending love to you and offering prayers to God for your health and happiness.

To this his answer was by telegram, November 1:

Prefer assignment of two or three Conferences. Hope to be able to attend them. Will accept decision of Board.

From Bishop Warren's heart and hand their message came at their next meeting:

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, May 1, 1902.

The Board of Bishops received through Bishop Mallalieu your "cordial and affectionate greetings" and his report of your general health. They have delegated me to return an expression of their personal interest and affection. We take up our usual lines of work, get the usual reports, and have our customary concern for the welfare of the general church. In all our anxieties we miss your clear judgment. We pray for your comfort of body and the peace of God that passeth all understanding in your heart.

Their last message, too late to be communicated to him, was from the same fraternal spirit:

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, April 30, 1903.

DEAR BISHOP HURST: Your brothers in session send you cordial greetings, praying that the divine presence may abide upon you abundantly according to the fullness of his grace. We miss you greatly, as also Bishops Bowman and Foster. The reports of the Bishops show that the church is in peace and is growing in grace, power, and benevolence. We shall be glad to receive any word from you at any time.

Never was there a more solemn or impressive session of these consecrated and devout leaders of the church than the one held on Saturday morning, May 1, 1903, in Ford Memorial Chapel, of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. A messenger boy brought two dispatches at the same time. One announced the death of Bishop Foster; the other, that Bishop Hurst was dying. The Bishops were overwhelmed with grief. The Philadelphia Methodist says:

They sat in silence with bowed heads and the burden of their hearts was relieved only when Bishop Merrill, who so recently had been near the gates of death, said in tones of deep emotion, "Let us pray." For an instant he paused, but with strong effort becoming self-poised he poured forth a prayer such as seldom flows from mortal lips. The current of the good Bishop's thoughts was calm and clear as crystal; his mind was wonderfully vigorous; his sense of loss exquisite and pathetic. As his heart turned toward the dying Hurst the tides of affectionate sympathy and earnest supplication swept over the company, and when he lifted his voice in holy triumph the veil seemed to have rent, and the air was redolent with the fragrance of heaven.

LXXIII

The Obsequies

Addresses by Bishops Fowler and McCabe.—Memorial Services

Thursday, May 7, was the day of the funeral. A brief service was held at "Cedarcroft" at noon, with a few friends present besides the family. The writer of this life-story read the thirty-ninth psalm from the Bishop's copy of the Ritual presented to him by his colleagues at the time of his consecration in 1880, and the Rev. Dr. Wilbur L. Davidson, Secretary of the American University, offered a most tender prayer, which brought great comfort to the stricken group of children. The funeral cortege reached the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church at two o'clock. The honorary pall-bearers who were all present were: Mr. Justice Henry B. Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Mr. Daniel Denham, of Elizabeth, New Jersey; Mr. Charles C. Glover, of Washington; General James F. Rusling, of Trenton, New Jersey; Mr. Charles Scott, of Philadelphia; and Dr. Z. T. Sowers, of Washington. The active pall-bearers who served were: Judge Thomas W. Anderson, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; Mr. Aldis B. Browne, of Washington; Rev. Dr. David H. Carroll, of Baltimore; Dr. Royal S. Copeland, of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Mr. Andrew B. Duvall and Mr. Benjamin F. Leighton, of Washington.

Bishop Foss read the sentences from the Scriptures as the procession moved up the west aisle. After all were seated the choir sang, "Lead, Kindly Light." Dr. Frank M. Bristol conducted most decorously the services at the church. Bishop Bowman read the ninetieth psalm from Bishop Hurst's copy

of the Ritual, and Dr. Charles W. Baldwin read the New Testament lesson from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Dr. Henry A. Buttz, President of Drew Theological Seminary, who had just come from the funeral of Bishop Foster, offered a very feeling and comprehensive prayer, marked by the spirit of worship, gratitude for the gift of the departed one to the church, intercession for his colleagues, the University, the church, the institutions he had served, the students he had taught, the friends he had made, and especially for the dear ones of his home, and closing with "Our Father who art in heaven." The choir sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." In accordance with the desire of Bishop Hurst, expressed long before his decease, Bishop Charles H. Fowler made the funeral

ADDRESS

I find it difficult to stand here in this hour. It would suit my feelings better to sit there with these children. It is a sad thing to lose a friend with whom we have walked for a quarter of a century. In early life we make friends; later we make acquaintances. It is sad to lose these friends. The ranks are being decimated about us. I am sorry this man is dead.

It is strange how we change places. Not long ago I expected this man to talk for me as I entered the narrow house; but to-day I am to talk a little for him. I cannot open my heart here. I must confine the little tribute I give to him to the things that are felt in common conviction and judgment concerning him. When I see him I can tell him what was in my heart about him. I will only say this: That if it were necessary I would be glad to put my hand through the veil and grip his hand to let him know that I am standing by.

Methodism is familiar with Bishop Hurst. There is nothing about his life that is private. She knows him altogether. She knows his form, his face. He was nearly, or possibly quite of average size, compact, put up for work. He had a good-sized head, not specially large, but so rounded and filled out at every point that it was always impressive. It was fashioned quite like the head of Sir Walter Scott. Possibly when you first looked at him you might not be impressed with any great idea of the forces he carried, but when you studied him carefully I am sure he would abide with you as a picture of power.

Bishop Hurst was the embodiment of work. He did not stride along with great leaps and bounds, occasionally turning around to see how far he had come; but he pushed straight ahead, steadily on, all the time. Like a pack animal, he would take a load as big as himself on his shoulders, and wade right on through the mud, up to his eyes, never hesitating. The character of the highway did not enter into his calculations; he simply went on.

He worked! He had that peculiar and wonderful genius that has been defined as an infinite capacity for work. Nature is the great example that he seems to have followed in his work. Nature now and then blazes out at the peak of a volcano, and rumbles and mutters under the shaking bosom of the earthquake. But she is not working then. She is resting. She is merely turning over on her uneasy couch to find rest. You cannot measure Nature's work by these convulsions. Nature works all the time, pulling down the mountains, digging out the rivers, and filling up the seas. She works all the time, scattering her seeds of life everywhere, driving out her great argosies of moisture, wheeling forth her vast resources of nourishment. Work! That is the example that Bishop Hurst followed. He seems to have caught fully the truth taught by the old Greek slave, when he said, "The tortoise always wins." In 1868 Roscoe Conkling in a speech before the National Republican Convention, placing General Grant in nomination for the Presidency, said: "You ask whence comes our candidate. He comes from Appomattox, with the arduous greatness of things achieved." Bishop Hurst comes to the summit of his power with the arduous greatness of things achieved.

I would like to read to you a list of some of the works he published —a little indication of his work. I will ask you to be patient, and will ask the preachers not to condemn themselves as I read the list.

(Here he read a list of the books written by Bishop Hurst.)

Need I say anything more about his work? This great library that has been wrought out by his pen is only a by-product of his industry. Many a manufacturing establishment has grown into wealth and power by utilizing and saving elements and materials that its rivals have allowed to go into the waste. This abiding treasure, this great intellectual fortune bequeathed to mankind, has been rescued from spare moments, a by-product. Indeed, it is wonderful that so much should have been accomplished. His life was full of arduous duties, in the regular order of his movement, which had the right of way. Lecturing to crowded and important classes on great subjects;

directing and caring for important bodies of students; preaching to exacting churches; raising church debts; rescuing imperiled institutions, that have been intrusted to his care, from danger and peril; doing much that tires the average man; carrying the burdens and performing the multiplied works and duties of the episcopal office—these were the things that had the right of way in his life. While these things tire out and exhaust the energies of most men who handle them, he kept step with his peers in his high and exalted duties, and wrought in his spare time the wonderful things I have mentioned.

Let me emphasize one or two things he has done. One of his achievements was the resurrection of the endowment of the Drew Theological Seminary—practically the resurrection of the Seminary. This came as a regular duty, but was, in reality, quite a by-product. He was occupied in the quiet work of the lecture room, and in the easy administration of the institution, when suddenly a landslide in Wall Street swept Daniel Drew into the sea of bankruptcy, and with him went the endowment of Drew Theological Seminary. There was a school full of students that must be taught and kept together; there was a Faculty that must be kept together and fed, and there was an endowment that must be created. In that critical moment all eyes turned to John F. Hurst. He knelt in the hall of that old mansion and prayed long enough for the trustees to strap this new burden on his back, and then he went forth rejoicing that he had new worlds to conquer. Patiently and quietly he went from door to door, and from city to city, representing the great interest intrusted to him. I remember well how he talked about the institution and its importance, about the work done by its graduates, about the beauty of the site the institution owned and its value, about the great work it had done for the church. I remember he talked a little—just enough for spice—about the prejudices of the former owner of the mansion, who loathed the "fanatical" Methodists, and the prophecy of a poor old woman who had been pushed from its halls. I remember how he talked of the fact that the church owned that site and that mansion, and every one of those trees, with the squirrels leaping among their boughs. He said, "It is ours, and it shall shortly be richly endowed." The Conferences heard him gladly. The preachers and laymen believed him. The foundation was laid in the faith of the church, and after months and months of tireless and unremitting toil the endowment was completed. This was about half a by-product. It shows well how he did the work in hand; and I sometimes think that I would be glad if some of the rest of us could take up some side work, and see if it would not stimulate us in our regular work.

Let me touch upon another work of his that was purely a by-product—the American University. This was a vision hung up before him by unseen hands. It was definitely urged by the mother of these stricken children. He pushed toward that vision with unfaltering and unwavering faith through all the years. When he had once entered upon the enterprise and had secured the site he was surprised to find that some wise men in high places felt it necessary to stand somewhat against it. It was thought by some that it would interfere with other colleges and universities. Other universities could spring up, and other colleges, and nobody seemed to think there was anything against them; but this university was born in a storm center, assaulted on every side. Yet it had such an ancestry, it was brought forth by such a man, that it gained victory and dominion. Bishop Hurst went straight on, just as if nothing was happening—and nothing was happening. He pushed steadily toward the one goal, and just as that father on the battlefield at Gettysburg stood over the wounded body of his son, parrying the bayonets aimed at his breast, and striking down the assailants that sought to destroy him, so Bishop Hurst stood over his last child, the American University, and parried every weapon thrust at it, and gave it room and time in which to rise and stand. It is a fitting monument for him.

His instinct was for books. He took to books as naturally as a fish takes to water. If you wanted to find him in a strange city you needed only to go to the old bookstores. He could scent a good or rare book as readily, as correctly, as a bird dog scents the presence of a bird. He had a great and rich private library, and he understood its contents. He was a scholar. He was a superior preacher. He was instructive, interesting, and upbuilding. He was a lecturer, wise in his classes, not to be turned from on the public platform. He was a linguist of unusual ability. He could conduct the ritual services in nearly all the languages of modern Europe, and he talked freely in many of them. His literary ability is shown by the list of his productions which I have read in your hearing. He was much in evidence in the magazines and in the weekly papers. He was a writer of clearness and point. He had a happy use of the best sort of English, and so handled it that his sentences conveyed clearly his idea. He was a worker in all things.

Indeed, it seems to me a sad thing that he is taken from us, and we are called upon to mourn with the church which has been smitten first on one side and then on the other. In the field of our intellectual life two brilliant constellations have been swept from our firmament. In the southern hemisphere, when the day fades, and the curtains of

the night are folded about the trackless sea, the voyager naturally turns to the silent chart above him, and his eye seeks that wonderful constellation, the Southern Cross. When he finds it the ocean is instantly transformed, and it seems to be crossed and recrossed by highways, the bark on which he sails seems solid and certain as the land itself, the darkness loses its terrors, the specters of the deep vanish, for he has his eye on the chart of that southern hemisphere. That constellation locates the lines of the universe for that southern hemisphere. In this northern hemisphere we have another constellation, the Great Bear, known from childhood as the Big Dipper, riding around in the heavens, and pointing always to the Polar Star. And when in the mists, or in a flurry of star dust, the Polar Star wanders away out of the field of vision, the Great Bear, with a scent like a bloodhound, scents out the wandering Polar Star and fixes it anew. Then the traveler knows at once, on land or on the sea, where his pathway lies. That constellation marks the chart of this northern hemisphere. Down by the equator there is a belt about eighteen degrees wide, in which both these constellations appear and give their light and guidance to the traveler.

We of the church have been traveling in this equatorial belt these years, illumined and guided and strengthened by two great constellations, Bishop Foster and Bishop Hurst, the two greatest scholars American Methodism has produced. But they are taken out of the fields of our vision in a day. We shall seek for them with our eyes in vain. Bishop Foster illumined one hemisphere; Bishop Hurst was the steady light of another. Bishop Foster was the embodiment of genius. He blazed athwart the heavens with a brilliance never excelled. Bishop Hurst pushed on, shining with the steady beams of a great intellect. Bishop Foster we admired, and we were proud of him on account of the throngs that followed him. We followed Bishop Hurst knowing that we should come to a safe anchorage. Bishop Foster blazed like the wheels of Ezekiel's chariot; Bishop Hurst flowed on like the river in the vision of the Revelator. They were both great, with wide influence, and enduring in their fame. Together they toiled side by side, year after year, in the same institution. Together they struggled with the same great problems of human destiny. Together they passed out into the great Beyond, to rise to newer and mightier enterprises. Let us repeat their industry, emulate their characters, cherish their memories, knowing that in them we have an inheritance of intellectual wealth and of divinely transformed character that may make us rich for many a generation.

Bishop Charles C. McCabe, Chancellor of the American University, also made an address, which he preceded by leading the people in singing the verse, "I would not live alway."

We never feel the poverty of language so much as when we try to utter words of comfort in such an hour as this. Silence, utter silence, as we sit around this bier, seems more befitting than any words of mine.

(Here he cited a very choice selection of the Scriptures, especially the words of Jesus to his sorrowing disciples.)

There is comfort enough in these divine words to assuage the grief of a suffering world. Bishop Hurst inspired love in the hearts of those who knew him best. How his children loved him, how his friends loved him, and how the whole church has looked on during these weeks and months of his illness, while his faithful daughter Helen ministered at his side! How the prayers of thousands of families and congregations have ascended for him! Our whole church are mourners with you to-day. But we not only loved Bishop Hurst, we admired him, and we may say with David, "A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel."

If you measure greatness by great things accomplished, Bishop Hurst was a great man. I have watched his career with enthusiastic devotion for thirty years. He first attracted my special admiration when he rescued Drew Theological Seminary from financial ruin after the panic of 1873. It took a brave man to undertake the seemingly impossible task of raising $300,000 after a panic which had wrecked the business of the country. Charles Scott, of Philadelphia, who wrought with him in that successful effort, can bear witness to his amazing industry and persistency and courage in that apparently hopeless work. I came in contact with Bishop Hurst again in 1884. A few friends sent me to Europe for a little rest, and in company with Dr. D. H. Carroll and wife, of Baltimore, we visited old Upsala, in Sweden, where Bishop Hurst was presiding at the Conference. He showed me a petition he had just received from two Finnish sailors who had been over to London, and there in a revival meeting had been converted, and now they wanted a Methodist pastor sent to Helsingfors. There was only one difficulty; there was no money that could be used for such a purpose. That matter was soon arranged, however, and Rev. B. A. Carlson was sent. He planted the mission in Finland, and now, owing to the farsighted wisdom of Bishop Hurst,

the Methodist Episcopal Church stands at the front door of the Russian Empire ready to go in and occupy the land.

(Here he told the story, already given in a preceding chapter, of the planting of the Singapore Mission.)

Bishop Hurst's greatest achievement was the planting of the American University. When I saw him toiling at that gigantic task, at an age when other men seek repose, I could not stand it, and I made the journey all the way from the West here to take his hand and say, "Bishop Hurst, I am with you, I will stand by you." I never shall forget the expression with which he wheeled and grasped my hand, and said, "Thank God, thank God, I feel stronger than I did;" and I helped him with all my might. The story of the planting of the University is familiar to you. Some incidents could be told illustrating the zeal and energy with which he prosecuted the work. On a trip to Europe he became acquainted with Mr. Hart A. Massey, of Toronto, a princely man. The Bishop unfolded his plan of the American University to him, and a few years afterward, when Mr. Massey died, it was found that his will contained a bequest of fifty thousand dollars for the University. Again, during an unusually stormy month in one of our recent winters, on his arrival home from a wearisome journey, he received intelligence of a good man in the valley of the Mississippi, whose heart was warm toward the project of the University, and whose pastor desired Bishop Hurst to preach for him the following Sunday. While yet the winds were blowing and the snow was blocking trains he started for the West. At Rock Island, Illinois, he was the guest of Mr. J. Frank Robinson. One of the results of this trip and sermon was a cash gift of twenty-five thousand dollars and a large share in a will, which will bring an increase of many thousands of dollars to the endowment of the University. Brother Robinson, since that day, has gone home to heaven, but his wife has taken his place upon our Board of Trustees, and she has for our enterprise the same enthusiastic love as her departed husband.

There is no danger that the name of John F. Hurst will be forgotten. A mission once planted is immortal. It never can be given up. Finland and Malaysia will hold that name in reverent remembrance, while as long as this republic lives the American University will never allow the name of its founder to pass from the memory of man.

Many of the leading clergy and citizens of Washington were

present, and also delegations from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, and New York. The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Foss. The interment at Rock Creek Cemetery was private, and was conducted by Dr. (now Bishop) Luther B. Wilson.

Special memorial services were held for Bishops Foster and Hurst by the Board of Bishops in Ford Memorial Chapel, Allegheny College, on Tuesday morning, May 5. Bishop Andrews presided. Bishop McCabe announced the hymns, Bishops Merrill and Mallalieu spoke on Bishop Foster, and Bishops Foss and Fowler spoke on Bishop Hurst. Another service was held at Drew Theological Seminary on Monday evening, May 18, at which addresses were made by Bishop Mallalieu on Bishop Foster and by Bishop Foss on Bishop Hurst. A similar service was held by the Methodist ministers of Boston in Bromfield Street Church on Monday, May 25, when Rev. Dr. Franklin Hamilton presided. Dr. Luther T. Townsend made an address on Bishop Hurst, Bishop Mallalieu spoke on Bishop Foster, and Dr. L. B. Bates made remarks concerning both. The Preachers' Meeting of Chicago paid similar tribute to the two departed leaders of the church. Another joint memorial service was conducted under the auspices of the New York Preachers' Meeting at 150 Fifth Avenue, on Monday, June 1, where addresses were given by Drs. Buttz and Buckley. Dr. Buttz also made the address on Bishop Hurst at the memorial services of the Newark Conference, March 23, 1904, and at the General Conference at Los Angeles in May of the same year.

LXXIV

Tributes

Collective

From the high tributes of affection and esteem for Bishop Hurst and his work which came from associated groups of men we select a few of the more pointed expressions, representative of many more:

The Washington Methodist Preachers' Meeting: By his profound scholarship, his thorough knowledge of public affairs, and his wide reputation as an author, Bishop Hurst has given strength and prominence to Methodism in the capital of the nation.

Washington Methodist Preachers' Meeting of the Washington Conference: His lofty ideals, finding embodiment in the American University, are worthy of the emulation of all progressive churchmen, and should fire their ambition and stimulate their exertion to push his cherished plans to speedy completion.

Baltimore Preachers' Meeting: This great man had the prophet's eye and the leader's force. Other mighty men of our church had come and gone before he came to the Capital city. To them had appeared the vision of a university; but the vision faded. He, too, saw and tried to put it away. He knew what labor it would require, and that it would, as he often said, cost blood; but the vision would not away. At last, with indomitable courage and unflagging zeal, with a faith that saw the unseen and stumbled not at impossibilities, he put his hand to the enterprise, and literally wearing his life away with incredible labors he never let go till compelled by broken health.

Baltimore Preachers' Meeting of the Washington Conference: Our beloved Bishop will live in precious memory in the many books he has written; in the American University, which he conceived, planned, and developed; in his ministrations as a Bishop of the church; in the impetus he gave to ministerial education; and in his Christian character.

Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting: As a preacher he was clear, instructive, concise in statement, and cogent in argument. While

philosophy, science, and the fine arts were occasionally used to embellish and enforce biblical truths, he in the main preached plain, practical sermons, the effectiveness of which was due to their matter and not so much to their manner of delivery.

Newark Conference Methodist Preachers' Association: We think of him as possessing one of the most genial and lovable spirits that ever graced the membership of our Conference; and as the very popular president of the Drew Theological Seminary, so dear to us by association and its good works; and the heroic and successful efforts he made to save this very valuable institution in the hour of its peril have always commanded our admiration. We think of him as the great historian, the preëminent scholar, and the founder of the American University.

Methodist Preachers' Meeting in New York city: Before his elevation to the episcopate he was one of our most useful and valued members. His wide scholarship, his Christian courtesy, and kindly considerateness made him beloved by all, and his removal is a common bereavement.

Buffalo Preachers' Meeting: The Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its foremost leaders, a seer whose vision recognized great opportunities for planting and endowing institutions of learning, a scholar whose pen has enriched the historic literature of his denomination, and a Christian whose character, noble spirit, strenuous life, and public services have impressed themselves indelibly upon his generation.

Chicago Preachers' Meeting: His sermons were models in style and always scholarly and edifying. His acquaintance with ancient and modern literature was almost amazing. His books will continue to have place in the libraries of students for many years to come. As a Bishop he was industrious, painstaking, and successful.

The Director and Teachers of the Martin Mission Institute, Frankfort-on-the-Main: We feel constrained to voice our sincere consideration of the pure and noble character of the dear departed, who with his rich gifts of heart and spirit for many years has served the church and brought it to its present condition, in the various offices as preacher, teacher, president, author, and faithful Bishop. Especially are we under obligation for great gratitude to him for his successful labors as teacher in this institution and for the warm interest which he has since cherished for our work in Germany and Switzerland.

Trustees of Drew Theological Seminary: He came to the Seminary when it was in prosperity, but suddenly the waves of misfortune broke

over it, and the institution found itself without endowment; instead of giving way to despondency he at once gave himself to the restoration of that which was lost, and with heroic energy and great wisdom he rallied Trustees and friends to its support. So ably did he carry out this work that the Seminary successfully weathered the storm and has gone forward with the impulse then given it.

Alumni Association of Drew Theological Seminary: We pray that to us may come the spirit of emulation that will lead us to complete many of the great things which he began so well for the church of God. His scholarship, authorship, and the results of his great executive ability are our legacies forever. We appreciate the work he did for our beloved Seminary and for the church at large.

Trustees of the American University: Though his personal presence be withdrawn, his work and his influence are vastly more than a record and a memory. They are an inspiration to us in all our present endeavor, and such they will continue to be to our successors. He has moved on and up to his crown and his palm. His work on earth will also go forward to its broad, beautiful, and glorious culmination. He was in the line of the prophet and the seer, and his largest service to the world will appear in later times when the centuries shall have given the mighty initiating impulses of his mind and heart opportunity to find their full fruition.

The General Conference Memorial by Dr. Henry A. Buttz: Two threads seem to run through the entire life of Bishop Hurst, his entire devotion to Christian literature and to religious education. These were the dominant characteristics of his career. It may not be easy with absolute confidence to mention the elements of his power and success. We may mention, however, some of them. First, he saw things largely. He looked at things in their broader outlines, and not so much in detail. This enabled him to project great enterprises and to plan largely. He had the gift of vision for higher things and for great enterprises. Another element that entered into his success was hard work. He was one of the hardest workers we have ever known. By day and night he toiled. This is proven by the work he did along literary lines as well as in public affairs. The power to do many things and to do them well was one that he possessed in a large degree. Most of us can do one thing only at a time. Bishop Hurst had the rare power to turn his attention from one thing to another manifestly with equal success. Another element was his unflinching perseverance. After entering upon a task he knew no discouragement, or if he knew it he never expressed it. He struck boldly for results, and results came. The last thing I shall mention is

his personal address. He was a most fascinating man in his relation to persons. He won them easily and held them tightly. And this personality, I think, entered very largely into the success of Bishop Hurst.

LXXV

From the Press

A few choice excerpts from some of the more notable editorials and contributed articles of the religious press demand a place in this record:

The Christian Advocate—editorial by Dr. J. M. Buckley:

An inventory of his achievements might easily justify a reader unaware of the dates which bound his appearance and disappearance among men into the belief that he must have been numbered among octogenarians.

Taking all the circumstances into account that (the recovery of endowments at Drew) was perhaps the greatest achievement of the kind in our history. During this struggle a committee of laymen and ministers at the General Conference of 1876 waited upon President Hurst, offering him their enthusiastic support and that of those whom they represented, if he would be willing to consent to become a candidate for one of the most important offices in the church, for which he was admirably fitted, and which would have been congenial to him. He promptly responded that he would never voluntarily leave Drew Theological Seminary until it had as large an endowment as he thought it had when he accepted the position as president.

He had a gift for finding and acquiring unusual knowledge and employing it with rare felicity for illustrative purposes. As his mind was naturally discursive except when pursuing a practical end, as a preacher he was more effective with the manuscript than without it. Many of his discourses would have required only a little more vigor in delivery to elevate them to a commanding height. When he preached without notes he sometimes excelled in pathos, but was often too uniform in style and not sufficiently direct to capture popular attention. In two forms of public address he had few equals: platform speech on historical themes, and extempore speech in such bodies as the General Missionary Committee. Many are the times when

under such circumstances we listened to him with equal interest in his matter and manner. If he could have delivered the four or five divisions of his sermons as a succession of platform speeches, John F. Hurst would be ranked among our greatest pulpit orators. This discursive character of his mental operations sometimes embarrassed him in parliamentary emergencies as well as in the work of the Cabinet; but on other occasions, when his powers were fully concentrated, he was a model presiding officer.

When in company or comparatively free from care he was a most charming companion. It was our fortune to form his acquaintance under pleasing circumstances. He had but recently returned from his first residence abroad, and we called to obtain suggestions for our first visit to Europe. The easy and leisurely way in which he communicated them made a lasting impression.

A vein of humor ran through his familiar conversation. One of his professional colleagues had such a distaste for outdoor exercises that Dr. Hurst felt it his duty to try to induce him to accompany him on one of his walks. The promise to do so soon was kept, and on the windiest day of the season he presented himself, and a rather dusty walk was taken. Months afterward on a similar day the professor called to propose a walk. President Hurst looked up and said, "Dr. ——, don't you choose rather a blustering day for your annual walk?"

Bishop Hurst's method of life did not furnish as many opportunities to enter into the secret of his religious experience as that of many others. But in conversing with him under favorable circumstances we have found that his individual consolations, his methods of judging the state of the church, and especially his views of Providence were such as only a religious experience could attest and vivify.

Western Christian Advocate—editorial by Dr. Levi Gilbert:

Bishop Foster and Bishop Hurst have both passed away since our last edition went to press. Their departure forcibly reminds us of the deaths on the same day of Presidents John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. The church is indeed bereft. The double coincidence is very striking—that they should have passed away so nearly together, and that the Board of Bishops should have been in session at the same time. As founder and first chancellor of the American University, Bishop Hurst has erected for himself a memorial which will endure for many generations. This great project he leaves to the church as his legacy. It must be our duty to take it from his

hands and carry out his high designs with a liberal and undaunted spirit.

Dr. Jesse Bowman Young in the Western:

He might well have taken as his life's motto the old maxim. *noblesse oblige*—rank confers obligation. He showed from the start of his work that he had the conviction that the man who is educated owes a great debt to others; his added discipline and increased knowledge have been given him to better his equipment for service. The thorough preliminary training which helped to fit him for his manifold tasks deserves to be emphasized. A glance at this phase of his life ought to indicate to young people, as well as to parents and teachers, the truth that it pays in every way to take time to secure a thorough educational equipment. Without that equipment young Hurst would, of course, have made something of himself, for he had an indomitable will and an alert mind; but, nevertheless, without it he would have been left far in the rear by better educated men, and he could never have done the work or attained the eminence which are now an inseparable part of his record. He had a quick, fertile, responsive soul, and no opportunity for intellectual fellowship and for mental stimulation by communion with kindred spirits was ever wasted on or by him. His History of the Christian Church, to which he gave many years of toil, won for him among other denominations, as well as in his own communion, hearty recognition. His work in this special realm will long remain as one of the memorials of his scholarship, his historical acumen, his spiritual insight, and his invincible literary industry.

Central Christian Advocate—editorial by Dr. C. B. Spencer:

He had the grace of God in his heart; his expectations of great things for the kingdom of God never forsook him; his courage was born of hope and faith; his finer qualities, his love of poetry, of art, of hymns, and his devotion to Jesus Christ in childlike trust and tenderness, waved their pure light over his closing years. He will be remembered as the church knew him in his strength, consumed with zeal, learned, catholic, eloquent, pure.

By Professor John Alfred Faulkner in the Central:

He was a traveler, a man of the world, versatile, genial, a lover of scenery, of foreign lands, of the picturesque, of literature, a

scholar, a man of letters, a divine, an organizer, a farmer of literary products, under whom were constantly working many writers. He was a fine linguist, interested in many learned things, in rare editions and old, in books, a collector of Americana, who rummaged old bookstores in Mexico and Germany for bibliographical treasures. But he was much more. He was an idealist, a prophet, who saw a great future in a humble beginning, a great scholar in a bashful boy, a great literary enterprise that would enrich the learning of the world by members of the church which had been despised by its sisters for its poverty in scholarship, a great university in the foothills around Washington. He not only was a seer, but he had the power to transform vision into reality. Bishop Hurst's last work was a great school for post-graduate research in Washington. That a man of sixty should take the Herculean task upon his shoulders of building up a great university out of nothing but his own faith is something almost heroic.

The Christian Herald:

Bishop Hurst had a profound belief in the necessity of an educated ministry. His election to the episcopacy was a fitting tribute to his character, energy, and devotion. It did not, however, change the bent of his mind.

The Christian Work and Evangelist:

It is a marvel that one upon whose time so many demands were made could turn out such a vast amount of literature as he did, and it was all good.

Dr. Denis Wortman, his companion in Switzerland in 1867, in the Christian Work and Evangelist:

I shall never forget the forenoon when Hurst and I met after our separate routes in the Finstermunz Pass, whose rolling rocks down the precipices Bonaparte's army had such occasion to remember. How we cheered and cheered for the United States, and for Grant, and for Mexico! For news had only lately reached us of the shooting of Maximilian in Mexico, a defeat of Napoleon, a sorrow to Austria. That evening at a village hotel on Lake Constance we supped with a number of Austrian army officers with any amount of gold trappings. Fierce were their denunciations of America; burning their threats. But by and by Hurst gave it to them in German, while I now deem I alarmed them yet more by such German as they had

never heard before; so we had the patriotic fight out, and Hurst and I unanimously voted that we beat. That faded Amherst German of mine, how Hurst used to admire it! At Meran he gave me great encouragement to its use. The morning rolls had been tasted by the mice and found desirable. I called the waiter's attention to it, and mildly suggested in German that we would just as soon have it fresh and untasted by the mice. In fact, I expressed my sentiments strenuously. The waiter answered me in a very badly broken English. I spurned his intimation that I did not speak the German well. I reminded him very forcibly that my Deutsch was better than his infantile English. Hurst contained his admiration, though his eyes glowed with it; but I doubt if he ever forgot how he afterward remarked, "Well, Wortman, you do speak good German when you get mad!"

In those Alpine rambles with the young professor and promising young author I learned to love him very much. He was so genuine, so hearty, so ambitious to do the best. He was as good a climber as he was a student. He was as warm in his friendships as ardent in his profession. He had a certain warmth, geniality, *bonhomie*, which made you feel at once that he took an interest in you, would do anything he could for your pleasure or your good. His letters indicate the same; he had time to write out his heart as well as the bare news. He always had time for his friendships. Take him all in all, were I to have a bishop, I feel I should want no one, and could hope to find no one, who would blend more wide learning, apt teaching, generous thinking, practical helpfulness in almost any line, and sweet Christian oversight than Bishop John F. Hurst.

The University Courier—editorial by Dr. W. L. Davidson:

The American University will be his most enduring monument. Only those who knew him best will ever know just how much of toil and absolute sacrifice he made for this child of his brain and heart. Just before his final sickness came, he expressed a wish that when he was dead and gone his body might rest in the grounds of the American University. Nothing could be more appropriate. When actual work is commenced, and the present loneliness and insecurity of the place shall have passed away, his body should be taken to the hilltop which he loved. The American University as a whole will, of course, be his memorial. His name will stand identified with it through all the ages to come; but it seems fitting that in some specific way there should be a distinctive and suggestive memorial.

Why not a beautiful marble chapel, with mortuary wing, which in the years to come might be enlarged, and by tablet, tomb, and bust become the Westminster Abbey of Methodism? He has left us a rich legacy, which we must jealously guard, and see to it that it grows in our hands.

LXXVI

Personal Appreciations

The most compact man I ever saw.—*W. T. Farley.*

His criticisms were kindly and helpful.—*D. C. Challis.*

A brotherly man, who could put his arm around a Methodist preacher without feeling that he was lowering himself.—*Henry Graham.*

He was so genuinely sincere, so sweetly courteous, so full of true Christian sympathy, that to know him was to love him.—*R. B. Williams.*

I was impressed with his natural dignity and rare sweetness of demeanor. There was nothing perfunctory about the man.—*Henry M. Alden.*

He once said to me, "It makes a man large to deal with large things." He was the brains of nearly every company I ever saw him in.—*G. H. Humason.*

His geniality, his kindness and courtesy, as well as his wide knowledge of the world, made him a very interesting companion; and this was not only in his vacation moods, but always.—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

John F. Hurst! Good friend, brave heart, generous soul, hail and farewell! Surely, in the hereafter—sometime, somewhere, somehow—as God wills—we shall meet and greet each other again, and part no more forever!—*James F. Rusling.*

Eminently companionable would most fitly describe him. The warmth of his smile was a benediction, the soulful tones of his voice in brotherly greeting were an inspiration, and his quiet, genial humor was better than medicine.—*George E. Ackerman.*

He was graciousness and gentlemanliness itself. I never found him otherwise. A man without pretense, thoroughly genuine, free from small importances of lesser minds, absorbed in his work, and bent on doing the best he could for everybody.—*James Mudge.*

I ever found him, in the home, in travel, in the junk shops and secondhand bookstores which we haunted together, broad-minded, genial, brotherly, simple-hearted, receptive to truth from any and every source, a delightful friend and companion whose memory will ever be a heritage of blessing to me.—*J. C. W. Coxe.*

His ubiquitous scholarship and sagacity preserved his knowledge from the faults and foibles of the mere academic. Bishop Hurst was preëminently a wise man as well as a learned man, and he was peculiarly fitted to introduce to the Methodist Episcopal Church the ascertained results of reverent Christian scholarship. From the beginning to the end of our acquaintance a fatherly tenderness and a charity which never failed marked the intercourse with which he honored me.—*S. Parkes Cadman.*

The embodiment of intellectual refinement.—*Arthur Copeland.*

His work will praise him in the churches.—*William Koeneke.*

Posterity will accord him a very high place.—*George V. Leech.*

Coming years will add luster to his brilliant genius.—*J. B. Trimble.*

His patience was remarkable. His sermons were full of gospel meat.—*W. R. Goodwin.*

Bishop Hurst stood for a ministry thoroughly prepared and thoroughly consecrated.—*Robert Bagnell.*

He possessed the readiest apprehension and the most retentive memory of anyone I have known.—*Gilbert H. Winans.*

He was a man of immense reserve force, and much greater than his humility could consent to uncover to ordinary vision.—*Gordon Moore.*

When he surrendered his trust a "tall cedar" fell. He was able, cultured, amiable, clean, and true. Men of this type are rare.—*George W. Atkinson.*

He read men and things correctly and soon. He was kind but fearless. His episcopacy was built on the man, not the man on the episcopacy.—*Leroy A. Belt.*

He was cordial, and in a sense open—yet he kept his own secrets; and I think that most will agree that no one ever heard him unbosom all his thoughts.—*Jesse L. Hurlbut.*

I feel a profound regard for his memory because of the superlative excellence of the man himself as a thinker, a writer, and stimulator of young men.—*Samuel P. Craver.*

He was a singularly pure, simple, modest man, having a great wealth of character and learning, which he seemed anxious to hide behind a very lovable personality.—*Samuel P. Lacey.*

He sought no flattery, was a stranger to arrogance and pride,

halted at no barriers in the accomplishment of what he had in hand. He was always genial, gentle, and tender.—*John F. Richmond.*

A chairman—he could hold an army in line; a judge—he could tell a man at a glance; a thinker—he was a well full and running over. Mere words could not move him. You had to say something to move him.—*L. M. Moores.*

Bishop Hurst was a man of intense and pure ambition; tremendous energy, with a will that was almost irresistible. He was systematic, studious, optimistic, persevering. To these qualities he owes the success of his life.—*John H. Vincent.*

One of our ripest scholars. One of the keenest judges of men, and one of the most farseeing persons, with whom I have ever come in contact. He knew how to enlist forces in the interests of his wise and far-reaching plans.—*Ezra Tinker.*

These are the three most conspicuous characteristics as I saw them in Bishop Hurst: his hatred of all sham, his unquenchable zeal to make himself useful, and his unshakable determination to carry out what he had conceived as right.—*G. E. Hiller.*

Bishop Hurst had in large measure the qualities of the ecclesiastical statesman. This, in a preëminent degree, led him to found the American University. The church will long honor him as the statesman, the scholar, and the Christian Bishop.—*J. W. Bashford.*

He was ever the kind friend, the sympathetic adviser, the farseeing statesman, the scholarly preacher, the versatile writer, the able instructor, the wise administrator, the profound historian, the good Bishop, and the pure-hearted and loving Christian man. God gave him rare gifts, and he cultivated them assiduously.—*Frank B. Lynch.*

He was the man of affairs, with an easy, simple manner which did not at once suggest the strength and tenacity of character which a closer acquaintance revealed. His most marked characteristics were great industry, the practical bent of his mind, a very clear sense of values, the power of organization, and good business judgment.—*J. F. Phayre.*

The fine poise of the Bishop's mind, his wide and accurate scholarship, his cosmopolitan sympathies, his almost prophetic vision with respect to civic and ecclesiastical affairs, the translucent simplicity of his nature, together with his genial comradeship—all these impressed and delighted me as the qualities of a rare and beautiful spirit.—*James B. Kenyon.*

The leading phase of the Bishop's personal presence was his quiet, self-possessed modesty—something quite different and distinct from weakness or cowardice. When walking with him and engaged in an

easy conversation, one never thought of being unduly familiar with the Bishop—not because he awed one into a fear of himself, but because of the native dignity that was his.—*P. C. Johnson.*

He called on me perhaps half a dozen times at my Committee Room in the Capitol, or I met him in the corridors and we walked a little way together. He always talked, so far as I now remember, about rare books, in which he seemed to take a special interest as a collector. I knew that where he was there would always be a pillar of the church and a pillar of the state, a steadfast and unmoved supporter of every good word and work.—*George F. Hoar.*

In the joyous days of my earlier fellowship I found him true and kind and helpful; in the later years of stress and storm when God only knew the awful depths through which he passed he was as brave, steadfast, and heroic as mortal man could be. No Spartan was ever braver, no Christian more heroic. The more I knew him, the more I admired, reverenced, and loved him.—*Willard F. Mallalieu.*

These things impressed me: 1. His immense industry; he never wasted a moment. 2. He was as systematic as he was industrious. 3. His thoroughness. 4. His unfailing courtesy to those who wrote to him. 5. His intellectual charity. 6. His conscientiousness. He was not always affable; indeed, some of us thought him at times hard, and somewhat autocratic, but he was carrying heavier burdens than weighed upon us, and he was fundamentally just, and desired above all things to do right.—*George B. Smyth.*

He was possessed of an extraordinary equipoise of mental faculties. This characteristic, together with his vast treasures of knowledge and experience, gave him perfect ease, whether he was upon the rostrum, in the pulpit, or the presiding chair. His Conferences were controlled with felicity because of his perfect control of himself. Being in the presence of Bishop Hurst, whether as president of a body of select men or as a social companion, one felt that he was with a lofty mind walking in the high places of the universe.—*Seth Reed.*

Bishop Hurst was a born gentleman, a ripe scholar, a great historian; quiet in manner, fixed in purpose, a true friend, a very instructive preacher. His diction was faultless, and his references to points of travel and incidents by the way, his descriptions of the countries he visited, the men he knew, the trend of affairs, the aspects of the political, literary, commercial, and religious movements were of a world-wide character, and the prophecies of the outcome gave a zest to his conversation. Few men measured up to his standard of righteousness; he hewed to the line. He was catholic in spirit, gentle,

genial—but uncompromising in his loyalty to Methodism.—*S. W. Thomas.*

We from early years were conscious of sharing each other's ideals for our church, and we silently rejoiced whenever either found new modes or new successes in bringing those ideals nearer to the longed-for realization. In his remarkable work as a productive scholar I took peculiar pride, and when at last it became a certainty that his inspiring service was at an end I experienced anew the sense of keen bereavement which came over me when years before the sad message came that John McClintock was no more. How I wish the good Bishop could have lived to see some new Leland Stanford or new Rockefeller able and ready to join him in giving tangible and enduring embodiment to the supreme vision and hope of his life!—*William F. Warren,* from Rome, March, 1904.

Fine-grained, delicate in sensibilities, and keenly sensitive, it was not easy to know him; best known, he was most prized. He was undemonstrative, yet always moving toward some great accomplishment. Quiet, contemplative, self-contained, yet with brain and heart ever inspired by some grand ideal, to the realization of which, in passionate devotion, he gave himself unreservedly, unflinchingly, with concentration and constancy. He lived and communed with historic centuries and people, yet he was a man of his times, busy with the affairs of his age and gifted in planning for far futures. Work on a scholarly plane seemed not to weary him. He was a painstaking administrator, a passionate student. He was the man of the pen; he loved it as the warrior loves his sword, and he wielded it as mightily.—*George W. Izer.*

I shall never forget a day almost continuously associated with him in Berlin. The night before I had just arrived after more than a year in surveying various lands. Stepping to the piazza the following morning before breakfast, whom should I find but Dr. Hurst quietly waiting for me? I gladly gave up everything else to join him for his last day in Berlin. His work to-day was brief calls and looking up historic spots and verifying items of interest; he attended to it all, and made it delightful, informing, and permanently advantageous to me. From that unexpected glimpse of Dr. Hurst, observing his painstaking system and sharing his fellowship under distant skies, down to the end of his brave, unfinished life, I watched his high ambitions for the church which had made him one of her chiefs; I felt his sorrows, and was appalled by the fatal break, so apparently before his time, and then his passing into the silence when vast interests needed him and were seemingly entitled to him here. But it is a proud

remembrance that he was no merely great official of the church, nor yet one buried in many duties and studies; not a walking critic nor a dignified measurer of men. He was truth-loving, fearless, and fraternal, and of the just and deserving he was a prompt and unforgetting champion. It is easy for us to remember him.—*Charles S. Harrower.*

When he was well along in his work for the American University, which must ever be regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre* in life, I once asked him why he did not resign his office as Bishop, and give himself wholly to that work. His reply was, "I would certainly do so if I did not feel that I can do more for the University in the office than I could do out of it." That answer gives one a very good insight into the dominating characteristic of the man, namely, a purpose to win in his work at whatever cost. I sat with him twice in his Cabinet, and had occasion to note the fact of both his sincerity and fearlessness. On one of the occasions he appointed a brother to the eldership of the leading district of the Conference against the written protest of every pastor within the bounds of the district; in the other case he did the same thing in spite of the protest of his entire Cabinet. In both cases I now believe he was right, although that implies that in one of the cases I was in the wrong. His literary work would have answered him for a lifetime, if he had done nothing else; his work at Drew alone would have made him noted; he filled the office of Bishop with admirable efficiency; while his *magnum opus,* the American University, should put his name among the immortals.—*J. F. Chaffee.*

Two characteristics, usually mutually exclusive, were equally present in Bishop Hurst: an absorbing passion for books, and a singularly accurate knowledge of human nature and the consequent power to influence men. The former made him no worm, hiding himself in the hole he had eaten into his books; but filled his soul and life with the aroma and poetry of knowledge. Great facts and truths distilled in sweet speech on his lips. High and low heard him gladly. Opening men's hearts with the golden key of knowledge, he anointed their eyes with the salve of truth, and made them see his visions and understand his plans and believe with their fortunes. In our ministry he stood on an eminence of his own: a composite of literary, scholastic, and executive ability of the most remarkable character, aureoled with unaffected piety.—*David H. Moore.*

JOHN FLETCHER HURST

Salem, 1834-1903, Bethesda

From Salem to Bethesda, thy cradle and thy bier,
Thy struggles marked by trophies shine, triumphs for each year.
From "Peace" to "House of Mercy" thy life to millions blest,
Farewell, thou tireless toiler, who knewest not how to rest.

So oft thy love drew near me to share with me a part,
Thy going leaves me orphaned, twice fatherless my heart.
With courage apostolic, keen scout on truth's frontier,
Thine eye kept ceaseless vigil, our peerless pioneer.

When dread disaster boded to stanch and gallant Drew
Engulfment quick and hopeless for passengers and crew,
Thy grit and grip gigantic the straining helm held true;
She idled in no dry dock, in brine her new keel grew.

Thine ardor for the gospel, with faith that always wins,
Sent Carlson's warm evangel to frozen Russia's Finns.
Thy daring in the Orient, thy greater Eastern Shore,
Stretched cords, and lo! brave Oldham plows deep in Singapore.

Thy work was ever triple, to see, to speak, to do;
Swept round the globe thy vision and scanned the ages through.
Both past and future blended to light thy fires of hope,
O doer, prophet, seer, our tel-kaleidoscope.

Thine eyes full-orbed, translucent, like Chesapeake's own blue,
Not mirrors mere, were lenses to let God's light shine through.
From seer to overseer, from high to station higher,
The voice of God and people drew on thy heart of fire.

Thy years brimful of labors, as calendared by men,
Cut short by zeal and heart-grief, struck not threescore and ten;
Yet measured by achievement, of deeds to count the sum,
Thy life's full tale is pregnant with a millennium.

Bent ever on thy calling, thy force sometimes gave shock
To men of faith more tardy, who chanced its course to block.
For hate thy haste misreading, eliding core and soul,
Some erewhile judged thee wrongly, small part for noble whole.

Thy penwork was thy byplay, thy overflowing store;
Of books maker and lover, thy love for men was more.
Not theory, but practice, the touchstone of thy ken;
No brooding, hiding hermit, brave man among strong men.

Thy latest, greatest concept, on Washington's fair height
To plant this home of learning, this fortress for the right;
O man of faith and action, teacher and friend of youth,
Here science blent with worship shall speed man's quest for truth.

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